THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 16, 1909 5cts. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

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Split a RUBBERSET Brush clear through the setting, and the bristles remain intact. The *inside structure* of the RUBBERSET Brush is so devised that no bristles can escape from the hard rubber grip.

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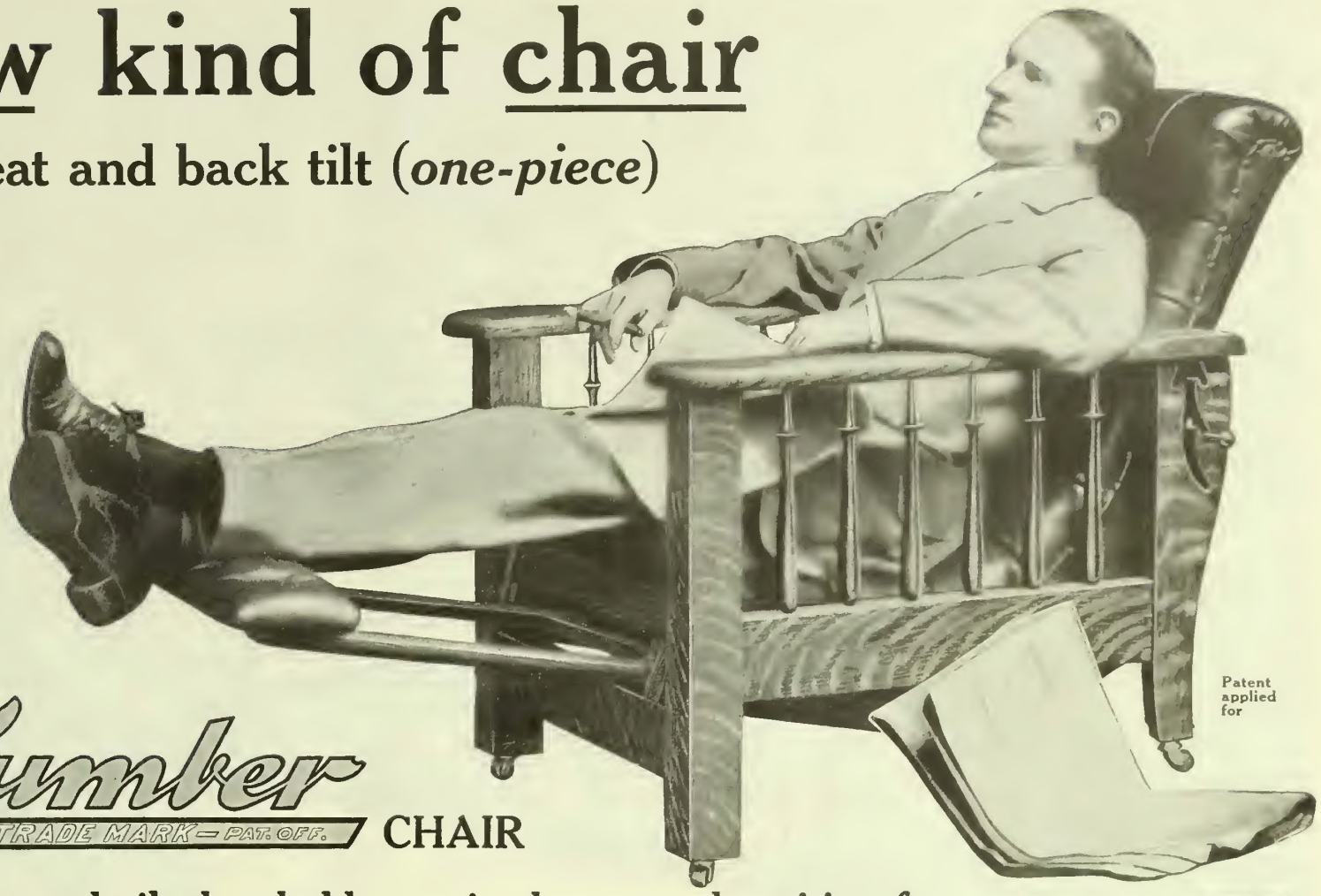
Both seat and back tilt (*one-piece*)



THE Slumber CHAIR

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Patent applied for

The first chair ever built that holds you in the natural position for rest

The very chair you need after working hard all day

If you work in a stiff office chair all day—if you spend the day on your feet—you will like to come home and lounge in this chair. Every muscle will find rest and relaxation in it.

The Slumber Chair is easily and quickly adjusted to any one of four comfortable positions. It is simple in construction—has no hidden nor complicated mechanism—nothing to get out of order. You'll get the same genuine satisfaction out of the Slumber Chair 25 years from now that you have the day you buy it.

Not a high-priced chair—152 styles to select from

If the Slumber Chair were the most expensive on the market you could well afford to buy it.

It would give you rich returns in comfort, pleasure—even health.

But it does not sell for more than the ordinary Morris Chair of the same grade.

It is made in 152 styles—to suit every pocketbook and every taste. No matter what you are prepared to pay—what finish you like—what kind of wood you want—what kind of cushions—you can get exactly what you want in the Slumber Chair.

Five years of continuous satisfaction guaranteed

The Slumber Chair is a Streit made chair—the same Streit who makes the famous Davenport Bed and who originated the Morris Chair with the foot-rest. It is so good—in workmanship, in materials, in design—that we guarantee it to stand all the wear and tear of ordinary usage for a period of five years.

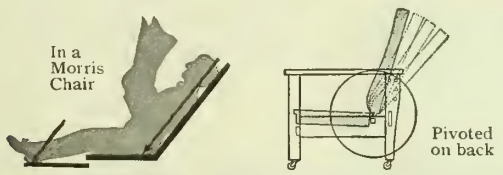
Try it for 30 days right in your own home

The best way to realize the extraordinary pleasure and comfort in a Slumber Chair is to let the chair itself convince you. If it does not the trial will cost you nothing.

Dealers everywhere are authorized to make you this offer

Before the end of thirty days if you are not satisfied they will come and take the chair away, refunding you every cent of your money—giving you no further trouble. If your dealer hasn't it we'll tell you who has, or supply you direct—same price—same terms.

In sending for catalogue use the coupon or write us, as you prefer.



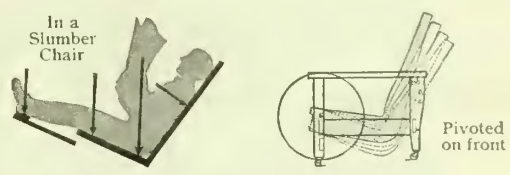
Weight concentrated at base of spine, you soon get tired of sitting—you tend to slide out

This is the position you take in a Morris Chair—or in any other chair where only the back lets down.

First—No matter at what angle the back of the chair is tilted, the concentration of weight at the base of your spine soon tires you out.

Second—The sloping back tends to slide your body out towards the edge of the seat. So after sitting in the chair awhile you find yourself all *skewed* down in the seat, with your clothes wadded up under your arms.

This is why you soon grow weary in any reclining chair—no matter how heavily it is cushioned—for it is not the cushions that make you comfortable, but the supporting of your body in the right position.



Weight distributed—you sit comfortably all evening in the Slumber Chair

This is the way you rest in the Slumber Chair—as you see, your weight is *distributed*. And the reason is—the back and seat of the Slumber Chair are in one piece—pivoted on the front posts of the chair.

When back is let down seat goes with it. Your position doesn't change—your weight is simply shifted—your body is supported everywhere alike.

Your entire body rests easily on the continuous one-piece cushion. *No part has to support the weight of any other part.*

You relax completely—just as you do in bed—while retaining your reading position. This is the secret of perfect comfort in a chair—this is why you never grow restless in a *Slumber Chair*.

Front border is extended for footrest

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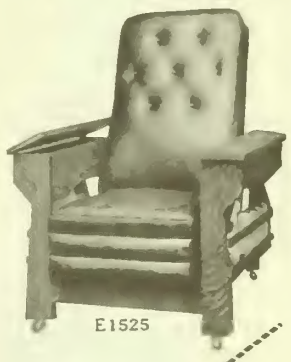

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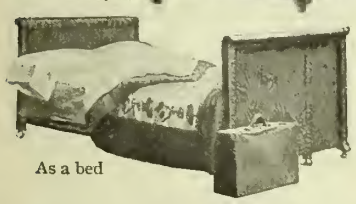
As a davenport



As a bed

The Streit Davenport Bed

When it's a bed, it's really a bed—never an unsanitary makeshift

Absolutely no lodgement for vermin. For there is *no inside, doubled-up mattress*—that can't be aired—that never sees the light of day—that must necessarily attract vermin. Instead the back lets down and with the seat forms the mattress. It is always exposed to the air and light—no possible chance for dust, dirt or vermin of any kind to accumulate—always perfectly sanitary.

As a bed the Streit has head and foot boards extending full length of mattress—just the same as a regular bed. No objectionable *hard ridge* down the center which *all davenport beds with inside mattresses* have.

As a davenport the Streit is deep, roomy and attractive in appearance—with no sign of a bed about it. Can be instantly changed from davenport to a comfortable bed and back again.

Sold on thirty days trial. Like all Streit furniture, made of materials so durable, so strongly put together, is so simple in construction and operation we can safely afford to guarantee it for five years against all the wear and tear of ordinary usage. Made in all styles, woods and coverings.

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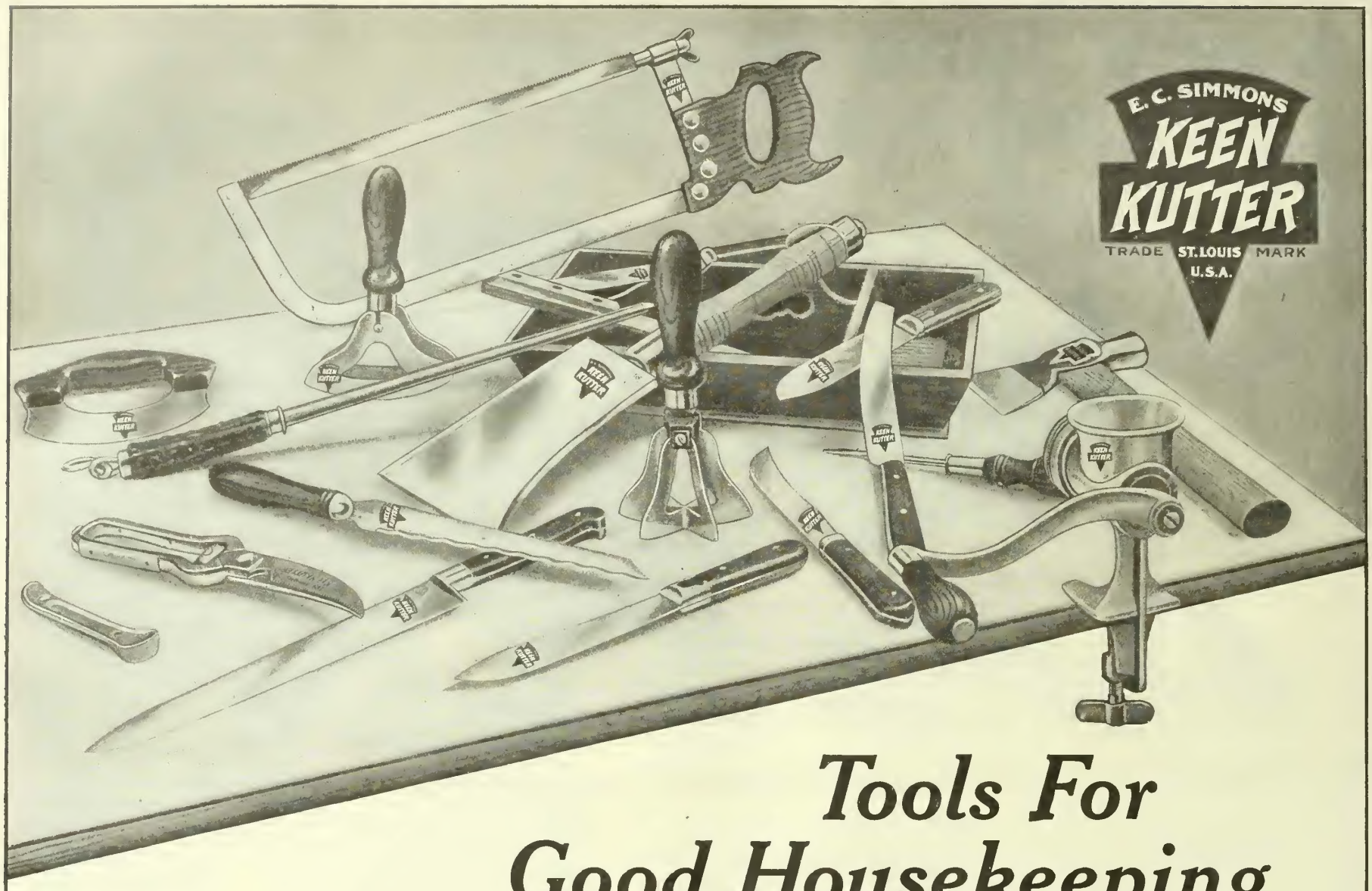
Gentlemen:—Please send me your catalogue showing the 152 styles of the Slumber Chair. I would like to see which suits me best.

My name is _____

Street address _____

Town _____ State _____

Please send Streit Davenport Bed Catalogue also.

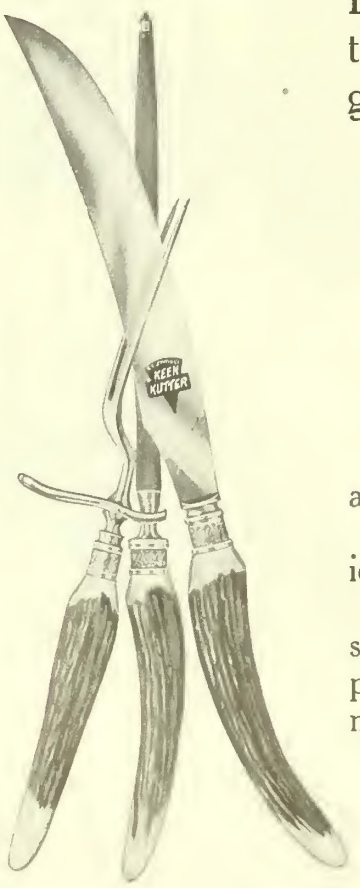


Tools For Good Housekeeping

Good work in the kitchen demands good tools. You can't even cut bread or pare a potato properly without a good knife for the purpose.

Right tools and right cutlery cost but very little more than poor ones, and they not only save time and labor but prevent waste.

"But," you say, "how can I tell good cutlery or good tools by looking at them?" You know them at sight—you are sure of them, for they are guaranteed—just ask for



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This name and trademark assure you that you have the best that can be made—they identify tools and cutlery that will last a lifetime.

Anything in the way of household tools, from a cleaver to a can opener, a pair of scissors or a screw-driver—tools of all kinds—cutlery of all kinds can be had bearing this protecting name and trademark. Whenever you go to a hardware store remember the name Keen Kutter.

If your dealer does not keep Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.

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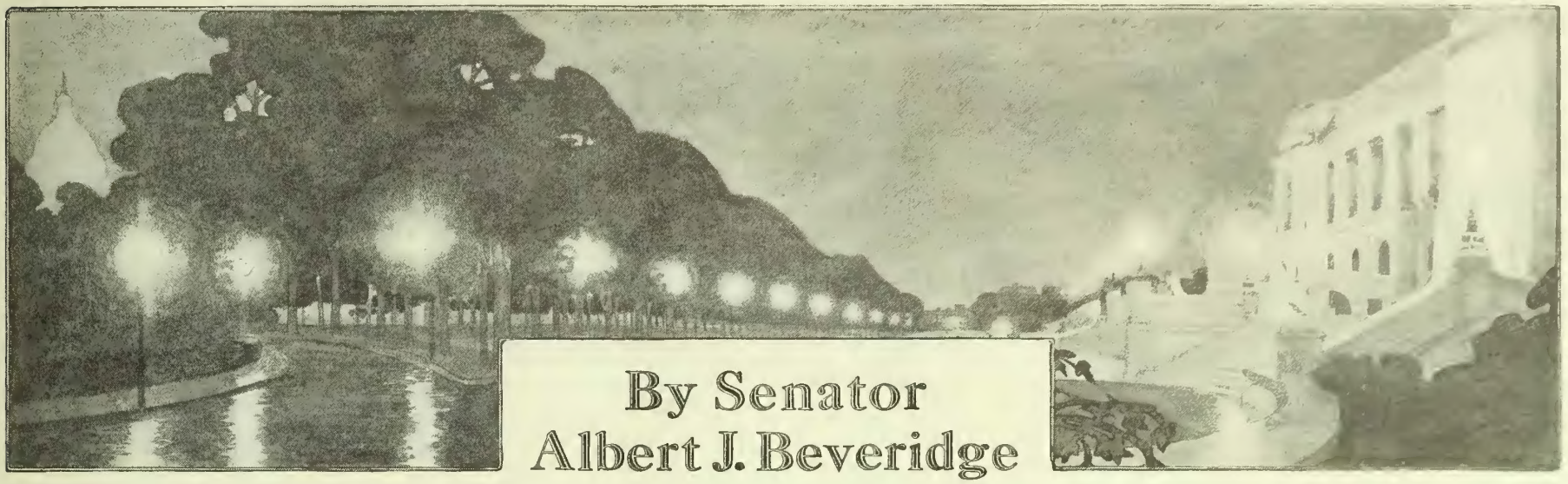
THE INSURGENTS



By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

THE insurgents strove to keep faith with the people. They felt that the promissory notes of their party should be redeemed at a hundred cents on the dollar. They felt, too, that those promises were based on justice. So from the very beginning the revision of the tariff presented itself to them as a moral question. And the deeper they went into it the plainer and more compelling the moral phase of it became.

They considered the business side of it as well—the common-sense and practicability of it. And so the insurgents fought for moderation. They stood against extremes. They labored to make protective tariff rates just and reasonable, stanch and firm.

They wanted American industry protected wherever necessary and as much as necessary—they believed that more than this is evil, and dangerous to the protective principle itself; and they wanted the consumer protected also—they believed that wages earned by labor should be kept at the highest standard and that prices paid by labor should not outrun those wages. Also the insurgents wanted the tariff out of the way of business—wanted the tariff question settled for years to come. The way to do that is to make the tariff meet the just demands of the people. For, after all, the people are the masters; and that question is best settled where the people are best satisfied with the way it is settled.

For these reasons, and as a matter of justice, the insurgents demanded and demand a change in the *method* of making our tariffs—*this above all*. They wanted and now want a method that will give accuracy to tariff rates and steadiness to business—a method that is modern and businesslike.

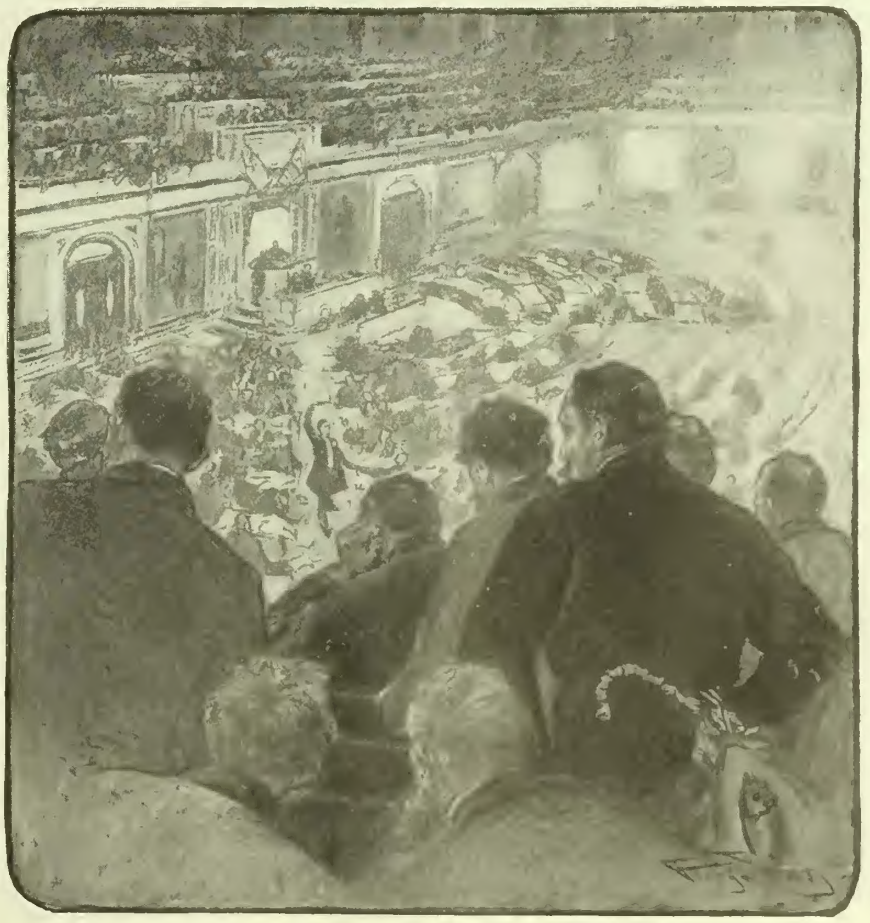
And the insurgents deserve most of the credit for the extent to which the law goes in meeting these ends. What do you think would have been the situation had they made no fight? And what if they had won all they fought for?

If any one was to make the fight the insurgent Republican Senators had to do it. There was no one else to do it. For the lines between the parties got very much tangled up and confused at times. On highly important votes a majority of the Democratic Senators, traveling by the tariff-for-revenue-only road, reached the same end that Republican Senators reached who traveled by the extreme-protective-tariff road.

For example, a majority of the Democratic Senators voted for the duty of twenty-five cents upon iron ore, upon the ground that it was a revenue duty; yet extreme protectionist Republican Senators fought and voted for the same duty upon the ground that it was a protective duty.

The same was true of the duty on lumber; and again, with a difference of a few votes, in the case of a duty on hides. A Democratic Senator offered an amendment increasing the duty on pineapples a hundred and twenty-eight per cent over the Dingley rates, and the Senate passed it. Yet this amendment got Republican extreme-protectionist votes on purely protective grounds. So of the proposed protective duty on tea and other commodities.

In fact, there was scarcely one contested rate that did not get one or more Democratic votes. All this muddied the waters. Besides, even if the Democrats had made the fight their platform pledged them to make, it would not have been for just and reasonable protection rates, but for revenue-only rates. But the record disposes of this phase of the controversy. So the real fight—the systematic, determined battle against excess—was made by the so-called insurgent Republican Senators. In no case did they work, speak or vote against what they believed to be any necessary protective duty. For the insurgents are protectionists. Every one of them has spent most of his political life advocating protection. All of them feel that protection has become the settled policy of the nation. The present state and marked tendency of the fiscal systems of other countries, and the general economic conditions of the world, settle that question.



But, because they wanted protection put beyond attack, the insurgents did fight for many reductions and against such increases as seemed to them unnecessary and wrongful. Most of the important reductions in the present law are due either to the efforts of these insurgent Republicans, or else to the knowledge that those efforts would be put forth; except, of course, those reductions that President Taft forced when the bill reached conference.

But could even the President's courageous stand when the bill got into conference have been successful had the insurgents not fought and voted as they did? Suppose every Republican in the Senate had stood for the rates proposed in the original bill! The President then would have been confronted by a solid Republican vote against every one of the demands he made of the Conference Committee, and also by a majority of the Democratic Senators on most of them.

So you see where the President would have been left in his struggle with the Conference Committee if all the Republicans had voted for these rates, a majority of the Democratic Senators voting for them also. From a party point of view the business would have been still worse, for the overwhelming sentiment of the people—including the vast majority of Republican voters—in favor of a "revision downward" would have had no rallying-point to gather about had not the insurgent Senators furnished it.

So it is that these Republican Senators who have been termed "insurgents" were, first of all, foes of excess in protective rates, and, therefore, the wise and far-seeing friends of the protective system on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the foes of the obsolete tariff-for-revenue-only theory, which every modern nation, except Great Britain, has abandoned and which Great Britain is now planning to abandon also. For it is the fair, the reasonable and the moderate man who is the wisest friend of any policy in which he believes. But foes as they were and are of these two extremes, they were and are far more determined foes of our methods of tariff legislation.

The battle of the insurgent Republican Senators against excess in tariff rates was only a part of the general conflict. It was an important part, of course. But even more important was their large purpose to change the present ancient methods of tariff building—methods so clumsy, unjust and antiquated that every other modern nation in the world has thrown them aside long ago. Any business house in America that would use in the conduct of its affairs the haphazard methods which both parties have employed in building tariffs in the past—and both parties have employed them equally—would quickly go into bankruptcy.

Clumsy Tariff-Tinkers and Their Work

IN THE end the insurgent Republicans in the Senate focused all their efforts against this method of tariff building. And in toiling to keep duties down to a true protective level they demonstrated to the country that plain, modern and businesslike methods must now be adopted in building our tariffs; and that the unbusinesslike, helter-skelter, log-rolling methods that have heretofore been employed by both parties in building tariffs must be cast aside. If the method is made modern, accurate and just the tariff will be made modern, accurate and just. The effect follows the cause. The tariff follows the method.

But epithets and adjectives do not describe anything; let us see just what these old methods of tariff building are.

First of all, neither party makes any preparation for tariff revision until the people demand it at the polls. Immediately after the people's verdict everything is rush and hurry, hurry and rush, to get the new tariff bill passed—and this regardless of whether it is to be a protective or revenue-only measure. The cry is, "Business is held up waiting to see what the new tariff bill will be," and, of course, there is some truth in that.*

Both Senate and House have committees whose purpose it is, among other things, to deal with the tariff. They are made up of good men; but none of these men has been giving the tariff schedules continuous, businesslike, scientific study during the years preceding the time when, at the polls, the people finally order tariff revision. Not one of them can be said to be an expert, in the true sense of the word. Two or three of them, of course, have extraordinary familiarity with the tariff schedules by reason of long service on these particular committees.

The great majority of these men are not fitted by training for this most intricate of fiscal problems. Besides, each one of them is, of course, a man of consequence in the world. Nearly every one of them is deeply engrossed in politics at home. Most of them, too, are engaged in absorbing business or professional affairs outside of their Congressional duties. All of them are attending to other governmental problems aside from the tariff.

For example, the Senate Finance Committee, which handles the bill for that body, is composed of men each of whom is a member of several other extremely important committees. Necessarily, this allows these hard-worked Senators no time at all for the study of the tariff until the bill actually comes before them.

So these committees of the House and Senate, thus constituted and thus handicapped, suddenly take up the tremendous problem of devising a tariff bill—the great business measure that is to affect every man, woman and child of our ninety millions of people. Of course, the first thing is to secure information upon which to build the tariff schedules. This is just as necessary for a tariff for revenue only as it is for a protective tariff.

Now, how do you suppose these committees get this information? Well, they hold "hearings." At these "hearings" a great crowd of interested people give what is called testimony, sometimes under oath and sometimes not. The men giving this so-called testimony concerning their particular business necessarily know far more about the subject upon which they are giving the committee information than do all the members of the committee put together.

If it were not so serious it would be one of the funniest things in the world to hear some of the examinations of these men by members of the committee—some of the questions and answers. Many of these questions put by members of both parties are plainly dictated by partisan considerations—the questioner clearly is trying to make capital for his party on the stump, rather than to get the truth of the business.

In addition to these examinations great masses of letters, telegrams and so forth are received by the committee, assuming to state the facts concerning this, that or the other subject. Only the House Committee on Ways and Means held even these "hearings"—if the Senate Committee on Finance held any "hearings," none were published. Indeed, the Senate Committee got the House bill and reported it to the Senate two days afterward.

Then this whole hodgepodge of stuff is bound together in great, bulky volumes. It is confused, contradictory, chaotic. Nobody, from this "information," can get at the exact truth of any given subject, no matter how earnestly he tries. Also, by this period there is always a great clamor that "business is waiting," that "the country is losing ten million dollars a day," that "cars are standing idle," and a lot of other stereotyped declarations of the alarmist kind, part of which is truth and part of which is buncombe. But no matter; everybody is brought to see the necessity of hurrying up. Everything is whip and spur. By this time, too, Representatives want to get home to look after their political fences.

There is not a judge sitting in equity in the United States who would dare decide a case in which the testimony is as extended as that contained in even a single one of the many volumes of tariff hearings, without referring it to a master in chancery for analysis and report; and that, too, mind you, where this case involves the rights of only two litigants. Yet here is a great business measure, involving not only the rights, but also the welfare, of ninety millions of people, in which the decision of Congress is made up without the care taken by the courts in a lawsuit between two people. Absurd, is it not?

And it gives opportunity for fixing duties by "log-rolling" instead of by the merits of each case as determined by the facts of that particular case. It is a phase of our political development which hitherto, perhaps, could not be avoided; but the time has come when it must go. We have outgrown it. We are too intelligent for it, are we not? And, let us hope, too honest and too just for it.

Also, it is in deadly hostility to the protective theory—which is that each protective duty shall be fixed by facts showing the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, and that every tariff tub must stand on its own bottom. Let woolen rates be fixed by the facts of the woolen industry alone. What has a duty on hides to do with a duty on lumber? How does a duty on lead depend upon a duty on pineapples? What connection is there between rates on steel and rates on cotton goods?

Science Better Than Selfishness

NO! EVERY tub on its own bottom—that's fair, is it not? All the protection that is necessary on any industry should be determined by the facts concerning that particular industry, considered by itself. If such facts, so considered, show that a higher duty is needed, then give that higher duty; if they show that a lower duty is needed, then make it lower; if such facts show that the duty should be taken off, then off with it. Isn't that common-sense? Aye, and common honesty!

How are we to get rid of such crazy seamanship in tariff navigation? Why, by changing the method, and adopting a method that will find out the facts—*really* find out the facts; and then by shaping our course by those facts. Isn't that precisely what a business man does when he is making a bid for a contract? He figures the thing out to the last cent. The modern farmer now does the same thing—learns what portion of his farm is best adapted to one crop and what portion to another; what fertilizer is best for each, and so forth and so on. The nearer the business man or the farmer gets to the exact facts the surer and larger will be his profits. You can multiply these illustrations from your own experience and observation.

Yet government, so far as its business side is concerned, is not so different, after all, from the business conduct of a farm, factory, mine or store. The simple way to avoid confusion in our tariff building, the foolish jumble of information and misinformation, the buncombe speeches for partisan purposes sometimes heard in tariff debates in Congress, is to find out the facts and let the people know about these facts. When that is done your statesman in politics will gladly adjust tariff rates to these facts with the accuracy of mathematics; and your politician in statesmanship will not dare to do anything else. For even he is not going to go against the facts when the people know the facts and know that their servants in House and Senate know the facts.

How, then, shall we get the facts? Common-sense answers that question, and the successful experience of all other modern nations verifies it. We must have a Tariff Commission of experts, whose only and continuous business is to find out these facts, on which Congress can build this great business measure touching every enterprise—yes, every household—in the Republic. These men must have special training for the work. They must keep at it all the time. They must do their work fearlessly, thoroughly, honestly. When they have found out the facts they must lay these facts before Congress, systematized, digested and plainly arranged. Then the work of making tariff rates is up to Congress.

The Shining Example of Germany

ALL tariff students in every country concede that the German tariff is the simplest, most scientific and most effective in the world. Yet this tariff was built in this way. The Germans abandoned the tariff-for-revenue-only theory almost a generation ago, and adopted the American protective theory. At first they built their tariffs just as we do now. But the studious, scientific German mind quickly saw that that was not the way to produce the best and most accurate results. So they invented the idea of a Tariff Commission to find out the facts. It took the Germans six years to do this work—their Tariff Commission consulted two thousand trade and technical experts; it examined with scientific accuracy and thoroughness every industry in the Empire; it studied and mastered every other tariff in the world.

Under a protective tariff based on the work of the German Tariff Commission the Germans are selling to the world ten finished manufactured articles where we are selling one, and they are leaving the British far behind in comparative increase of foreign trade. This, too, mind you, although Germany is no larger than Texas, has a poor soil, meager resources and only a little window on the North Sea; whereas we have the most extensive coast line and the most convenient harbors of any nation in the world, the richest soil and the greatest and most varied natural resources. Such is the result of common-sense and common honesty applied to the work of building a tariff. There are other reasons for Germany's commercial progress, but this is the powerful one.

If space permitted I should like to go over the French method of tariff building, preparations for which never take less than two years, and usually take longer. Japan, which copies everything that brings the best results, whether in warfare or commerce, has taken up the tariff-commission idea. The Japanese Tariff Commission has now been at work for about five years, and it is scheduled to complete its work not later than 1913. The tariff-commission idea has invaded even Great Britain; and the manufacturers of that nation, out of their own pockets, have employed the most elaborate body of trained experts in the world—excepting only those of Germany—to gather tariff data for a modern tariff law when Great Britain shall adopt the tariff of the modern world. This she will surely do before long.

You see, it is a matter of business with all these countries. Strange, is it not, that we Americans, who pride ourselves on leading the world in devising up-to-date methods in everything else, should cling to our century-old and grotesque ways of building our tariffs? It is exactly as if we should insist on traveling by the old stage-coach instead of traveling on swiftly-moving and accurately-timed trains.

For a long time the enemies of the tariff-commission idea had no argument against it. Finally they advanced this excuse—that the work of a Tariff Commission would disturb business. But the work of the German commission, which was far more thorough than we purpose to be, did not disturb German business. On the contrary, business thrived during that time. The long preparation which the French make for their tariff revisions never disturbs French business. The work of the Japanese commission has not affected Japanese business. Why, then, should the work of an American commission disturb American business?

Sheer nonsense, you see—merely another of those scarecrows with which any advance in legislation is always met and fought.

The enemies of a Tariff Commission also say that such a commission would take from Congress its constitutional right and duty of making our tariffs; but this is flatly untrue. All we desire to do is to have the commission find out the facts for Congress, and then let Congress build our tariff upon those facts.

The most curious thing about our refusal to change our tariff methods by employing the modern idea of a Tariff Commission is the fact that we have come to use that very method in handling other difficult problems of legislation—

*In the case of the recent revision the Ways and Means Committee of the House began work before the election; but this action was forced by the vigorous fight at the former session for a tariff commission to find out tariff facts. It was commonly said at the time that the action of the House Committee in getting to work before the people had ordered tariff revision was an effort to mollify the producing business interests then demanding a Tariff Commission.

difficult problems, yet simple problems compared with the involved tangle of adjusting thousands and thousands of tariff duties.

For example, you see every day in the newspapers reference to the Monetary Commission. That commission is absolutely necessary if we are to have a modern, scientific financial system which shall meet the needs of this mighty commercial nation. Nobody resisted the appointment of a Monetary Commission. Yet Senators who are members of the Monetary Commission are bitter enemies of a Tariff Commission. Curious, isn't it? And confusing.

Another example is our Immigration Commission. The immigration problem is, of course, tremendously important; yet the difficulty of its work, compared with the work that a Tariff Commission would have to do, is as the learning of the alphabet to the mastery of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

These illustrations can be multiplied many times over. Yet all of these commissions put together do not have such difficult investigations to make, nor anything like such intricate subjects to deal with, as a Tariff Commission would have—except, perhaps, the Monetary Commission; and even its work is not so tangled, detailed and involved as that of a Tariff Commission.

So the aim of the insurgent Republican Senators now is to secure the passage of a law establishing a permanent, non-partisan Tariff Commission to find out all the facts necessary to the intelligent framing of the next tariff law. You men in all parties see the good sense of that proposition, do you not? For this is not a partisan matter—it is a matter of public necessity.

Some progress has been made already. Nearly two years ago a bill for such a commission was introduced and the fight for it begun. At that time the idea was supported by more organizations of producers—manufacturers, stock-raisers, farmers—than any business measure ever laid before Congress. They agitated for it; they petitioned Congress for it; they declared that their business welfare and salvation demanded it.

Yet such is the stubborn unwillingness of certain powerful men in our public life to change legislative methods, no matter how far behind the times these methods are, that when the tariff commission bill was introduced it did not have ten friends in the House, with its nearly four hundred members, and not five friends in the Senate, with its ninety-two members.

But when we got into the thick of the tariff fight the absolute necessity for such a Tariff Commission became so apparent that converts to this cause were made rapidly. These converts were made by conditions, and not by anybody's arguments; by the bewildering muddle of facts, falsehoods, guesses and inferences; by the real lack of any accurate knowledge; by the impossibility of knowing anything about any tariff schedule unless one man would make a single schedule his specialty and study it laboriously and painstakingly for weeks to the exclusion of everything else.

Nearly every one of the insurgent Senators did just this thing; but each man found that he had to send to men having special knowledge of the particular industry covered by that particular schedule; had to conduct an independent investigation for himself; had to spend days and nights for long weeks with experts.

When the bill was presented to the Senate none of the few of us who were championing a Tariff Commission believed that it would be possible to convince a sufficient number of our fellow-Senators of the wisdom of the tariff-commission idea to pass any full-fledged, scientific, up-to-date tariff-commission measure at that session. So we went upon the idea—at least, I made the mistake of going upon the idea, and this narrative will show what a foolish idea it was in this case—of "getting what we could." To this end the following provision was drawn:

To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and information which will be useful to Congress in tariff legislation and to the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required to make thorough investigation and examination into the production, commerce and trade of the United States and foreign countries and all conditions affecting the same; *and such persons shall have the power to examine witnesses under oath and to compel the production of books and papers.*

To this brief provision the chairman of the Finance Committee finally agreed, with the exception of the italicized words. To these words he would not agree, and they were stricken out.

But knowing that the President could, under the remaining language, "employ" men who could do great service in finding out tariff facts, the remaining language was agreed to and it went into the bill and passed the Senate. Had it been known how even this provision was to be slaughtered in conference it never would have been agreed to by any of us. Instead, we should have stuck to, fought for and finally passed in the Senate a straight-out Tariff Commission, as we could have done had we only known our own future strength. But alas! we could not foresee the power our idea would develop—we had no conception of what the fight we waged would reveal.

Of course, as events proved, the Conference Committee would have killed this straight-out Tariff Commission; for the Conference Committee mangled the provision quoted above, which we did put through the Senate. But even so, it would have been better to have had them slaughter outright a thorough tariff-commission measure; for then a striking and even startling issue could have been made more clearly than it even now is under the remarkable action which the Conference Committee took—although you shall see how startling the issue is as it stands.

Now, what was that action? In the first place, the Conference Committee struck out of the provision I have quoted and which was passed through the Senate the words "*information useful to Congress in tariff legislation.*" * Isn't that amazing? Does it not seem incomprehensible that any one in Congress should decline to have information useful to Congress in tariff legislation gathered and laid before Congress? Yet that is just what was done.

*The House made no provision of any kind for any sort of a commission or board or any other machinery to investigate tariff facts. All that was done was done in the Senate as described in this article. *(Continued on Page 58)*

The Monitor and the Merrimac

The Story of a Panic—By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY THE KINNEYS

TWO long-faced young men and one old man with a long face sat upon the veranda of the Country Club of Westchester, and looked, now into the depths of pewter mugs containing mint and ice among other things, and now across Pelham Bay to the narrow pass of water between Fort Schuyler and Willets Point. Through this pass the evening fleet of Sound steamers had already torn with freight and passengers for New Haven, Newport, Fall River and Portland; and had already disappeared behind City Island Point, and in such close order that it had looked as if the Peck, which led, had been towing the others. The first waves from the paddle-wheels of the great ships had crossed the three miles of intervening bay, and were slapping at the base of the seawall that supported the Country Club pigeon grounds and lawn-tennis terraces, when another vessel came slowly and haughtily into view from between the forts. She was as black as the King of England's brougham, and as smart; her two masts and her great single funnel were stepped with the most insolent rake imaginable. Here and there where the light of the setting sun smote upon polished brass she shone as with pools of fire.

"There she is," said Powers. He had been sitting in his shirt sleeves, but now he rose and put on his coat as if the sight of the huge and proud yacht had chilled him. Brett, with a petulant slap, killed a swollen mosquito against his black silk ankle bone. The old man, Callender, put his hand to his forehead as if trying to remember something; and the yacht, steaming slower and slower, and yet, as it seemed, with more and more grandeur and pride of place—as if she knew that she gave to the whole bayscape, and the pale Long Island shore against which she moved in strong relief, an irrefutable note of dignity—presently stopped and anchored, midway between the forts and City Island Point; then she began to swing with the tide, until she faced New York City, from which she had just come.

Callender took his hand from his forehead. He had remembered.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "that yacht of Merriman's has been reminding me every afternoon for a month of something, and I've just thought what. You remember one day the Merrimac came down the James, very slowly, and sunk the Cumberland, and damaged and frightened

Mr. Merriman Finished His Piece With a Badly-Fumbled Chord

the Union fleet into fits, just the way Merriman has been going down to Wall Street every morning and frightening us into fits. Well, instead of finishing the work then and there, she suddenly quit and steamed off up the river in the same insolent, don't-give-a-hoot way that Merriman comes up from Wall Street every afternoon. Of course, when the Merrimac came down to finish destroying the fleet the next day, the Monitor had arrived during the night and gave her fits, and they called the whole thing off. Anyhow, it's that going-home-to-sleep-on-it expression of the Merrimac's that I've been seeing in the Sappho."

"You were on the Monitor, weren't you?" stated Powers cheerfully.

The old man did not answer, but he was quite willing that Powers and Brett, and the whole world for that matter, should think that he had been. Powers and Brett, though in no cheerful mood, exchanged winks.

"I don't see why history shouldn't repeat itself," said Powers.

"You don't!" said Brett. "Why, because there isn't any Monitor waiting for Merriman off Wall Street."

"And just like the Civil War," said Callender, "this trouble in the street is a rich man's quarrel and a poor man's war. Just because old Merriman is gunning for Waters, you and I and the rest of us are about to go up the spout."

Callender was a jaunty old man, tall, of commanding presence and smart clothes. His white mustache was the epitome of close-cropped neatness. When he lost money at poker his brown eyes held exactly the same twinkle as when he won, and it was current among the young men that he had played greatly in his day—great games for great stakes. Sometimes he had made heavy winnings, sometimes he had faced ruin; sometimes his family went to Newport for the summer and entertained; sometimes they went to a hotel somewhere in some mountains or other, where they didn't even have a parlor to themselves. But this summer they were living on in the town house, keeping just enough rooms open, and a few servants who had weathered former panics, and who were willing to eat dry bread in bad times for the sake of the plentiful, golden butter that they knew was to be expected when the country believed in its own prosperity and future. Just now the country believed that it was going to the dogs. And Mr. Merriman, the banker, had chosen the opportunity to go gunning for Mr. Waters, the railroad man. The quarrel between the great men was personal; and so because of a couple of nasty tempers people were being ruined daily, honest stocks were selling far below their intrinsic value, United States Steel had been obliged to cut wages, there was a strike on in the Pennsylvania

coal fields, and the Callenders, as I have said, were not even going to the cheapest mountain top for the summer. Brett alone was glad of this, because it meant that little Miss Callender would occasionally come out to the Country Club for a game of tennis and a swim, and, although she had refused to marry him on twenty distinct occasions, he was not a young man to be easily put from his purpose. Nor did little Miss Callender propose to be relinquished by him just yet; and she threw into each refusal just the proper amount of gentleness and startled-fawn expression to insure another proposal within a month.

Brett, looking upon Callender as his probable father-in-law, turned to the old gentleman and said, with guileful innocence:

"Isn't there anything you can do, sir, to hold Merriman off? Powers and I are in the market a little, but our customers are in heavy, and the way things are going we've got to break whether we like it or not."

Ordinarily Callender would have pretended that he could have checkmated Merriman if he had wanted to—for in some things he was a child, and it humored him to pretend, and to intimate, and to look wise; but on the present occasion, and much to Powers' and Brett's consternation, he began to speak to them gravely, and confidentially, and a little pitifully. They had never before seen him other than jaunty and debonair, whether his family were at Newport or in the mountains.

"It's all very well for you boys," he said; "you have youth and resiliency on your side. No matter what happens to you now, in money or in love, you can come again. But we old fellows, buying and selling with one foot in the grave, with families accustomed to luxury dependent on us"—he paused and tugged at his neatly-ordered necktie as if to free his throat for the passage of more air—"some of us old fellows," he said, "if we go now can never come again—never."

He rose abruptly and walked into the house without a word more; but Brett, after hesitating a moment, followed him. Mr. Callender had stopped in front of the "Delinquent List." Seeing Brett at his elbow, he pointed with a well-groomed finger to his own name at the beginning of the C's.

"If I died tonight," he said, neither gravely nor jocosely, but as if rather interested to know whether he would or would not, "the club would have a hard time to collect that sixteen dollars."

"Are you serious, sir?" Brett asked.

"If tomorrow is a repetition of today," said Mr. Callender, "you will see the name of Callender & Co. in the evening papers." His lips trembled slightly under his close-cropped mustache.

"Then," said Brett, "this is a good opportunity to ask you, sir, if you have any objection to me as a candidate for your youngest daughter."

Mr. Callender raised his eyebrows. So small a thing as contemplated matrimony did not disturb him under the circumstances.

"My boy," he said, "I take it you are in earnest. I don't object to you. I am sure nobody does."

"Oh, yes," said Brett; "she does."

He had succeeded in making Mr. Callender laugh.

"But," Brett went on, "I'd like your permission to go on trying."

"You have it," said her father. "Will you and Powers dine with me?"

"No," said Brett. "Speaking as candidate to be your son-in-law, you cannot afford to give us dinner; and in the same way I cannot afford to buy dinner for you and Powers. So Powers will have to be host and pay for everything. I will explain it to him. . . . But look here, sir, are you really up against it?"

To Brett's consternation, Callender suddenly buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

"Don't," said Brett; "some one's coming."

Callender recovered his usual poise with a great effort. But no one came.

"As far as my wishes go, sir," said Brett, "I'm your son. You never had a son, did you? If you had a son, and if he were young and resilient, you'd talk to him and explain to him, and in that way, perhaps, you'd get to see things so clearly in your own mind that you'd be able to think a way out. Why don't you talk to me as if I were your son? You see I want to be so very much, and that's half the battle."

Callender often joked about his affairs, but he never talked about them. Now, however, he looked for a moment keenly into the young man's frank and intelligent face, hesitated, and then, with a grave and courtly bow, he waved his hand toward two deep chairs that stood in the corner of the room half facing each other, as if they themselves were engaged in conversation.

Twenty minutes later Callender went upstairs to dress for dinner, but Brett rejoined Powers on the piazza. He sat down without looking at Powers or speaking to him, and his eyes, crossing the darkening bay, rested once more on the lordly silhouette of the Sappho. In the failing light she had lost something of her emphatic outline, and was beginning to melt, as it were, into the shore.

"Don't," Said Brett; "Some One's Coming"

Brett and Powers were partners. Powers was the floor member of the firm and Brett ran the office. But they were partners in more ways than the one, and had been ever since they could remember. As little boys they had owned things in common without dispute. At St. Marks Powers had pitched for the nine, and Brett had caught. In their senior year at New Haven they had played these positions to advantage, both against Harvard and Princeton. After graduation they had given a year to going around the world. In Bengal they had shot a tiger, each giving it a mortal wound. In Siam they had won the doubles championship at lawn tennis. When one rode on the water wagon the other sat beside him, and vice versa. Powers' family loved Brett almost as much as they loved Powers, and if Brett had had a family it would probably have felt about Powers in the same way.

As far as volume of business and legitimate commissions went, their firm was a success. It could execute orders with precision, dispatch and honesty. It could keep its mouth shut. But it had not yet learned to keep out of the market on its own account. Regularly as a clock ticks its profits were wiped out in speculation. The young men believed in the future of the country, and wanted to get rich quick, not because they were greedy, but because that desire is part of the average American's nature and equipment. Gradually, however, they were "getting wise," as the saying is. And they had taken a solemn oath and shaken hands upon it, that if ever they got out of their present difficulties they would never again tempt the goddess of fortune.

"Old man's in bad, I guess," said Powers.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Brett, and was ashamed to feel that he must not be more frank with his partner. "We're all in bad."

"The Cumberland has been sunk," said Powers, "and the rest of us are aground and helpless, waiting for the Merrimac to come down the river in the morning." He shook his fist at the distant Sappho. "Why," he said, "even if we knew what he knows it's too late to do anything, unless he does it. And he won't. He won't quit firing until Waters blows up."

"I've a good notion," said Brett, "to get out my pigeon gun, take the club launch, board the Sappho about midnight, hold the gun to old Merriman's head and make him promise to save the country; or else make him put to sea, and keep him there. If he were kidnaped and couldn't unload any more securities, the market would pull up by itself." The young men chuckled, for the idea amused them in spite of their troubles.

By a common impulse they turned and looked at the club's thirty-foot naphtha launch at anchor off the club's dock; and by a common impulse they both pointed at her, and both exclaimed:

"The Monitor!"

Then, of course, they were very careful not to say anything more until they had crushed together the little fingers of their right hands, and in silence registered a wish each. Then each spoke the name of a famous poet, and the spell was ended.

"What did you wish?" said Brett idly.

Powers could be very courtly and old-fashioned.

"My dear boy," he said, "I fancy that I wished for you just what you wished for yourself."

Before this they had never spoken about her to each other.

"I didn't know that you knew," said Brett. "Thanks."

They shook hands. Then Brett broke into his gay, happy laugh.

"That," said he, "is why you have to pay for dinners for Mr. Callender and me."

"Are we to dine?" asked Powers, "before attacking the Merrimac?"

"Always," assented Brett, "and we are to dress first."

The two young men rose and went into the house, Powers resting his hand affectionately on Brett's further shoulder. It was so that they had come off the field after striking out Harvard's last chance to score.

At dinner Mr. Callender, as became his age and experience, told the young men many clean and amusing stories. Though the clouds were thick about his head he had recovered his poise and his twinkling eye of the good loser. Let his night be sleepless, let the morrow crush him, but let his young friends remember that he had gone to his execution calm, courteous and amusing, his mustache trimmed, his face close-shaved, his nails clean and polished. They had often, he knew, laughed at him for his pretensions, and his affectation of mysterious knowledge, and all his little vanities and superiorities, but they would remember him for the very real nerve and courage that he was showing, and knew that he was showing. The old gentleman took pleasure in thinking that although he was about to fail in affairs, he was not going to fail in character. He even began to make vague plans for trying again, and when, after a long dinner, they pushed back their chairs and rose from the table, there was a youthful resiliency in the voice with which he challenged Powers to a game of piquet.

"That seems to leave me out," said Brett.

"Well," said Mr. Callender, with snapping eyes, "can you play well enough to be an interesting opponent, or can't you?"

"No, I can't," said Brett, "And anyway, I'm going out in the launch to talk things over with Merriman." He shrugged his shoulders in a superior way, and they laughed; but when they had left him for the cardroom he walked out on the veranda and stood looking through the darkness at the Sappho's distant lights, and he might have been heard muttering, as if from the depths of very deep thought:

"Why not?"

II

AT FIRST Brett did not head the launch straight for the Sappho. He was not sure in his own mind whether he intended to visit her, or just to have a near-by look at her and then return to the club. He had ordered the launch on an impulse which he could not explain to himself. If she had been got ready for him promptly he might not have cared at the last minute to go out in her at all. But there had been a long delay in finding the engineer, and this had provoked him and made him very sure that he wanted to use the launch very much. And it hadn't smoothed his temper to learn that the engineer had been found in the kitchen eating a Virginia ham in company with the kitchen maid.

But the warmth and salt freshness that came into his face, and the softness and great number of the stars soon pacified him. If she were only with him, he thought, if her father were only not on the brink of ruin, how pleasant the world would be. He pretended that she was with him, just at his shoulder, where he could not see her, but there just the same, and that he was steering the launch straight for the ends of the world. He pretended that for such a voyage the launch would not need an engineer. He wondered if under the circumstances it would be safe to steer with only one hand.

But the launch ran suddenly into an oyster stake that went rasping aft along her side, and at the same moment the searchlight from Fort Schuyler beamed with dazzling playfulness in his face, and then having half blinded him wheeled heavenward, a narrow cornucopia of light that petered out just short of the stars. He watched the searchlight. He wondered how many pairs of lovers it had discovered along the shores of Pelham Bay, how many mint juleps it had seen drunk on the veranda of the Country Club, how many kisses it had interrupted; and whether it would rather pry into people's private affairs or look for torpedo boats and night attacks in time of war. But most of all he wondered why it spent so much of its light on space, sweeping the heavens like a fiery broom with indefatigable zeal. There were no lovers or torpedo boats up there. Even the birds were in bed, and the Wright brothers were known to be at Pau.

Once more the searchlight smote him full in the face and then, as if making a pointed gesture, swept from him, and

for a long second illuminated the black hull and the yellow spars of the Sappho. Then, as if its earthly business were over, the shaft of light, lengthening and lengthening as it rose above intervening obstacles, the bay, the Stepping Stone light, the Long Island shore, turned slowly upward until it pointed at the zenith. Then it went out.

"That," thought Brett, "was almost a hint. First it stirred me up; then it pointed at the Sappho; then it indicated that there is One above, and then it went out."

He headed the launch straight for the Sappho, and began to wonder what one had to do to get aboard of a magnate's yacht at night. He turned to the engineer.

"Gryce," he said, "what do you know about yachts?"

"What about 'em?" Gryce answered sulkily. He was still thinking of the kitchen-maid and the unfinished ham, or else of the ham and the unfinished kitchen-maid, I am not sure which.

"What about 'em?" Brett echoed. "Do they take up their gangways at night?"

"Unless some one's expected," said Gryce.

"Do they have a watchman?"

"One forward and one aft on big yachts."

"Making two," said Brett. "But aren't there usually two gangways—one for the crew and one for the owner's guests?"

"Crew's gangway is to starboard," Gryce vouchsafed.

Brett wondered if there was anything else that he ought to know. Then, in picturing himself laying the launch alongside the Sappho, and hoping that he would not bump her, a question presented itself.

"If I were going to visit the Sappho," he asked, "would I approach the gangway from the stern or from the bow?"

"I don't know," said Gryce.

"Do you mean," said Brett, "that you don't know which is the correct thing to do, or that you think I can't steer?"

"I mean," said Gryce, "that I know it's one or the other, but I don't know which."

"In that case," said Brett, "we will approach from the rear. That is always the better part of valor. But if the gangway has been taken up for the night I don't know what I shall do."

"The gangway was down when the light was on her," said Gryce. "I seen it."

And that it was still down Brett could presently see for himself. He doubted his ability to make a neat landing, but they seemed to be expecting him, for a sailor ran down to the gangway landing armed with a long boat-hook, and made the matter easy for him. When he had reached the Sappho's deck an officer came forward in the darkness, and said:

"This way, sir, if you please."

"There's magic about," thought Brett, and he accompanied the officer aft.

"Mr. Merriman," said the latter, "told us to expect you half an hour ago in a motor boat. Did you have a breakdown?"

"No," said Brett, and he added mentally, "but I'm liable to."

They descended a companionway; the officer opened a sliding door of some rich wood, and Brett stepped into the highly-lighted main saloon of the Sappho.

In one corner of the room, with his back turned, the famous Mr. Merriman sat at an upright piano, lugubriously drumming. Brett had often heard of the great man's secret vice, and now the sight of him hard at it made him, in spite of the very real trepidation under which he was laboring, feel good-natured all over—the Colossus of finance was so earnest at his music, so painstaking and interested in placing his thick, clumsy fingers, and so frankly delighted with the effect of his performance upon his own ear. It seemed to Brett homely and pleasant, the thought that one of the most important people of eighty millions should find his pleasure in an art for which he had neither gift nor training.

Mr. Merriman finished his piece with a badly-fumbled chord, and turned from the piano with something like the show of reluctance with which a man turns from a girl who has refused him. That Mr. Merriman did not start or change expression on seeing a stranger in the very heart of his privacy was also in keeping with his reputed character. It was also like him to look steadily at the young man for quite a long while before speaking. But finally to be addressed in courteous and pleasant tones was not what Brett expected. For this he had his own good looks to thank, as Mr. Merriman hated, with the exception of his own music, everything that was ugly.

"Good-evening, sir," said Mr. Merriman. "But I can't for the life of me think what you are doing on my yacht. I was expecting a gentleman, but not you."

"You couldn't guess," said Brett, "why I have been so impertinent as to call upon you without an invitation."

"Then," said Mr. Merriman, "perhaps you had better tell me. I think I have seen you before."

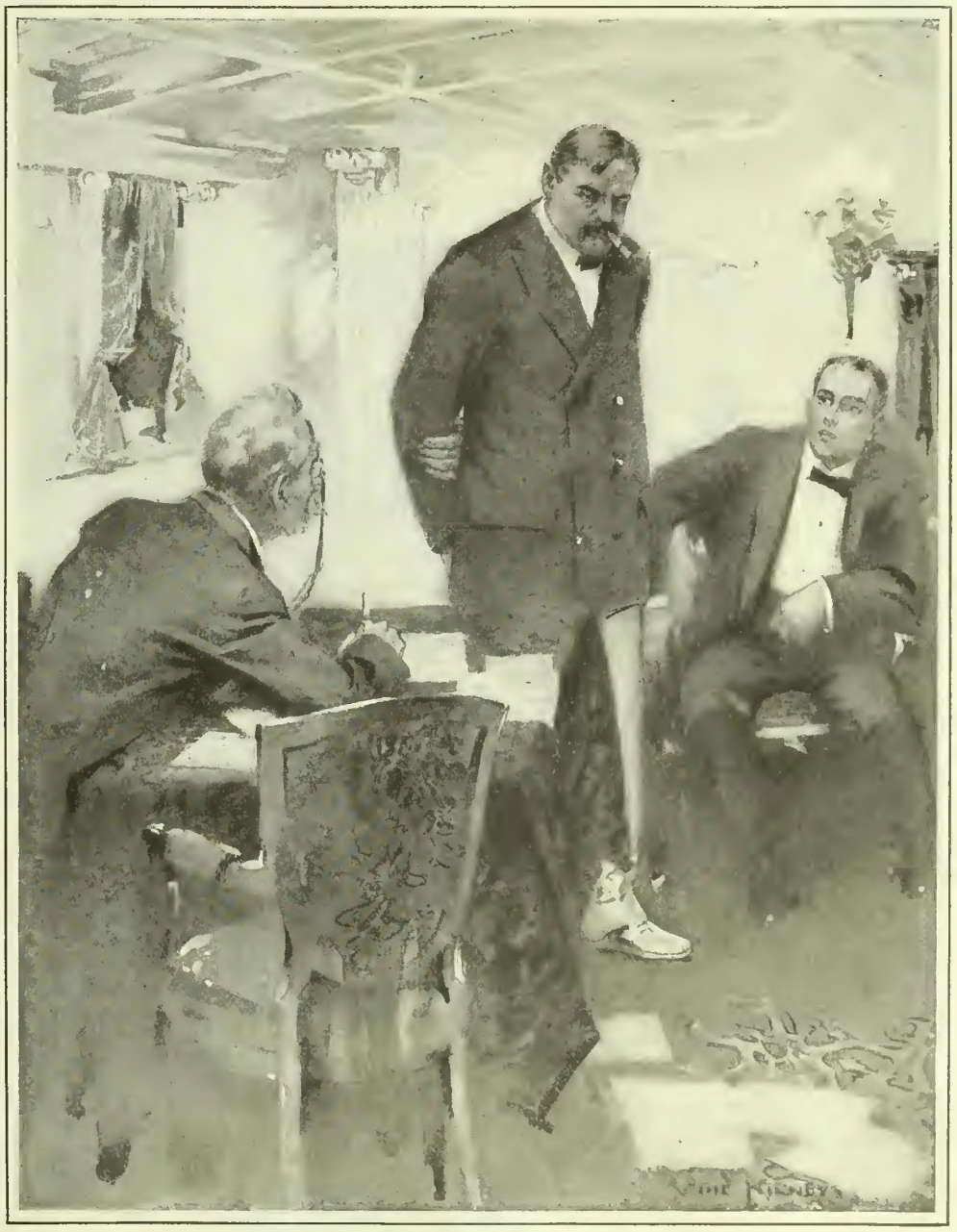
"My name is Brett," said Brett. "You may have seen me trying to play tennis at Newport. I have often seen you there, looking on."

"You didn't come to accuse me of being a looker-on?" Mr. Merriman asked.

"No, sir," said Brett, "but I do wish that could have been the reason. I've come, sir, as a matter of fact, because you are, on the contrary, so very, very active in the game."

"I don't understand," said Merriman rather coldly.

"Oh," said Brett, "everybody I care for in the world is being ruined, including myself, and I said, 'Mr. Merriman could save us all if he only would.' So I came to ask you if you couldn't see your way to letting up on us all."



Brett Felt That He Had Seen History in the Making

"Mr. Brett," said Mr. Merriman, "you may have heard, since gossip occasionally concerns herself with me, that in my youth I was a priest."

Brett nodded.

"Well," continued Mr. Merriman, "I have never before listened to so naïve a confession as yours."

Brett blushed to his eyes.

"I knew when I came," he said, "that I shouldn't know how to go about what I've come for."

"But I think I have a better opinion of you," smiled Mr. Merriman, and his smile was very engaging. "You have been frank without being fresh, you have been bashful without showing fear. You meet the eye in a manly way, and you seem a clean and worthy young man. As opposed to these things, what you might have thought out to say to me would hardly matter."

"Oh," cried Brett impulsively, "if you would only let up!"

"I suppose, Mr. Brett," the banker smiled, even more engagingly, "that you mean you would like me to come to the personal rescue of all those persons who have recently shown bad judgment in the conduct of their affairs. But let me tell you that I have precisely your own objections to seeing people go to smash. But they will do it. They don't even come to me for advice."

"You wouldn't give it to them if they did," said Brett.

"No," said Mr. Merriman, "I couldn't. But I should like to, and a piece of my mind to boot. Now, sir, you have suggested something for me to do. Will you go further and tell me how I am to do it?"

"Why," said Brett, diffidently but unabashed, "you could start in early tomorrow morning, couldn't you, and bull the market?"

"Mr. Brett," said Mr. Merriman forcefully, "I have for the last month been straining my resources to hold the market. But it is too heavy, sir, for one pair of shoulders."

A look of doubt must have crossed Brett's face, for the banker smote his right fist into the palm of his left hand with considerable violence, and rose to his feet, almost menacingly.

"Have the courtesy not to doubt my statements, young sir," he said sharply. "I have made light of your intrusion; see that you do not make light of the courtesy and consideration thus shown you."

"Of course I believe you," said Brett, and he did.

"You are one of those," said Mr. Merriman, "who listen to what the run of people say, and make capital of it."

"Of course I can't help hearing what people say," said Brett.

"Or believing it!" Mr. Merriman laughed savagely. "What are they saying of me these days?" he asked.

Brett hesitated.

"Come, come," said the great man, in a mocking voice. "You are here without an invitation. Entertain me! Entertain me! Make good!"

Brett was nettled.

"Well," said he, "they say that Mr. Waters was tremendously extended for a rise in stocks, and that you found it out, and that you hate him, and that you went for him to give him a lesson, and that you pulled all the props out of the market, and smashed it all to pieces, just for a private spite. That's what they say!"

The banker was silent for quite a long time.

"If there wasn't something awful about that," he said at last, "it would be very funny."

The officer who had ushered Brett into the saloon appeared at the door.

"Well?" said Merriman curtly.

"There's a gentleman," said the officer, "who wants to come aboard. He says you are expecting him. But as you only mentioned one gentleman ——"

"Yes, yes," said Merriman, "I'm expecting this other gentleman, too."

He turned to Brett.

"I am going to ask you to remain," he said, "to assist at a conference on the present state of the market between yourself and myself and my arch-enemy—Mr. Waters."

III

EVEN if Brett should live to be a distinguished financier himself—which is not likely—he will never forget that midnight conference on board the Sappho. He had supposed that famous men—unless they were dead statesmen—thought only of themselves, and how they might best and most easily increase their own power and wealth. He had believed with the rest of the smaller Wall Street interests that the present difficulties were the result of a private feud. Instead of this he now saw that the

(Concluded on Page 64)

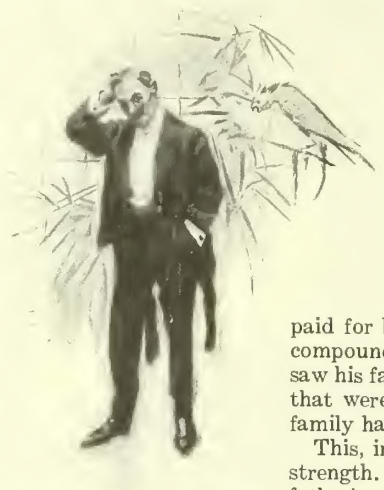
Getting In—A Salesman's Entrance

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

IN EVERY sort of selling there are two pivotal points upon which each transaction turns—the "approach" and the "closing," as they are termed in sales patter. If a salesman knows how to begin, and also when to stop, it may make little difference what he does or says in between—and, if he doesn't know how to get in and get out again skillfully, it will probably make little difference either.

Getting in and getting out are points diligently studied as tactics. Salesmen love to exchange experiences and rehearse strategy, telling how they got past the boy on the door, or what chain of logic, directed at Skinner's pet weakness, got his signature to the order.



"Who Pays for All This?"

At the same time, every capable seller knows that the thing lies far deeper than tactics. Behind every successful approach and closing there were qualities that the seller had cultivated in himself. It was not something that he planned or did, but something that he *is*.

Ten years ago a certain Eastern manufacturing house began to reach out for a new class of trade. Founded by two hard-working, plain-thinking Hebrews who came to this country in the steerage, the business had been built up on a national scale, but wholly in the cheapest sort of goods. The founders passed on, leaving a plant and comfortable fortunes to their sons. The second generation, well educated, had broader ambitions and aspired to make the finest grades of goods. In this latter branch there was stiff competition, not in prices, but in reputations held by older houses to whom the trade had long looked for quality merchandise.

The Palmroom Route to the Customer's Heart

THESE young Hebrew manufacturers would work a year to persuade a retail merchant in, say, Dallas, to visit their warerooms in the East. Their drummers interested him in the house, explained its new policy, sold small bills of the high-grade goods from time to time, but made no attempt to divert all his trade. That, it was believed, could be done better by the members of the firm.

Finally the Dallas merchant would be brought to a point where he came East to get acquainted, and the manufacturers met him. He was put up at an expensive hotel, entertained at the clubs, and taken into their social life. His hosts tried to make him forget dull care and form a friendship. Little was said about business. Yet no matter how handsomely they entertained, there was a motive, felt if not seen. At any moment the man from Dallas, amid the splendors of the palmroom, might be pricked by the reflection:

"Who pays for all this?"

And echo answered, cynically:

"If I buy their line—*me!*"

That house made no real headway until it got a fifteen-thousand-dollar sales manager. The man from Dallas would buy goods, perhaps, yet not stock the firm's whole line or give up his old connections. The sales manager was engaged originally in the belief that he could "close" the man from Dallas and make him commit himself to the line after the firm had paved the way through its magnificent entertainment. This proved to be true—the new man did close customers in every case. But in a month his ability at closing sales was almost forgotten in the fine work he did on the approach.

After two or three days of festivity the firm would bring in the man from Dallas and turn him over to be closed up. He was a trifle bilious by that time, and had forgotten dull care, and the business at home, and many other things. Yet nothing banished the chilling thought of who paid for it all.

In half an hour, however, the sales manager would accomplish what the firm had failed to bring about in three days. He warmed the visitor instantly, won his friendship and confidence, made him forget that there was anything to pay, and got an unconditional order for the entire line, displacing competitors' goods.

"I'll do anything George says," declared the man from Dallas.

Now, part of this was effected by solid selling logic, because the sales manager is able to step into the customer's mind, analyze the mercantile situation in the latter's own town, and indicate ways in which the new line can be employed to build more trade. When the man from Dallas set out for home he felt that he had been in close consultation with a great merchant. His views of his own business were vastly enlarged, and he took back new ideas to work out.

But there is also a temperamental side to this sales manager's way of approaching, and how he got that is interesting, not merely to salesmen, but to everybody who wants to live agreeably in the world.

George's father was a man who never put through any transaction without bringing away a grudge. Ten years after buying goods he would go back in memory and brood over a fancied defect, and hate the man he had dealt with. Hatred and malice, of course, must be paid for by the person who generates them. Ten years' compound interest doesn't lighten the debt. George often saw his father work himself into fits of rage over incidents that were past, and, perhaps, imaginary, and the whole family had to suffer.

This, indirectly, laid the foundation of George's selling strength. For, while he never carried grudges like his father's, still he had sour half-days due to the same weakness.

It was a hot day on a train going to Boston, for example, and an overbearing, beefy stranger sat opposite George. The latter began taking this stranger apart, and found him made up entirely of selfishness, pride, shallowness and other bad qualities. Presently George would despise him, and then resent him, and finally move away from him into the smoking-room, where the overbearing stranger would probably follow. Before they got to Boston, George would wish that the stranger might go out on to the observation platform and fall off the train.

George was a salesman of fine ability from the first; but until he learned to correct this paternal weakness his work was based entirely on logic. He could sell by brilliantly demonstrating that two and two make four, and cannot make anything else. But as long as a chilly private secretary had power to bar his approach to a ten-thousand-dollar customer, George never came into his real selling self.

One day, on a train, he was full of malice. A kindly old gentleman came over and sat down alongside of him, and, without preamble, said he knew just how George felt.

"The deuce you do!" thought George.

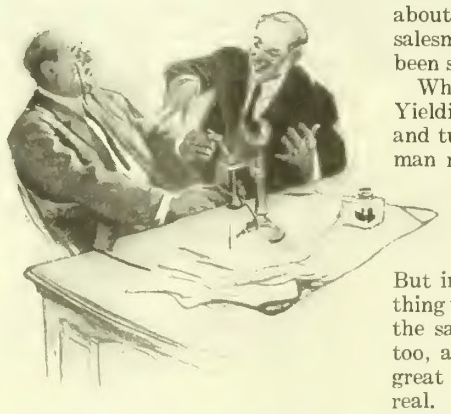
"I used to be full of it, too," continued the old gentleman, quite voluntarily, and then, speaking of nothing but his own past shortcomings, he managed to show George what ailed him, and teach him how to deal with it.

George Learns a Valuable Lesson

WHEN he was a young man, the old gentleman said, he had been a tuft-hunter among people. There were certain persons who came to him first, and openly voiced their appreciation, and those he gave appreciation in return. But hundreds of other persons were cold, passive. These he avoided, never extending a dollar's worth of credit in appreciation. Until he began to accept people as God made them, in assorted sizes, he was miserable. It took him years to discover that life can be greatly simplified and one's ability increased by going straight for passive or antagonistic people and warming them up.

"You've got a good head," said the old gentleman, "and are trying to butt your way through the world with it, as I did. No matter how good it may be, no man can *feel* with his head."

After this talk, George found his point of view radically changed. The old gentleman gave him some "stunts." If an overbearing stranger sat opposite, George had to go to work determinedly to like him.



Under a Fire of This Sort Mephisto's Faculties are Stimulated

"He's not a beauty," he would say mentally, "but I bet his dog thinks he's the finest man in the world. Maybe he looks overbearing because his feet hurt. I'm sorry."

A little drill like that, and it became easy to like the stranger, soften his countenance without even speaking to him, make him come over and borrow a match, and ultimately draw him out. By extending unlimited credit in this way the salesman was soon getting back what he had been hunting all the while in congenial people—understanding, confidence and approbation. Instead of stealing chance human favors, like a doormat thief, George became an investor in them, and got back several hundred per cent on his advances. The more reserved a stranger, the more satisfaction in entering his small circle of confidants. Very often when one really got inside he found the pompous man locked in an armor-plate cell of self, and mighty glad to see a visitor.

This was the quality that puzzled the firm, the outcome of several years' development of the old gentleman's principles, until they became second nature.

After the man from Dallas had been made wary and bilious by attempts to open him from the outside through entertainment, the sales manager just stepped inside and threw open the shutters of his temperament. Presently, the man from Dallas was talking about matters he hadn't mentioned to his wife since their honeymoon. He spoke of ideals and ambitions, confessed errors, cracked jokes about his competitors. The firm's entertainment, building up his sense of self-importance, had brought him in three days to a point where he was afraid to take any action for fear of the enormous consequences that seemed to hang on all he did. Then the sales manager dispelled this painful sense of importance with a joke and a leading question, and let the man from Dallas stand apart from himself and see things more nearly whole than he had ever seen them before.

How Torn Clothes Made Fast Friends

THIS personal equation, built on understanding of the other fellow, sympathy with him, sincerity and self-control, marks the highest kind of selling. But tactics are its necessary framework. Moreover, where one salesman has grown into real personality, there are probably a hundred others who sell by tactics alone.

All the strategy of the salesman's approach lies in the problem of interesting a customer surely and lastingly.

Thousands of near-salesmen canvass the world of business every day and leave never a trace of themselves, even when they get a hearing. Entering a man's office, they say their name is Smith, and tell him they have called to see if they can do anything for him—though they have really come to see if he can do anything for them. The man says he thinks of nothing at present, and they vanish like obedient ghosts. The man wouldn't know them if he met them on the street five minutes later, because they look just like Brown and Jones.

But suddenly a real salesman enters, and begins to tell the man what he is going to do for him, and the man understands immediately and listens, even if he is hostile.

The Smith type of salesman is afraid to offend. He does not understand that the way to approach is to approach, even if he has to be a bit rough about it.

One morning a real salesman sat in an anteroom with a dozen near-salesmen while the buyer for a large company stood outside his private office, receiving man after man. The interviews were brief. Smith told his name, and the buyer assured him there was nothing that morning. If Smith added his address, the buyer gently faced him about and gave him a shove toward the door. The real salesman sat waiting until all his competitors should have been sent off, because he wanted that buyer all to himself.

When his turn came the buyer was a bit tired and cross. Yielding to temper, he tore the salesman's card into bits and turned without a word to enter his office. The salesman reached over the railing to haul his man back and get an apology for this discourtesy, and got hold of his coat tail, gave it a firm tug, and pulled it off. That made the buyer even more angry for a moment. He turned, came back to the railing, and glared. But in an instant he saw that this man's name was something more than Smith, and apologized handsomely. Then the salesman handed back his coat tail, and apologized, too, and this curious approach led to friendship and a great deal of future business. It was odd, and it was also real.

In another case a salesman on the staff of a public-service company was sent to see a merchant who had written asking for information about a certain type of

service. That implied a ready reception for the seller. But arriving at the inquirer's office he found him angrily scolding a salesman from a rival company. The merchant was not only angry at this rival company, but heatedly denounced all public-service corporations, and damned salesmen in general.

That seemed to promise a hostile reception.

The salesman who had just come in saved the day by making a waiting approach. First, he waited till the merchant had blown off all his steam and sent his competitor away. Then he waited for the customer to do the talking.

"What can I do for you, young man?" snapped the merchant.

"Why, I'm here to see what our company can do for you," said the salesman, tendering the merchant's own letter. "Just tell me what you want done."

All the burden of explanation was thus put on the customer. He got interested, forgot his anger, and eventually gave an order for service running into tidy money.

Many salesmen find all their selling ability stimulated by the very difficulty of approach. They like the hard customers, and fail with the easy ones.

Mephisto's Selling Tactics

ON THE staff of a certain New York company there is a salesman who deals with all important customers who have a grievance, and with all the difficult prospective customers. He looks a good deal like Mephistopheles. His eyes are black and piercing, his black mustache is set off by a dashing imperial, and he is full of animal strength, combining careless good nature with a dominating, analytical mind—a man who gives people the impression that he would as lief fight a duel as not, and who loves to beard the lion in his den and pull his whiskers.

One of Mephisto's approaches, typical of his working conditions, landed a fine contract from a Boston corporation with a conservative president. Mephisto saw this president from time to time during a whole year before he got a chance to talk business with him, and then the Bostonian, who is an experienced attorney, asked the salesman to call. Mephisto came, expecting to explain his company's proposition in his own way, but found himself planked into a chair opposite the Bostonian and asked to answer questions. These were not only keen, leading questions, calculated to lay bare the absolute truth about Mephisto's proposition, but were meant to tear down any selling process he might have prepared in advance.

Under a fire of this sort Mephisto's faculties are stimulated, and he surpasses himself. If selling goods didn't include *this* he'd get into something else.

Occasionally, in that trade, as in every other, a business house will be found spending money without much intelligence. Perhaps a passive little buyer is trying to hand out patronage in such a way that everybody in the trade will get a bit. All the near-salesmen come round for their shares, and get them with almost no effort. Some dull day Mephisto is sent to get the share that belongs to his house. Walking in magnificently, he leans over the passive little buyer and says, in effect if not words:

"Well, little man, now that you're handing some of this business to everybody, just give me mine, will you?"

And the lack of tactics in his approach to this easiest of all propositions is such that the passive little buyer usually rises in indignation and chases Mephisto away, giving him nothing.

There are innumerable ways of getting attention, varying with the prospect himself and the salesman. In the end, however, they all come down to the salesman's knack at putting himself into the prospect's place instantly and speaking to the latter's self-interest.

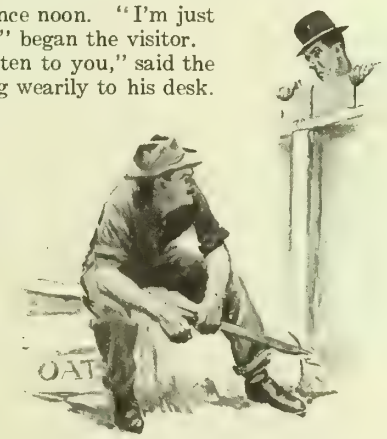
One afternoon an advertising solicitor entered the office of a Wall Street man who was advertising an issue of securities. Twenty-five other solicitors had worn out his patience since noon. "I'm just another newspaper man," began the visitor.

"Sorry, but I can't listen to you," said the Wall Street man, turning wearily to his desk. "Miss Sutton, don't admit any one else."

"Will you let me make a suggestion about your business?"

"Why, yes, if you want to," was the bored reply.

"Well, then, I think your house does some of the worst advertising I've ever seen. Good day!" said the solicitor, and started out.



A Head Was Thrust Up Cautiously for a Survey of the Place

His prospective customer was a big, full-blooded man, and he reasoned that such a statement would first make him angry, and later rouse his sense of fair play. It did. The solicitor hadn't gone four steps before the big man shouted:

"Stop, sir! What do you mean?"

"You give me a pot of paste, a pair of scissors and your advertisement of this morning," said the newspaper man, "and go on with your work. In about fifteen minutes I can show you."

Sitting down at a table in another room he cut the advertisement in pieces and put it together in a different way. Some points were made more prominent than they had been in the original and others subordinated. It was almost wholly a work of rearrangement, but the advertisement was so palpably improved that, as soon as the Wall Street man glanced at it, he gave an order for its insertion. That was the only order he had given that day.

Still another subtle piece of tactics in the approach is that of a life-insurance man who writes a large volume of business annually. It is the commonest objection in the world for a prospect to say to the insurance man:

"You might talk here an hour and not tell me anything I don't know about life insurance. Why, man, I sold insurance before you were born!"

This agent leads his man quite a distance along that precise line, gets him to declare that all the secrets of the big companies are known to him, and all the different forms of policy.

"Now, if I can't sell you," says the agent, finally, "won't you give me the benefit of your business experience in picking out a policy for myself? I have a wife and three children, earn so much a year, carry so much protection at present, and have so much more income which I want to put into protection. Here is the rate-book. Help me pick the best insurance for my circumstances."

"He's Not a Beauty, but I Bet His Dog Thinks He's the Finest Man in the World"

He names an annual premium equivalent to what he thinks the prospect ought to invest, and leads him into a discussion of policies, premiums, loan and surrender values, and so forth. It is just a vigorous canvass turned backward, and seldom fails to land a live prospect—the policy the latter selects for the agent is usually sold to himself.

The prime weakness of strategy in the approach is, as every experienced salesman knows, that it may be too deep.

One hot Saturday last summer a well-paid salesman went home early to work in his garden. After an hour of hoeing he sat down to rest near the back gate. Presently a head was thrust up cautiously for a survey of the place. It was the head of a young man whose face was seamed with lines of reserve and shrewdness.

"Hello, Jack," he said, in a whisper. "Do you work here?"

"Yes," replied the salesman, seeing that his old clothes had led to his being taken for the hired man.

"What kind of people are they?" asked the visitor, stepping inside.

"Why, pretty good people—they treat me all right," answered the salesman, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Boss purty well fixed?" continued the mysterious stranger.

"Yes, I guess he makes a good living."

"What's his business?"

"Why, he does something up in the city, I think, but just what it is I wouldn't want to say."

At this point the mysterious stranger took a little souvenir packet of court-plaster from his pocket and presented it to the "hired man." It bore the advertisement of a famous insurance company which sells small industrial policies on payments of a few cents weekly. That explained the visitor's business,

This Curious Approach Led to Friendship and a Great Deal of Future Business

even if he hadn't had it written all over him. Then the cross-examination was continued along the line of the boss' family, and whether he had any insurance, the salesman making noncommittal replies, and the mysterious stranger getting hotter and hotter on the trail.

"I'll just go up there and call on the women folks," said the agent, finally, starting for the house.

"I wouldn't do that," advised the "hired man." "They might not like it, you know. Maybe they don't want any insurance."

"Tut, tut," replied the agent lightly. "Don't let that worry you."

"But I wouldn't," insisted the salesman. "The boss might not like it."

"You just watch me," said the visitor confidently. "This will be the easiest thing you ever saw."

Work in Wet Weather

AT THAT point, however, something in the "hired man's" manner let a great light into the insurance agent, and he saw he had been talking to the "boss" all the while. With that he apologized handsomely, handed out a souvenir packet of needles for the womenfolk, and the two had a nice talk about their respective selling methods.

Tactics are effective up to the point where real personality is needed. But no further. Their proper function is illustrated by rainy-day selling. On rainy days, in most commercial lines, it is easier to get an audience with prospective customers than in pleasant weather. People are more likely to be in when the heavens weep, and the weather also keeps indoors many other people who might be out seeking an audience, too, if the sun were shining. It is a mighty poor salesman who can't turn every rainy day to account.

But, while it is easier to get a hearing in bad weather, it is also more difficult to sell goods, because the people one visits are passive, perhaps gloomy, and it takes a capable salesman to cheer them up and put them in the hopeful buying mood. Tactics will get a man into the private office, but only real individuality and feeling enable him to sell; and thus the salesman who is growing in his craft from year to year advances along the line of personality, and depends on tactics less and less.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Collins about salesmen's methods. The second will appear in an early number.

Nature's Balance

TO ILLUSTRATE the close relations between the various forms of life the Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture speaks of an extensive marsh bordering a lake in northern New York, which afforded a suitable home for numerous ducks, snapping turtles, frogs and other aquatic creatures.

The turtles laid their eggs in the sand of the beach. But skunks, which are fond of turtle eggs, ate so many of them that the local population of turtles became greatly reduced.

As time went on, however, conditions changed. Skunk fur became fashionable and commanded a good price. The country boy, ever on the alert for an opportunity to add to his pocket money, sallied forth and captured the luckless fur-bearer wherever found, so that before very long the skunks almost wholly disappeared.

When this check on their increase was removed the snapping turtles hatched in great numbers and scrambled off into the surrounding marsh. They multiplied to such an extent that their ordinary food supply fell short and they were obliged to add ducklings to their bill-of-fare. Consequently the ducks were almost exterminated.

So numerous did the snapping turtles become that they attracted the attention of market hunters. The marsh became a scene of great activity, the reptiles being captured in great numbers by men and boys and shipped away in barrels and boxes. Meanwhile, skunk fur having fallen in price, the survivors of the Mephitis tribe congregated at the old beach and devoured the eggs of the turtles. The latter being gone the broods of ducks remained unmolested and attracted other breeding birds, with the result that the marsh reverted to its original populous condition.

THE REFORM SPASM

Wherein Daniel Webster Strutter Deplores Yellow Journalism

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

I

FLAGG, the boyish-looking city hall reporter, came on a dead lope off the street, through the busy local-room and into the office of the managing editor.

"What's the matter?" demanded Johnson, he of the hairy hand and the useful backbone. "Meet a creditor?"

Lanning, the spruce young proprietor of the Courier, looked up from a damp galley-proof.

"No, he's probably brought in a fresh tip about the Collinswood affair," he dryly observed.

Flagg flushed. The Collinswood affair—that probably thrilling but as yet entirely supposititious scandal about Judge Rotterby, the administration candidate for mayor—was still unearthed. It was Flagg's one notorious failure.

"Not wishing to change the subject at all, since it gives you joy, Dennison has split off from Galway and the administration crowd!" announced Flagg.

Johnson hastily glanced at the clock. This was real news.

"Have you turned the story in to Brest yet?" he wanted to know.

"I don't know how to handle it," replied Flagg. "That's why I came in here. I don't know what's behind it. It came up in Council. Helfiman, after the usual committee reports, moved to go into executive session, and Burley seconded it."

Johnson nodded his head.

"The usual stunt," said he. "The last three meetings of Council have wound up in executive session, after which the Blade had a scoop on us, carrying whatever cock-and-bull story it was told to print. There isn't a member of Council dares tell us what occurred during those meetings. What's the graft? Where does Dennison get in—or out?"

Mr. Strutter Washed His Hands and Brushed His Hat Preparatory to Calling Upon Mr. Potter

"Dennison insisted that the meeting be an open one, and he carried his point," returned Flagg, answering the second question first. "Then the nigger in the woodpile came out. The bill for the Tenth Avenue viaduct came up for its third reading. It is a plain steal, as we all know. The bill carried, but Dennison made a violent speech against it, declared that he was through with politics, with the men who had put him into the business, and with everything they represented, and tendered his resignation."

Lanning jumped from his chair in a thrill of exultation.

"We have them on the run," he declared with enthusiasm. "This is one of the results of our exposures of the paving steal and of the various other grafts of the administration. We have started the thieves to quarreling among themselves, and the gang is breaking up!"

Flagg and Johnson were looking at each other seriously; both now smiled.

"Yes?" interrogated Flagg. "Maybe the gang is breaking up and maybe it isn't. If one of that bunch were to lie down and die I'd swear he was playing 'possum until my own two eyes saw him cremated. Dennison is the recognized leader in Council, the recognized mouthpiece of Galway, and the recognized driver of the administration steam-roller. He's been closely associated with the fat boss for too many years and through too much stress and storm to split off from him, especially like this—with the aid of a brass band. He's been the goat of the administration party and publicly known as the leading cog in the administration's handsome little gold-extracting machine. I don't believe it. Some way or other, I seem to see the fine Italian hand of Dan Packard in this."

There was food for thought in that remark. Packard for years had been the recognized leader of the anti-administration party, and it was well known to the inside circle that he was in Boss Galway's pay and held his leadership only to deliver his party, bound hand and foot, to the opposition. Again Johnson looked at the clock.

"The thing has me thoroughly fogged," he confessed. "I believe, myself, that there is something back of it, but we've no time now to figure it out. The Blade will beat us on the street as it is. If they do it is a cinch that the thing was all cut and dried; if they don't they are as much worried as we are, and Dennison's revolt is on the level. The only thing I see to do is to carry the straight news of what happened, and not sensationalize it too much."

The Blade wasted no time in conjecture. That paper was on the street ten minutes in advance of the Courier, and the revolt of Dennison was the leading article of the front page. In that article Dennison was loaded with obloquy and other undesirable things without stint. He was not merely an ingrate, he was a prevaricator, a malefactor, an expert in every wickedness except, perhaps, arson and plain murder! He had been the only evil person in the entire ranks of the administration party! Whatever odium it had borne—so unjustly—was due to him! He was responsible for whatever wrongs had been done! The party, with Judge Rotterby at its head, was now perfectly pure!

II

LANNING, still puzzling over Dennison's defection, and still secretly hoping it to be genuine in spite of the opinion of Flagg and Johnson, cast his eye over the columns of the Blade and suddenly brought his attention to rest upon a paragraph which sent him hurriedly to Johnson, whom he found in consultation with Flagg.

"Johnson," said Lanning with new perturbation, "I wonder what this means. The Blade has it that a Citizens' Party is to be formed."

"Same old trick," returned Johnson wearily; "one of the regular stunts that form the stock in trade of Galway and Dan Packard. It shows they are pretty close to the cushion, or they wouldn't be using this expedient, which is a desperate one at best."

"But I don't understand," protested Lanning, who, having purchased the Courier but two years before, had many of the kindergarten lessons of politics yet to learn.

"Simple as A, B, C," explained Johnson. "Since our attacks on Galway's grafts, and particularly since the paving-steal investigation, there are quite a number of saintly men, previously staunch for the administration party—and beneficiaries of it, by the way—who cannot this year afford to support the administration ticket. Rotterby, therefore, is likely to be defeated, although he is a good man personally, since these disgruntled ones would naturally vote for our man Strutter. To keep them from this, a Citizens' ticket is to be put into the field, ostensibly by the public-spirited and upright gentlemen whose names are here set forth; but a little secret investigation would no doubt show that, though the aforesaid honest burghers scarcely know it, the secret wires of this movement end in Galway's office, whither they were probably conducted by that weazened little fox, Dan Packard."

"I might further add," declared Flagg, working industriously over a hangnail, "that the earnest hope of Packard and Galway is to have the Citizens' ticket win at least as many votes from Strutter as it takes from Rotterby. Or, in plainer and simpler language which a child might understand, it is only Packard's little scheme for knifing his own candidate and ours, whom he could not control either before or after the election."

"I see," said Lanning with a troubled air, for the election of Strutter meant much to the Courier, since the news of all departments, including the police, the courts and the hospitals, was now kept bottled up for the Blade. As these departments control, in one way or another, about all the important affairs of a city, from a newspaper standpoint, there was a very grave and entirely justifiable desire on the part of the Courier to be the administration paper itself for a time. "What are we going to do about it?" Lanning asked hopelessly after a while.

Flagg looked up with his ever-ready grin.

"It might not be a bad idea to encourage the Citizens' Party," he suggested, "and then have it indorse the nomination of Daniel Webster Strutter."

"Can't smile to save me," Lanning observed.

"I'm not joking," averred Flagg, shutting up his knife with a snap and slipping it in his pocket. "Stranger things have been done. If any of the bright intellects around the Courier can devise a better plan than that I'd like to hear it. If they can't, why not get the board of strategy to deliberate on this gaudy little idea of mine?"

"I'll appoint you a committee of one on ways and means," said Johnson dryly; "and my earnest wish is that you have at least as much success in this as you did in chasing down the Collinswood affair."

Flagg shot toward Johnson a look not at all burdened with gratitude for having brought up this embarrassing subject again in the presence of Lanning; for Lanning was sure to gnaw on it every time it was mentioned. This case was no exception.

"That was a most unfortunate thing," Lanning declared. "You put the Courier in a most ridiculous position through it. Acting on your urging, the Courier, in its biggest type, asked Judge Rotterby: 'What about that Collinswood affair?' The Blade waited until it was sure we didn't know what we were talking about, and defied us to tell what we knew. The answer is that we don't know anything. You must have been dreaming."

"Nothing of the sort," Flagg declared seriously, with another glance of ire at Johnson, who accepted the glance with glee. "I distinctly heard Galway remark to Packard that the one flaw in Rotterby's record was the Collinswood affair. When I went to every one of the Collinswoods with which this part of the country is littered, and failed to turn up anything, I thought myself that I had been dreaming; but I surprised out of Cassamine the chance information that the last Collinswood had been dead ten years, which, while it crabbed the story, gave me further confirmation that there was a story, all the better that it concerned a man instead of a town. I'll dig it up yet!"

"You're a young man of great energy and determination," announced Johnson. "In the mean time I don't notice anybody around the Courier holding your coat-tails to keep you from doing said digging."

"Excuse me," said Flagg loftily. "I have an important engagement with the Courier's own mayor," and he hastily sought the outer air.

III

FLAGG found Daniel Webster Strutter also in much distress over the Citizens' Party movement.

"There is no necessity for it!" he declared. "These gentlemen who formed it claim that they want a reform

administration, which is just the thing I am prepared and anxious to give them. Their action is nothing more nor less than an insult to me—to me, who have held my skirts strictly clear and my record flawless; who have even held aloof from politics until now that my party needs me, lest it should taint me!"

Mr. Strutter looked up at the portrait of Patrick Henry hanging over his desk, and settled his features into as near an approach to the expression of that classic countenance as it was possible for him to do.

"The Citizens' Party, Mr. Strutter, was designed expressly to defeat you," explained Flagg, "although I doubt if the gentlemen who are publicly credited with being at the head of the movement know this. It seems to me that your play is to see every one of these young climbers of the Commerce Club, and convince them that the only way to gain their end is to indorse you."

Mr. Strutter cleared his throat.

"These gentlemen have, for the most part, always belonged to the other party," he objected. "I can very readily see where, not being able to vote for the administration ticket, they would still not care to change their politics so utterly as to vote for me."

"They are not likely to do so unless they are approached on the matter," Flagg reminded him.

"It is a task from which I recoil," said Mr. Strutter. "I do not like to put myself in the position of begging for public office."

"Then do without it, for that is precisely what it amounts to," retorted Flagg. "Look here, Mr. Strutter! If the Courier is beaten in this campaign it might as well give up its franchise, for plain starvation stares it in the face. You owe your position in the limelight to the Courier, which, at my suggestion, got you the position of chief inquisitor in the Danvers investigation, which exposed the gang and made possible an anti-administration victory. You owe your nomination, too, to the Courier, and I engineered it for you. It's up to you to listen to the Courier's advice and to mine. The Courier wants news and I want a nice, fat office; so, by George, you must be elected, and I'm not going to allow you to leave any stone unturned. Now, you get busy with these Citizens' Party people and see what you can do with them."

"Mr. Flagg," said Mr. Strutter, straightening his back and assuming pose number twenty-seven, which was one of offended dignity, "I do not propose to allow any man to dictate to me my policies or conduct, either before or after election."

"Certainly not!" agreed Flagg. "Nobody asks you to. Now, here's the list of names of the people ostensibly at the head of this Citizens' ticket. I'd advise that you go see Mr. Potter first." Whereupon Flagg went out, and Mr. Strutter washed his hands and brushed his hat preparatory to calling upon Mr. Potter.

Mr. Potter, who was the proprietor of a large and exclusive grocery emporium and had a rotund face upon which rested a perpetual, ingratiating smile, shook hands with Mr. Strutter most cordially. His hand was oily and Mr. Strutter's was dry and harsh, and both gentlemen were aware of a most uncomfortable sensation in the contact. Mr. Potter was aghast when the base conspiracy against Mr. Strutter was revealed to him. He was most logical, was Mr. Potter, one who could see as well as the next man that two and two made four. Of course, if the Citizens' ticket really wanted good government it could scarcely do better than to indorse Mr. Strutter. Mr. Strutter's party was against all Mr. Potter's heredity, his training and his belief, but, nevertheless, for the sake of rebuking the administration which had proved to be so iniquitous he should really feel it his duty to encourage the nomination of Mr. Strutter! That is—er —— Well, there had been a trifle of talk about—er—placing Mr. Potter himself at the head of the ticket, and while he loathed the idea, of course ——

Scarcely elated, Mr. Strutter went to see Mr. Gooch, who was the active partner in an exclusive ladies' cloak and suit house. Mr. Gooch was a gentleman of great refinement, who had striven all his life to make people forget his outstanding ears, and occasionally, in his moments of greatest suavity and social ease, he remembered those ears and blushed. Moreover, Mr. Gooch was a man of stern and steadfast principles.

"No," said he, "my mind is firmly fixed. The time has arrived to rebuke both the old parties and to secure a local government by unselfish men who would serve out of pure patriotism."

"But, sir," declared Mr. Strutter in his very best elocution, "I am the very man you have described."

"That is no doubt true. In fact, I am sure that it is true," responded Mr. Gooch, unshaken, "but you are affiliated with one of the old parties, and to both of those the Citizens' ticket intends to deliver a stinging rebuke. Besides, well -er -the fact is, that I have—er —already consented to sacrifice my personal interests and appear upon the ticket if necessary."

Mr. Strutter went away from that conference with the mingled feelings of an amateur book-agent making his first day's canvass, and called upon Mr. Jobless, a gentleman of his own profession, who, though heretofore most accommodating in the matter of political faith, had been unable to attach himself remuneratively to either party. Holding forth the plea of professional fellowship, Mr. Strutter sought to interest Mr. Jobless, who was a thin-faced gentleman with extremely keen black eyes, which, however, never remained very long in any one position.

"No!" said Mr. Jobless in a ringing tone. "I have a large personal following of my own. I am for reform. There are a vast number of abuses in this city that are sadly in need of correction, and I feel it my duty, as a loyal citizen and a lawyer, to make a strong canvass for the prosecutorship. I have every reason to believe that I shall receive that office at the hands of the Citizens' ticket, should it win in this fight. The only argument that would induce me to change my present stand would be the assurance of the prosecutorship."

Mr. Oelheimer, next upon the list, was busy in his woolen-fabric importing house, and threw up both hands upon the bare mention of Mr. Strutter's question, and then, with both hands, nervously twisted his little black mustache.

"It is all a mistake," declared Mr. Oelheimer. "I just happened to be at the lunch with these other gentlemen when they organized their Citizens' ticket, and my name got printed some way." One plump and stumpy hand sought a toothpick and the other drew forth his watch. "I am not in politics, never was and never will be. I cannot afford it; but if I were, Mr. Strutter," and here both hands helped to widen and give emphasis to his frank and pleasing smile, "I should most certainly support your candidacy. You are just the man for the place, Mr. Strutter. Believe me, I have always said it."

This was encouraging, but scarcely useful. Mr. Strutter, by noon of the next day, had called upon the balance of the immortal twelve, and he came back to his office in a panic. The new party was truly to be an independent affair, and the result of Mr. Strutter's canvass had made him believe that he very much needed the support of that Citizens' ticket. In fact, he must have the Citizens' ticket! Without the Citizens' ticket he was a lost soul, and no words have yet been derived from the roots of the dead languages or evolved from slang to express how much Mr. Strutter desired to become mayor!

"Any Time You Want to Have Me Pinched for This Assault and Battery and Frisking of the Pocket, You'll Find Me at the Pocahontas Hotel"

IV

MR. DENNISON, by his own request having been shown into Mr. Strutter's private office to wait, had already filled the room with the smoke of a very black and very strong cigar. He was lolling in Mr. Strutter's big desk-chair, with his left leg over the arm, and was amusing himself by drawing most villainously crude pictures of plump women on Mr. Strutter's desk-blotter. A rather frightened young lady secretary sat at her desk, writing four pages of notes over and over again in order to seem busy. She was too loyal to leave the room in possession of this awful personage, and too much distressed to remain. With a gasp of deliverance she fled when Mr. Strutter appeared, and, by way of first aid to her palpitating feelings, washed her face and hands most vigorously and wrote a letter of resignation, which she immediately tore up.

Mr. Strutter, who never smoked, sniffed the pungent atmosphere in high internal dudgeon, but outwardly he was suavity itself.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Dennison," said he most cordially. "What can I do for you today?"

"Let's talk about what I can do for you first," returned Dennison. "How would you like to have the Citizens' Party indorse your nomination for mayor?"

Startled, and with good reason, by such a question from such a source, Mr. Strutter, nevertheless, took a firm grasp upon his outward poise and replied:

"I do not think that the Citizens' Party could do any better or more consistent thing."

"Yes?" inquired Mr. Dennison with ill-concealed scorn. "But that bunch of yallops don't figure it that way, and I don't. It ain't a question of what's the best thing to do. It's a question of who can deliver the goods; and I'm the boy."

"You?" replied Mr. Strutter in surprise. "I had no idea that you were affiliated with the Citizens' Party movement."

"I ain't," admitted Dennison, casting about for a place to deposit his cigar stump and finally dropping it in an empty ink-well. "They wouldn't let me in with a search-warrant, but I can pack their mass meeting with a bunch of my own lobbygows and swing it any way I want it."

"I see," said Mr. Strutter slowly, and the great man actually smiled as the beauty and simplicity of the plan dawned upon him. "Really Mr. Dennison," he, however, objected, as became an idealist, "this smacks considerably to me of political trickery, and I don't know that I would care to countenance it."

"Of course not," agreed Mr. Dennison in broad sarcasm. "You only want the nomination, that's all, and you won't have any hand in grabbin' it unless they come and pass it to you on a gold plate, printed on silk, I guess! But here's what I get out of it. If I'm the fair-haired boy that pulls this off, and you're elected for mayor as the candidate of both your own slate and the Citizens' ticket, I want the naming of the parties to fill a couple of nice, fat offices."

This conversation had gone quite far enough! The actual, crude proposition had been made! With just indignation Mr. Strutter straightened his shoulders, threw back his head, thrust his right hand in the bosom of his coat, and ran the long fingers of his left hand through his gray curls.

"Mr. Dennison," said he with virtuous sternness, "if I am elected to the office of mayor it must be because my fellow-citizens demand me for the place, and not because of any purchased support, nor because of the machinations of any political manipulators."

Mr. Dennison surveyed Mr. Strutter's tall and commanding figure with distinct approval.

"You'll do," said he. "You certainly have got the front. I wouldn't ask any better candidate to poke up in front of an audience than you. I was thinkin' about the building inspectorship. There's always a good chance there to keep from starvin' to death, with a man on the job that knows his business. Then, the city engineer's got a nice chance to do a little favor now and then for his needy friends, if there is somebody handy to post him."

"This is unbearable talk, Mr. Dennison," protested Mr. Strutter, both shocked and pained. "Of course, I will not deny that I should take it as a high compliment to be indorsed by the Citizens' Party as well as my own, but I could not gain my own consent even to consider the matter in the light in which you have suggested it. Er —— if we were to pursue the conversation further I have no assurance that you could do as you say."

"Leave that to me," said Dennison confidently. "You ain't runnin' any risk. If I don't deliver the goods I don't want a thank-you. If I do deliver,

if it's me that hands you that nomination, and if you're elected, as I said, by your own party and the Citizens' ticket, I want the naming of these two offices for two friends o' mine. Do I get 'em?"

"Um—m um—m—m—— They are very important offices and very valuable ones," said Mr. Strutter, shaking his head in profound sorrow that such venality should exist. "Of course, however, if you were to prove so valuable to me in my campaign as you have suggested, I would be—er—pleased to consider carefully the merits of any gentlemen whom you might suggest for the two posts in question. Who are the friends you have in mind?"

"I don't know," returned Dennison. "I just want two friends o' mine appointed, one building inspector and the other city engineer. Does that go?"

"Again, Mr. Dennison, I must protest at entering into any such cold-blooded bargain," returned Mr. Strutter. "I can only repeat that if I were elected I would be prone to consider most favorably any request you might prefer as to the filling of these two offices."

"That don't go for me," declared Dennison rising. "Before I turn the trick I got to have yes or no as to whether my men go in. Which is it?"

He arose as if to go, and the two men stood confronting each other, a most pronounced contrast. Dennison was big and altogether mundane, and the back of his head, with its close-cropped black hair, ran straight down the back of his neck. Daniel Webster Strutter was spare and a man of poses, many of which out-Patricked the illustrious Mr. Henry in his best moments, and he lived up to his curly gray hair.

"I must be firm, Mr. Dennison," still protested Mr. Strutter, impatient within his soul that Dennison was insistent upon such a crude and dishonorable line of conversation. It was so very blunt. "I have already stated that I would be prone ——"

"Yes or no?" shouted Dennison, banging his fist upon the table.

"Yes!" snapped Strutter, goaded into equal explosiveness.

. . . . . .

Late that afternoon Flagg called upon Strutter in his office.

"Well, how goes it?" he asked.

Mr. Strutter was very careful to preserve his dignity. He rather resented the manner in which Flagg had assumed control of this campaign. Mr. Strutter was quite able to conduct a campaign upon his own account.

"Very well indeed," said the eminent candidate. "I have seen several members of the Citizens' Party, and I am assured of their hearty support."

"Is that so?" said Flagg, a little taken back. "I have been scouting, myself, and the men I have talked with didn't seem to take to the idea with any great eagerness."

"The manner of approach has a great deal to do with it, no doubt," retorted Mr. Strutter, conveying this slight to Mr. Flagg with grace and ease. "You need not, however, worry any further about this matter, Mr. Flagg. I can give you my positive assurance at this moment that I shall be the candidate of the Citizens' Party."

Nevertheless, Flagg did worry about the matter, up to the very day of the mass meeting. He was sure in his heart and soul that Strutter was mistaken. On the afternoon of that day, however, he discovered something startling, and he telephoned Johnson.

"I've found a plant!" said he in almost breathless haste. "We've got to prepare to issue an extra tonight after the mass meeting. The Blade's going to do it, and we have to copper their bet. I'll tell you all about it by and by, but first of all I've got to see Strutter. I can't waste a minute," and he rang off, impervious to the string of questions that Johnson was firing at him.

He bounded into the office of Mr. Strutter just as that complacent gentleman, secure in his approaching indorsement by the Citizens' ticket, was pondering his inaugural address.

"Why don't you confide in me?" demanded Flagg. "You're as safe to be let alone as a baby with a brand-new, shiny razor! Now, you sit right down there while I tell you something. I want that office, and I'm not going to let you spoil my chances."

For one solid hour Mr. Flagg wrestled with the slow-perceiving Mr. Strutter, and at the end of that time left him much chastened in spirit.

V

THE patriotic gentlemen who were at the head of the Citizens' Party movement, who had formed it during a luncheon at the Commerce Club, who had issued the call for the mass meeting from a dinner at the Locust Club, and who had earnestly eaten their way through every step of the preliminary proceedings, were delighted with the success which followed their appeal. They had not expected such an outpouring of citizens, though they had hoped for it, and ruefully they surveyed the small dimensions of the hall they had secured. True, the sturdy citizens who began flocking early into the place were not of the most attractive sort, being, for the most part, low of brow and unkempt of hair and uncollared of neck, to say nothing of being uncreased of trousers and unsoaped of epidermis, and, furthermore, showing themselves plainly to be foes of water both within and without; but then, the earnest gentlemen of the Commerce Club had expected nothing else. These were the Sovereign People, they who voted, and between one Sovereign Person and another, below the social grade of a tall collar, the earnest gentlemen knew no difference; so they were well satisfied.

Mr. Potter, clad as an orator should be, in a black frock coat and the trimmings that go therewith, including a silk hat which he laid carefully upon the table beside him, arose, upon a platform filled with immaculately-unwrinkled black clothing which contained immaculately-bathed and shaven gentlemen, to address the meeting. He was gratified, indeed, was Mr. Potter, to see this enthusiastic outpouring of citizens eager for municipal reform. He, with the other gentlemen who had aided in the formation of the Citizens' Party, had wondered if, in this Sodom of political iniquity, there were not enough honest men to lift up their voices in successful support of Pure Politics and of Good Government. Tonight they wondered no longer!

The honest men, under the able leadership of Mr. Dennison, at this point lifted up their voices. They were for Pure Politics and Good Government, every man Jack of them, to hear them vociferate.

Encouraged, Mr. Potter, his round face beaming with gratification over the pronounced hit that he had made, went on to explain further how and why the Citizens' Party had been formed, how and why it had become necessary, how and why it must sweep everything before it! He was no orator, he was no politician; his mission upon this platform tonight was a very simple one. He merely desired to place in nomination, for permanent chairman of this meeting, a man whom all knew well, Mr. Samuel T. Gooch!

Great applause! Tremendous applause! Perfectly stunning applause!

Another black-frocked gentleman, with a close-cropped mustache and the oily voice of a born salesman, seconded that motion, and furthermore, moved that the nominations be closed. Amid great fervor, thereupon, Mr. Gooch was inducted into the chair, and thereupon made a speech.

Mr. Gooch was not in a black frock coat. He was in evening dress, having just come from a dinner party. Forgetting his ears for the moment, he began earnestly to save the city, and reform not merely oozed or dripped from him, but gushed from him! He made a carefully-impassioned address, pointing out the iniquity of the two old-line parties and the necessity of an entirely new order of things, in which Pure Politics and Good Government should be paramount to every other consideration. He, too, was delighted that so many honest citizens had shown their eagerness to be with them in this great movement, and he relied upon those honest citizens to place in charge of municipal affairs a man whose honor and integrity and unselfish principles should be but an echo of the feelings within their own breasts; whereat the honest citizens there assembled, again acting under the able and efficient leadership of Mr. Dennison, immediately voiced the emotions of their breasts in a roar of most gratifying enthusiasm. Incidentally, they also, by continued and even embarrassing applause, spoiled a climax and prevented the mention, at that juncture, of any inconvenient name which Mr. Gooch might have had upon the tip of his tongue.

He Was Gratified Indeed, Was Mr. Potter, to See This Enthusiastic Outpouring of Citizens Eager for Municipal Reform

It was an enthusiastic meeting all around. Mr. Potter nominated a vice-president, who was elected amid vast enthusiasm. Mr. Potter, his round face now a gleaming full moon of delight with this self-oiling mass meeting, nominated a secretary, and then a treasurer, both of whom were elected with great enthusiasm; and then Mr. Gooch, conquering a trifle of trouble with his bulging shirtfront and his climbing vest, made another speech in which he observed that it had been the dearest wish of his heart to have nominations come directly from the people, and declared the Citizens' Party organization now open for nominations to the high office of mayor!

He was hesitating upon how to say more when big Dennison arose from out the mass and claimed the attention of the chair.

Mr. Gooch, having suddenly remembered his ears, and not knowing Mr. Dennison by sight, hastily nodded him the floor, quite willing to permit a slight interruption while he rearranged some disordered oratory.

Flagg, of the Courier, and Reese, of the Blade, who had been seated quite comfortably at a little table near the platform, together with the reporters from the morning papers, both suddenly arose as Mr. Dennison did, stuffed their notes in their pockets and began to edge feverishly toward the door.

A large-sized hush rested upon the mass meeting as Mr. Dennison began to speak. He, too, was for reform! In fact, before he had proceeded far in his address it might be taken that he had invented reform. He had definitely broken away from the administration party, the conduct of that party not having been such as he, in his aching desire for Pure Politics and Good Government, could countenance. He was *strong* for reform! He was hand in glove with the Citizens' Party. He intended to identify himself with it from now on—parenthetically, whether it liked it or not—to lend all his energy and all his influence to its success!

By this time Mr. Jobless, his thin face now cleaver-like in the sharpness of his anxiety, had whispered to Mr. Gooch the awful name of the speaker, and Mr. Gooch began to look more or less frightened.

The reform wave was growing, Mr. Dennison went on to say. It had already manifested itself in a substantial way; but to obtain results of any worth-while sort—"to get the goods," Mr. Dennison actually said—the Citizens' Party must not waste its precious votes, otherwise the election of the administration candidate and the return of the present administration leaders to power would be assured. For that reason he desired to place in nomination a reform candidate whose integrity was unimpeachable—or shorter words to that effect—whose record was flawless, whose purposes were beyond criticism; one who had already entered the arena of reform in a thoroughly practical manner. In a word, he desired to put in nomination the name of Daniel Webster Strutter!

The waves of enthusiasm that had previously swept the little hall were nothing to the mountainous billows of enthusiasm which now surged. The husky and dry-tongued honest citizens from the district known throughout the city as the Barrel House Ward fairly cracked their throats with enthusiasm for that great apostle of reform, Daniel Webster Strutter! In the midst of this lashing ocean of fervor a lieutenant of Dennison's, well known to the yeomen of the Barrel House Ward, jumped to his feet and held up his hand for a silence which the chairman of that meeting could not have obtained with a half-hour of gavel-pounding, but which he secured at once. He moved that the nominations be closed! A man with a black eye and a twisted nose seconded that motion.

Mr. Jobless sprang to his feet to make a few remarks. He was howled down.

"Put the motion!" roared Dennison above the tumult, in which Mr. Potter was seen, but not heard, to be frantically wielding Mr. Gooch's nice, new maple gavel.

Mr. Gooch, who had never presided at any other than perfectly clublike meetings, became suddenly panic-stricken, read the motion, asked if there were any remarks, and retired precipitately between his ears. Mr.

(Continued on Page 46)

THE TRIALS OF TONY

"Man Proposes . . ."—By Storer Clouston

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"THEY'RE simply lovely!" cried Dinah.

She bent her graceful little figure till her nose was deep in the vase of flowers, and luxuriously drank in their fragrance.

"They *are* lovely," Lady Custerd promptly agreed.

"How awfully nice of him," said the girl, with the faintest rise of color.

"It's not every one Tony honors with these attentions, I can assure you," smiled Lady Custerd. "In fact, I never knew him to pick a flower before."

Lord Raymes' charming ward smiled, too, but at the flowers, not at Lady Custerd. She was only just eighteen, and she had never before received gifts from a tall young man with blue eyes and a brushed-up mustache, and the son of a peer, moreover.

"He is such a dear boy!" said Lady Custerd.

She felt as pleased as the girl. Miss Dinah Lowndes was very rich, indeed, and Tony's position critical. Surely if the poor boy's luck were ever going to change, now was the time!

"I don't quite understand him," said Dinah in a moment.

"Yes," his aunt admitted; "there's a wonderful depth in Tony's character."

"And yet I don't know that he strikes me as exactly deep."

"Oh, not in a bad sense! I only mean that he has a great deal in him."

The girl seemed to muse.

"I suppose he must have," she said; "but, of course, I haven't had much experience in drawing men out."

"That's the only reason, dear," Lady Custerd assured her with a confident smile. "But if you want a proof that he has romance in him, just look at these flowers!"

With happy tact the good lady left her alone with this reflection.

On the stairs she met her brother-in-law ascending with a curiously-stealthy tread, and apparently holding something concealed behind his back.

"Dinah seen the flowers?" he inquired eagerly.

"Yes. Isn't it charming of Tony?"

He smiled strangely.

"Devilish," he agreed.

"What are you holding behind your back?" she asked.

He looked round warily, and discovering no one in sight, revealed another bouquet.

"At her age one can't pile it on too thick," he remarked.

Lady Custerd started.

"What!" she cried. "You don't mean, Raymes—you can't mean it was you ——?"

"My dear Gwendolen, you didn't suppose poor Tony had the sense to send her those flowers himself?"

"But, Raymes," she gasped, "that—that is deceiving the poor girl."

"All's fair in love," he quoted. "Take them!" he added hastily, and thrust the bouquet into her hands.

A young man had just appeared. He was barely twenty, slender and pleasantly good-looking, with a diffidently well-bred manner. Lord Raymes regarded him coldly.

"Well, Lawrence," he inquired, "what are you doing this morning?"

The young man's color rose.

"Oh—er—nothing in particular," he hesitated.

"Why don't you get hold of Algie and have a game of billiards, or try the golf course? If the mowing-machine's mended, the greens ought to be cut this week."

Again the young man hesitated.

"Wouldn't You Like to Put Up Your Feet on the Sofa?" She Suggested

"Miss Lowndes spoke of playing golf ——" he began.

"She is otherwise engaged," said his host with disconcerting promptness; "go and try Algie."

The unhappy young man retired. He began to wish sincerely that his father had not proposed to his old friend, Lord Raymes, that his son should spend a week with him. Admiral Foster had thought it would be such a pleasant change for Lawrence from a summer vacation spent at the seaside. He would meet nice people, see good society, and enjoy the enviable sensation of visiting a famous country house. But somehow or other the poor youth found himself apparently in everybody's way—except Miss Lowndes'. And circumstances seemed to conspire to keep him out of hers.

"That young fellow is getting on my nerves," said Lord Raymes. "What the deuce is one to do with him? He's shy of me and he's too brainy for Tony and Algie; and as to letting him play golf with Dinah, I'm hanged if he's going to! Nature has given Tony quite enough to contend with. I wish, Gwendolen, you'd take him away and amuse him."

"But I don't amuse him," she replied.

"Damn!" said his lordship irritably.

With his customary politeness he immediately apologized for the slip.

"Though at the same time," he said, "you must admit that marrying Tony is trying work. However, I think I've brought him up to the scratch at last."

"Really!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm so glad! I only hope he won't lose any more time."

"I have been perfectly frank with him," said his father. "I told him plainly his only chance was to pot her sitting."

Lady Custerd opened her eyes.

"I wish you'd express yourself intelligibly, Raymes."

"I mean," he replied, "that he must bag her before she finds him out. No woman who knew poor Tony could ever conceivably marry him. In fact, I told him so. I've just spent the most refreshing half-hour in explaining Anthony to himself. He's got to pop the question before lunch or look for another father. That was my ultimatum."

This was one of the few occasions when Lady Custerd felt sincerely relieved to think that Raymes seldom meant exactly what he said.

Yet he had evidently reported his conversation with some approximation to accuracy, for when Tony regained the shelter of the billiard-room his first words were:

"Dear boy, I'm hooked at last."

"Bravo!" cried Algie. "No gettin' out of it this time; what?"

"It's my duty," replied Tony; "I've got to take the little girl, I'm afraid."

"Jolly, rippin' little thing she is," said Algie consolingly.

"Oh, rippin' and all that—yes. And the guv'nor seems keen on it."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I dunno; he just jawed away. Sittin' up so late doesn't agree with me. I was half asleep all the time. The guv'nor's deuced borin' when he gets on the gas."

"You don't remember what he gassed about?"

"Not a word—except something about doin' it before lunch."

"Great news!" cried Algie.

At this point they were interrupted by the diffident young man.

"Hullo!" said Tony coldly.

Lawrence regarded them without enthusiasm.

"Neither of you wants to play billiards, I suppose?"

"Not me," said Tony.

"Nor me," said Algie.

"Care for golf?"

"Not much," said Tony.

"No, thanks," said Algie.

Lawrence turned away silently.

"We're trying to think," explained Tony.

Lawrence looked at him curiously.

"Do you find it difficult?" he inquired.

The twain watched his exit in silence. They remembered he was a scholar of Balliol, and made allowances for a certain inanity in his conversation. But as for treating him like a sportsman and human being how was it possible?

"She's pots of money, I suppose," Algie resumed.

"Oh, pots."

"Lucky man!"

Tony smiled with lordly indifference.

"All the same, it's desperate hard work proposin'," he remarked.

"At it like a sportsman! If you're in form, dear boy, it won't take you more than five minutes."

"I'm not at my best," the ardent lover confessed, "too beastly sleepy."

"Have a whisky and soda."

"Good idea!"

He sauntered toward the door.

"They're stickin' her in the drawing-room—waitin' for me now, I suppose," he explained.

"Good luck!" cried Algie. "Play you a couple of hundred up when you come back; what?"

"Right you are; you can be spottin' the red."

"There goes a deuced-fine, old-fashioned sportsman!" said Algie to himself enthusiastically. "Gad, he's the best I ever met!"

As her admirer entered the drawing-room, Dinah looked up out of a very bright pair of eyes. She knew why she had been sent to violate the solitude of that apartment. In fact, she had merely been wondering when some one else was going to appear.

"Hullo!" said Tony. "You here; what? Fust rate!"

This was a dashing beginning and fluttered the little lady's heart distinctly. A Napoleon among wooers had come to storm her fortress! Yet she remained demure.

"Yes," she smiled; "I am here."

"Right you are," quoth Tony. "Ha, ha! And so'm I. Rather a coincidence; what?"

Dashing as ever, she thought; yet somehow not quite so dangerous.

"I don't think it's so very extraordinary," she replied; and then realized with horror that this was a very ambiguous thing to say; it might be read as a tribute to her own charms.

"Well—ha—more or less, don't you know; what?"

She breathed more freely. He had let her off; yet was it through magnanimity alone?

"What do you mean by more or less?" she inquired, with a hint of twinkle in her eye.

"What do I mean? Oh, just what one—er—usually does mean, don't you know?"

She remembered his aunt's assurance. Could this be a first glimpse into the unplumbed depths of Tony's soul?

"You are too deep for me," she smiled.

"I Don't Call it Sportin'; Not While I Was Asleep"

(Continued on Page 40)

WATER AS WEALTH

The Battles of the Experts Over Water Rights

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

OF ALL the gifts Uncle Sam offered his nephews and nieces when he opened his largest grab-bag, the arid West, none has received less of his attention than the most precious gift of all, without which all the other contents of the bag were worthless—water. Restrictions and safeguards by the score were thrown about the acquisition of agricultural land that it might pass into the hands of the home-builder. Elaborate methods of procedure were prescribed for the distribution of land containing minerals, oil, coal or timber. Even the alkali wastes of the desert received some measure of protection. Dozens of statutes were enacted and amended in an effort, fruitless in many instances, to place the gifts in the hands of those for whom they were intended; but for decades the primary necessity of the dry plains and arid valleys—the West's scant supply of water—lay at the feet of the speculators, unguarded by a single law or statute.

Ignorance of Western conditions was the cause of the neglect. Congress did not know that speculators might reach out for the rain falling in the country's Western half. Wading through the slush of the Washington winter and spring, umbrellas overhead and feet encased in rubber shoes, going home at the end of the session over rivers high in flood only to find the hay crop at home spoiled by the midsummer deluge and the roof leaking, the lawmakers of the nation never dreamed of regulating the distribution of the West's invaluable rainfall. With the fierce February wind hurling new showers against the dripping window-panes the temporary occupants of the Capitol failed to realize that beyond the ninety-seventh meridian concentrated rain could be an asset more valuable than land, a commodity subject to sale, theft, speculation and litigation; a public necessity, the control of which meant greater power for good or evil than the ownership of the means of transportation. Without knowledge of the importance of water in the West, Congress left the regulation of its distribution to the new states and territories. The states, for the same reason, also failed to act and allowed the most important members of their population, the miners, free hand in the making of water rules.

PHOTO. BY C. C. PIERCE & CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Where Water Costs Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars an Acre

A Riddle for the Lawyers

THE result of the neglect was a colossal tangle, a legal snarl, concerning the actual ownership of water in the arid region, unprecedented in the history of English jurisprudence, a chaos which is just now, after fifty years, beginning to show signs of orderly arrangement. So great is the confusion even now that the highest legal authority of the nation, the United States Supreme Court, has failed positively to identify the original owner of the West's water. One group of Western states, led by California, maintains that the good old Uncle, at one time the undisputed owner of all the land, was also the owner of all the water on the land. Because of this Federal ownership, they argue, the common-law rules concerning water recognized in the older portions of the country were applicable to the new region. Chief among the common-law water rules recognized by California and its adherents is the doctrine of riparian rights. The other group of Western states, following the example of Colorado, denies that the Federal Government ever was the legal owner of the Western streams. This group affirms that title to the Western watercourses was vested exclusively in the states, and that the states, as the sole owners, had the authority to abrogate the common-law rules, reject the doctrine of riparian rights and dispose of the water as they saw fit. Puzzled, the old Uncle scratched his head, patted both groups of states on the back and, slyly winking, said they were both right; that he was and wasn't the owner of their water and that they might run along and solve the riddle as best they could.

They did solve the problem in their own way, and the result is not pleasant to behold. Oftentimes it seemed as if water was made for speculation and litigation rather than irrigation. Many a promising irrigation enterprise was stranded or wrecked in its slow progress through the ever-shifting shoals of conflicting water rights. Only since the experts of the Reclamation Service and of the Geological Survey have taken a hand have these shoals been sounded and charted.

Irrigation is essentially a cöoperative enterprise. Single-handed individual effort counts for little in the tremendous task of building huge reservoirs, constructing aqueducts, flumes, canals and ditches. Those seeking to obtain water from the same source must join hands; the right of the individual must become subordinate to the needs of the community if the greatest good of the greatest number is to be achieved. Ethnologists tell us that irrigation lies at the very fountain-head of civilization because it taught snarling humanity its first and deepest lesson in coöperation. And yet the water rules, water laws and water measurements of the West, the principal tools of the irrigators, were fashioned by that apostle of individualism, the famous Forty-niner, who invaded California lusting for gold. From him the irrigators inherited the water laws, and even today they are still hammering and tinkering in an effort to adapt the miner's tools to the purposes of irrigation.

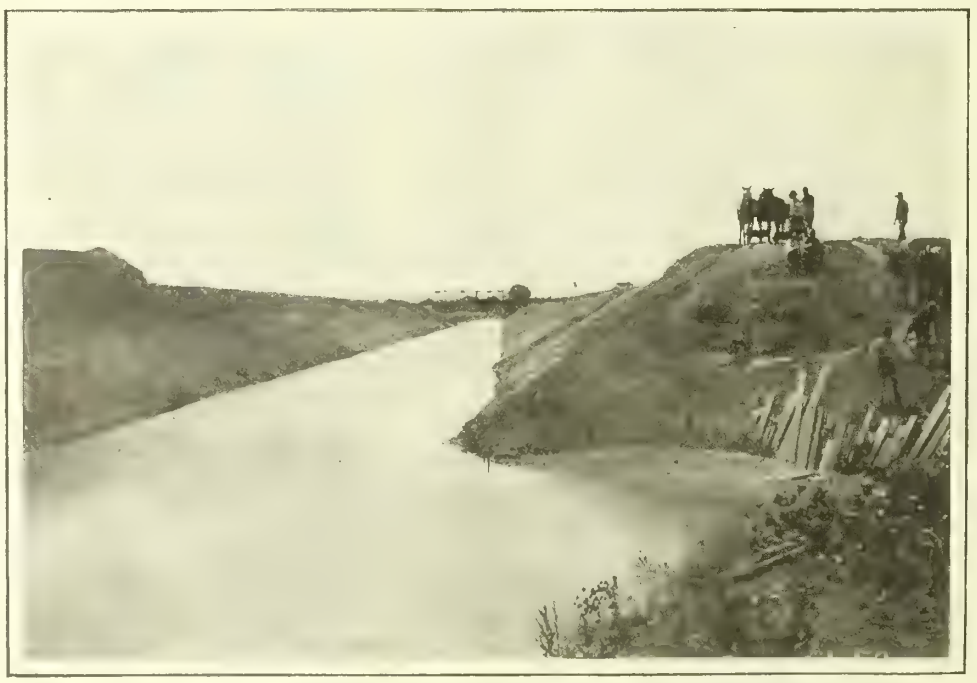
Placer mining requires an abundance of water, and water is not plentiful in California. When the first gold-seekers washed out a pan of gravel the necessity of some method of distributing and fixing the ownership of the streams confronted them. They were equal to the task. The first dispute over water established the proper method. When Bill Simpkins saw the stream running through his sluicebox disappear he went up the creek to investigate. At the newcomer's camp Bill laid down the law.

"First come, first served!" said he. "This is my water. I had it first. See?"

The newcomer saw both the justice of the reasoning and the business end of a .45 caliber pistol. Bill's right was established, the problem was solved and the methods of the barber-shop became the principle underlying the division of the most valuable asset of half a continent. "Grab it and hold on" became the recognized method of obtaining water. Since the statutes imported from the East said nothing on the subject the learned judges, also imported, rendered due homage to the new vested rights and acquiesced. Denominating the grab method the doctrine of prior appropriation they legalized it when the first water case was tried before the newly-organized Supreme Court of California, and from California this doctrine was spread by the prospectors to all other Western states, where the irrigators found it firmly entrenched. Modified by the water regulations of foggy, swampy England, this primitive creation of the gold-seekers is the cornerstone upon which rests the water ownership of the entire arid region.

The First-Come-First-Served Idea

THEORETICALLY, nothing could be simpler than the doctrine of prior appropriation. The man who first takes running water owns it against all later claimants, provided some reasonable, beneficial use is made of the wealth-producing fluid. This one sentence covers all the essential points of the doctrine. In practice, however, the doctrine loses its simple aspect. It develops more unexpected kinks, corners, twists and angles than the most crooked stream in the Rockies. It opens more courtroom doors than any clause of equal length in the Constitution or the Interstate Commerce Act. When the doctrine of riparian rights joins its twin brother the case of the Western water rights becomes so hopelessly complicated that the general legal practitioner is forced to call in the specialist, the expert water lawyer, to assist in the care and defense of the patient.



Where Water is Plentiful and Rain Can be Turned On for Fifty Dollars an Acre

Perhaps the largest class of water suits arises from the disputes over priorities. Who came first and how much water did he take? Who came second and how much did he take of what the first claimant left? Who was third, fourth, fifth, and so forth, until all the water is gone? These are the most common questions the courts are called upon to decide. If the United States had never surveyed its public lands, if not a single rule had been made for the guidance of settlers, if every man had been allowed to take as much land as he thought he could use or sell, without measuring it off or establishing boundary lines, if all these land claims overlapped one upon the other, if no record of any kind had been kept for four decades of the land taken up, the resulting tangle would not give

the courts so much work as the disputes over water-right appropriations. A certain tract of land never increases or decreases in size. Running water does; its flow varies from season to season. It is more difficult to survey, more difficult to divide, than land, and yet no supervision of any kind was exercised over its preemption until very recently. Each settler helped himself, each speculator took what he pleased. To be on the safe side and put away a little water for a rainless day they all claimed three or four times the quantity they actually used until the aggregate of their claims many times exceeded the volume of water in the stream. When a dry season came along and the flow of the stream shrank to a fraction of its normal volume the fight began. No institution analogous to the General Land Office and its subdivisions existed; the water users were forced to take their cause to the courts for decision.

Not until 1870, twenty-one years after the discovery of gold, when the California Legislature formally legalized the appropriation of water previously upheld by the courts, did this or any other state attempt to exercise the slightest control over its water resources. The situation then was serious. Agriculture was beginning to replace mining as the leading industry, and the rising value of water for irrigation purposes had attracted the attention of speculators itching for easy money. Everywhere in the state the banks of the streams were covered with notices of water claims. At one time every stream in the San Gabriel range north of Los Angeles was owned by one speculator who endeavored to establish a monopoly of the supply, with the intention of holding up the settlers fast flocking in, all of them eager for the water. The Legislature threw a bomb into the camp of the speculators by providing that no water claim should be valid unless the claimant, within sixty days of filing his appropriation notice with the county recorder, commenced the construction of works to divert the water, completing them within a specified time. The water hogs were beaten. To perfect his title the man who had preëmpted all the streams of the San Gabriel range would have had to invest several millions in diversion works, dams, flumes and canals. Even if he had been able to raise the necessary capital he would have lost, for at that time the mountain streams contained more water than was needed. This speculator had no intention of spending a penny for irrigation systems. His claims were filed for speculative purposes only.

PHOTO. BY C. C. PIERCE & CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A Stream That Caused a Ten-Years' Legal Fight

A Leaky Corner in Rain

HE PURPOSED to withhold the use of the rain and snow concentrated in the streams from actual users until they had first settled with him; but the new law tore down the fence he had erected about the rain. For a while the day was saved, but the incubus of the water monopoly was so strong that the California Constitutional Convention, casting suspicious glances at the Legislature across the hall, proceeded to remove temptation and the state's water resources from the path of the lawmakers. The Constitution seemed to be the safest place, and an entire section of the document was dedicated as an asylum for water. In it water was declared to be public property and corporations engaged in its sale were classed as common carriers, their rates to be subject to annual revision, mostly downward, it was hoped, by the boards of county supervisors.

Almost all other Western states followed California's example and used the sacred pages of their constitutions to protect their rain from would-be monopolists.

Since 1870 the California Legislature has left organic water law severely alone, except in one case, and that case was a bad failure. It has been afraid to touch the delicate subject, passively relegating its legislative power in water matters to the courts. For well-nigh forty years the ponderous mills of justice have been grinding out water decisions, without a word of guidance, until affairs have come to such a pass that many land agents advertise their water rights as "fortified by numerous court decisions."

Though the fear of injuring vested rights, of complicating still more an already complicated situation, prevented reform in California, other Western states tried to lock the door before the horse was stolen. Wyoming blazed the way. Guided by the experts of the Reclamation Service that state introduced a methodical system of supervision and of water-right records, supplemented by the beginning of a water survey. Wyoming put an end to the indiscriminate taking of water. Today no person can file a claim on a Wyoming stream unless he has a permit from the state engineer, and the permit is not issued unless the engineer is satisfied that there is enough unappropriated water in the stream to fill the claimant's needs. After the diversion works approved by the engineer have been completed and examined a numbered certificate of appropriation is issued, thus establishing the appropriator's title to the water, subject to court review

Half a dozen other states have recently adopted similar regulations, and at last a faint light is penetrating into the dark corners of the Western water situation. The Wyoming system is by no means perfect. The survey of the streams, the inventory of the water resources, a slow and costly process, has been persistently neglected by the Legislatures that failed to make the necessary appropriations. Without this survey the intelligent and effective application of the system is badly hampered, just as a business firm is hampered that does not know the amount of the stock it carries. The courts have interfered in many states when the engineer refused to issue a permit for a water appropriation, holding that by his refusal the engineer was arrogating to himself a function of the judiciary, thus dividing the authority in the water business of the state. The law was intended to minimize water speculation, but, since permits to take water are negotiable, speculation refused to die. In an attempt to settle definitely the respective rights of settlers on the smaller streams the State of Colorado took the initiative in suits to bring about a division of the streams between claimants. Wholesale litigation was enforced and yet the resultant court decrees were attacked later. In its entirety, however, the new system of water regulations is a decided step in the right direction.

Disputes over priorities are not the only questions brought to the courts for decision. Sometimes the right of the first arrival to all the water he claims is willingly acknowledged by the newcomer, who maintains by all that is holy that he is making no inroads upon the other man's supply, that his water is an entirely different brand, a special brew having no connection whatever with the first claimant's stream. Such was the defense of Smith, a speculator accused of having robbed the Etiwanda colony, in California, of half of its water supply of two hundred inches, thereby depriving of irrigation five hundred of the colony's acres. The colony derived its water from a small stream in Day Cañon, a cleft in the mountains running parallel to the main axis of the range. At the side of the spur separating the cañon from the valley Smith filed on a section of Government land costing one dollar and a quarter an acre, blasted a tunnel deep into the mountain side straight toward the Etiwanda stream and brought forth a gusher producing a hundred inches of water.

When the Litmus Blushed for Etiwanda

GIVING thanks to Providence for leading him to the invisible supply in the granite depths Smith piped the water to his section and placed the combination of land and water on the market at the modest figure of one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre. Before he could dispose of his erstwhile dry land Etiwanda asked for an injunction against the operation of his tunnel, alleging that the hundred inches it spouted had been taken from their stream. A hard task was before the Etiwanda attorneys. Though they were certain that the tunnel tapped the Day Cañon stream underground they had no proof. In the face of their efforts Smith smiled serenely and defied the opposition to raze the mountain and lay bare the connection alleged to exist. After weeks of cogitation—duly charged in the bill—one of the Etiwanda lawyers remembered a simple experiment of his high-school days. It occurred to him that pure water does not affect blue litmus paper, but that the paper resents the slightest trace of acid and turns red. The fight was won. Gallons of sulphuric acid were poured into Etiwanda's vanishing stream up in the cañon, and down at the mouth of the Smith tunnel, at the other side of the spur, blue litmus paper was immersed in the water issuing from the drift. In due time the anxious watchers saw the blue paper blush, proof positive of the presence of acid in Smith's water. The simple experiment established the identity of the Etiwanda water and saved the colony a supply now valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

Running water is like the wild duck in the air, it has no owner until it has been taken and captured. So long as water runs in its natural bed it cannot be sold, just as the flock of ducks whirring over the pass has no cash value while on the wing. The proprietor of the duck-pass may, however, sell others the right to go upon his land and transmute the ducks into personal property by shooting them. In the same way the states and the Federal Government give settlers the right to go upon public lands, rope a stream running in its wild state and carry its water away in ditches. The right to take water out of a running stream, the water right, is negotiable and may be sold. If the ducks stay away from a pass the buyer of the hunting privilege cannot recover the amount he paid. Neither can the buyer of a water right demand his money back if the stream dries up. Several years ago a rancher invested five thousand dollars in a little stream of ten inches, issuing at the head of

(Concluded on Page 42)

PHOTO. BY PUTNAM & VALENTINE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Two Million Dollars' Worth of Water

Holding the Pigeon to the Window She Released It

THE HIGHWAYMEN

A Three-Cornered Fight for Peace, for Power, for War—and a Girl

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

SO, *ENCORE*—once again—they have disperse', the Peace Pretenders at The Hague!"

The Frenchman driving the car flourished his gauntlet from the steering wheel—having waited until a swerve in the road assured effect to the gesture. His little black mustaches turned upward in a derisive smile. He replaced his hand, but only to rasp the fuel-feed farther open and rush his three American companions at twice their previous illegal speed along the Rhine road.

"Yes, once more, Monsieur Endicott," he triumphed over the American peace delegate holding to the seat beside him, "you have abandon' your hope at The Hague; and once more you run, like the scare' child, to Geneva?"

"Yes, Monsieur Racicot"—the American peace delegate raised his high-bred face with a grim smile—"again I came with the rest to Holland, hoping to prevent war; and once more, as you have guessed, I am on my way from the Peace Conference to the Red Cross in Switzerland. For the present we must be content to make war, when it comes, perhaps more—bearable."

The sallow-skinned chauffeur grinned. "The Red Cross! I am not oppose' to him. We may need your Red Cross—perhaps still once again!" He shoved it off with a shrug. "But The Hague—pouf! I blow away your Hague; it is nothing!"

The road beside the Rhine descended suddenly, and for ten kilometers ahead ran straight and safe. The Frenchman slowed the car. The American beside him relaxed his hold on the seat, but still smiled without answering. He glanced down at the banks of the Rhine, deep and green, marked by moist pasture and high sedge, with the great German river flowing majestically between. Across it he saw rise the smoky ranges of the great Black Forest of Baden, while nearer, upon his right, shot up the Vosges Mountains of Alsace-Lorraine.

"Alsace, Father"—the girl in the tonneau leaned forward before Endicott replied—"isn't the most tactful place to discuss The Hague with Monsieur Racicot, particularly as Roland tells me Monsieur Racicot is no longer his chauffeur, but his partner in working out, here in Alsace, a scheme which will make The Hague unnecessary! Oh!"—she sank back, half apologetic and half teasing—"shouldn't I have told him, Roland?"

Roland Travis, the owner of the car, bit the lip half hidden by his Vandyke beard and controlled himself. But the Frenchman threw up both hands in delighted acquiescence.

"Yes, yes! Precise'; precise', mademoiselle!" he cried, with a look of something more than admiration at the beautiful girl. "For why? Mademoiselle discerns plainly that The Hague is always futile! The nations are disperse'—all remain little—*petit*. They fight forever their little wars. All this because The Hague cannot agree and desire above all to avoid the one great war, mademoiselle, world-wide—so simple, so inevitable, so—*nécessaire!*"

The peace delegate frowned. "A universal war, Monsieur Racicot?"

"For once, monsieur! Since the world grew big there has lived in it only one man with the will to make of it all one empire—and he was French. I, too, am French, monsieur! When comes this war it shall set over the empire of Europe, America—*tout le monde*—a fourth Napoleon! Pah! you smile with your shaved lips, Monsieur Endicott, as though I speak wildly. For the instant we will say no more. But believe me, *Messieurs de la Haye*"—he flourished grandly to the audience he pretended to find before his wheels—"now comes the great war! I, Henri Racicot, am about to see to it myself—and soon!"

"Shut up, you fool!"—Travis' clutch on his collar choked the chauffeur effectively at last—"and get us back on to the road. I was trying to tell Alice, Mr. Endicott," he explained to his guest in front, "how I have come to expatriate myself here, as she calls it, for these last two years. I am working out an idea which, I trust, without bringing on the worldwide war of which Racicot speaks so crazily, still cannot fail to influence international relations as nothing since powder or steam. For me, Alice"—he lowered his voice meaningly—"it will mean power and station such as I could not otherwise attain; and for you also, if you wish. I have four working together for me on it, Mr. Endicott." He raised his voice again. "The Italian in the combination, thank Heaven, didn't demand to work on home soil. Racicot and Eller, the German, did. However, as Racicot has never conceded this Alsace to Germany, I fixed them up here."

"I see." Endicott smiled a little more interestedly. "And the other—the fourth?"

"Oh, the other—the fourth ——" Travis checked himself awkwardly.

But the Frenchman, having recovered his spirits with his breath, blew a salute from his fingertips toward a strange figure which shot suddenly into sight from a road to the right.

"The fourth, messieurs—mademoiselle!" he cried excitedly. "Behol'! He comes!"

The strange and very swiftly-moving object had cleared itself from the obstructions in the field to the right and directed itself, as if in mutual recognition, toward Travis' machine on the Rhine road. As it dashed upon them Endicott and his daughter made it out as some strange sort of motor with a very wide, flat body, all engine and naked cylinders, apparently without any cooling system whatever.

Even as it came very near, though it still continued its high speed, the motor ran without noise or vibration of any sort. The single man in it—bareheaded, sunburned and flannel-shirted—was not steering, but sat watching, as though fascinated, the working of his engine. They followed breathlessly, for the flash of the few remaining seconds, his daredevil rush to destruction. Then, suddenly, the expected happened: something burst, the machinery was flying in every direction and the man was lying in the grass beside the road.

Racicot had reversed his engines almost before the crash came. He and Travis leaped down at once beside the mass of machinery, but the young man who had been thrown from the motor was back to it before them. Without waiting to wipe the blood and mud from his bronzed face, without a glance at Travis' companions, he bent his broad shoulders over what was left of his cylinders and felt them all over. He stooped to a box thrown away from the main wreck and listened to it intently. He straightened.

"Listen!"—he pointed to it triumphantly—"and feel them, Roland!" He placed Travis' hand on the cylinders. "I don't know what went, but the control is all right and the cylinders stayed cool!"

"Hayden Colbert!" Alice Endicott brought him about by her cry of recognition. "You here, too! So you—Hayden was the other, Roland!" She turned upon Travis reproachfully. "Here with you, and you never told me!"

"I was about to, Alice," Travis defended himself. "But I didn't have time before ——" He pointed to the wreckage and laughed.

"Hayden, you're not hurt?" She sprang down to the experimenter.

"You, Alice!" the young man cried, his frank eye shining with the light seen only by the woman who is loved, "and Mr. Endicott! Of course I'm not hurt. But you here!" He turned quickly to Travis, as the girl had a moment before.

"I ran across them at the Christoph, Strassburg, this morning." Travis seemed again to defend himself. "They are going up the Rhine to Switzerland, and I offered to take them as far as Basle."

"Roland should have told me you were here with him," said the girl injuredly. "But that doesn't excuse you yourself, Hayden, for not letting me know where you were. And why didn't I see you before you left America?"

"After the New Netherlands Trust went up and never came down?" Colbert laughed.

"You should have known that would make me feel it much more."

Colbert's lips whitened.

"I must be in Geneva tomorrow morning to represent America when the conference convenes," Endicott said positively. "But surely you can see us soon, Colbert, either here after the Geneva conference or in America?"

Colbert looked to Travis quickly, but found the other young American already watching him.

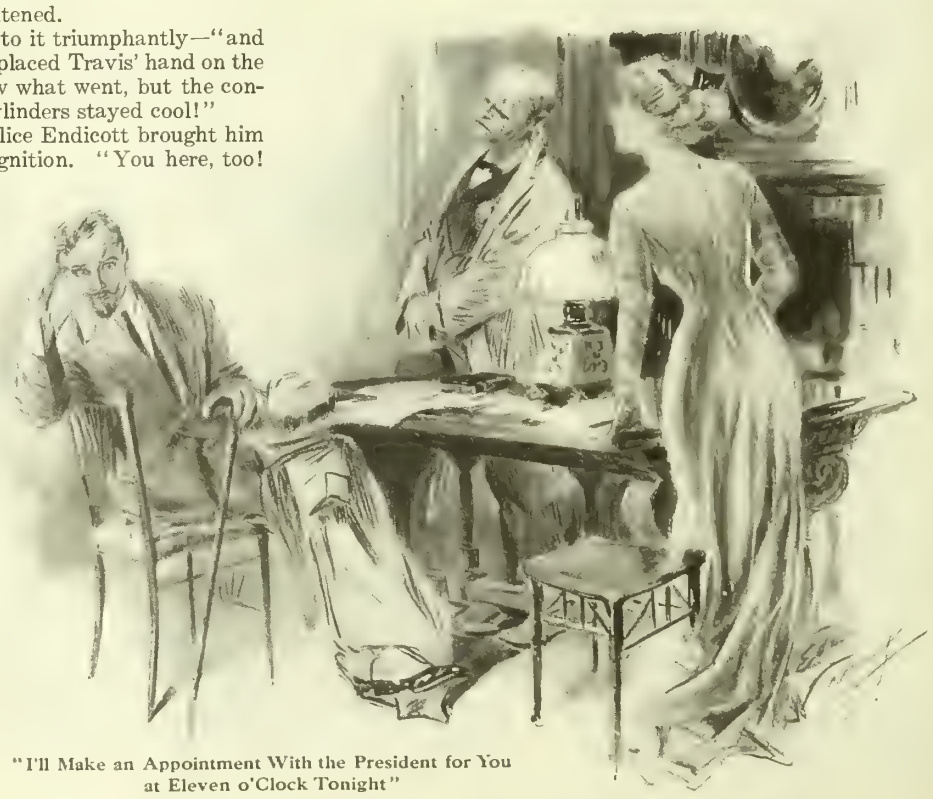
"When the New Netherlands Trust smashed, you know, Mr. Endicott," Colbert explained straightforwardly, "I was turned out on the world. I had not many accomplishments. I had crossed the Baltic on the ice in a Monaston six-cylinder, and had gone more than half-way up Popocatepetl in my Bestal roadster. But no one but Roland here was sufficiently impressed with the value of my services to think me worth even food and shelter. We are just pushing our work here to a finish. I cannot leave Roland now. But"—he recollected suddenly—"I saw a telegram in a Paris paper, the other day, saying that the Secretary of War at Washington had resigned and that you are to be appointed when you return. Is that so?"

"Yes," Endicott admitted. "So the President has written me privately, and I have promised to accept."

"Then I don't mind letting you go for a while, Mr. Endicott—Alice!" He cleaned his hands as well as he could before he took theirs. "For if you are Secretary of War, and things keep on with us as they have—eh, Roland?—I hope soon to call on you, Mr. Endicott, on business concerning"—he hesitated and glanced at Travis—"universal peace."

Five minutes later Colbert, standing where he had watched the motor disappear, looked at the wreck of his machinery, then passed his hand across his eyes and smiled.

"What in the world are you doing, Roland"—Alice Endicott put the question directly—"which to Monsieur



"I'll Make an Appointment With the President for You at Eleven o'Clock Tonight"

Racicot means universal war, to you means power, and to Hayden means peace?"

"Are you so anxious to know?" Travis teased vaguely.

"Of course I am," the girl pressed.

"I'll tell you this much," he granted. "Your father isn't the only man going away from The Hague to become a Minister of War. All the rest who've been speaking for peace are hurrying home to every capital in Europe to cry for more men and guns and ships. Soon you'll hear how they are rushing the work in arsenals and shipyards. And then, if I'm not mistaken, some day—well, one of them will stop work all of a sudden. And you'll hear from me! No; that is all I can tell you now!"—he prevented her next question. "Until then you must wait."

The girl resigned herself, demurely pouting, then turned impulsively to look back along the road where they had left Hayden Colbert standing over his wrecked machinery.

The month was November.

. . . . . .

It began in Turkey. April—the fifth month of John Endicott's administration of the War Department of the United States had opened as brightly as the four preceding. Of course, the European delegates to The Hague had hurried home to their different capitals to recommence, without delay, increasing their army and navy appropriations against each other. By February they had ceased even to throw up to each other their peace protestations of three months before, and were as busy building more battleships and raising more regiments as ever. Yet up to the first week in April there had been nothing more menacing in the European situation than the disturbing fact—to England—that Germany was undoubtedly rushing work on its new Dreadnoughts faster than the Britons themselves were building, when out of this clear sky flashed the lightning.

It concerned itself first with the status of American citizens in Turkey; its second step had to do with one of these American citizens (by name, Ali Muchad), with a German tramp steamer which touched in an evil hour at the Turkish port of Saloniki, and with an English gunboat which it happened to find there. Its temporary culmination was the sudden and unexpected revelation of an abrupt and inexplicable change in the attitude of Germany toward the Powers, which disrupted diplomacy, set suspicion scurrying after suspicion, sent rushing upon Washington a hundred secret cipher dispatches from the five chief chancelleries of Europe, and —for the day of April 6—put the preservation or the destruction of the balance of power in Europe in the hands of the chief American advocate of peace, the Secretary of War.

So the morning of Thursday, April 7, opened early in the offices of the War Department—a gray day, shadowy with forebodings. As the Assistant Secretary of War hurried into the great granite building at eight-thirty, already the anterooms were besieged by messengers, correspondents, envoys and attachés of a dozen different legations. The Assistant Secretary, entering the inner office hurriedly, glanced anxiously over his chief's calendar for the day. He saw, as he well knew, that before the first formal appointment at nine o'clock with a most important personage representing a most important continental Power, Mr. Endicott had a mass of correspondence, dispatches and detail to examine. Yet, though it was now a quarter to the hour, the Secretary had not arrived.

The quarter hour passed pitilessly; the gilded clock struck nine. The important personage—small and podgy, but in impressive uniform and attended by an officer whose mustaches tickled his eyelashes—had arrived promptly at the hour of his appointment, and was sternly pacing the anteroom. The Assistant kept one eye upon the clock; the gilded hand crept on and turned toward the three-quarters. The important personage, his rosy gills purple with vexation, sent his attendant for the fifth time to the Secretary's door.

The Assistant to the Secretary, desperate at the approach of the ten-o'clock appointment with a second important personage from another Power, again called up the Endicott home without satisfaction; again appealed by telephone to the Secretaries of State and Navy and to all the other Cabinet officers; appealed once more even to the President himself, and put down the receiver despairingly. The Assistant Secretary felt on his shoulders the weight of the five continents that were awaiting word from his chief.

"There is no use calling any one further, Acton." A quiet voice behind him brought the Assistant around quickly. "Announce at once that the Secretary of War is indisposed and detained at his home indefinitely."

"At his home?" The Assistant stared into the face of the Chief of the United States Secret Service. "But I have called up his home and he is not there!"

"Notify the President," the Chief of Secret Service went on mercilessly, "that the Secretary disappeared last night between eleven and twelve in the Observatory grounds at the end of Massachusetts Avenue. My men have been scouring the city for him ever since. We have just made certain that it is not possible he is now in Washington."

"What?" the Assistant gasped. "Mr. Endicott left Washington when the President has put the very preservation of peace in his hands?"

"Disappeared, I said—not left," the Chief corrected precisely, "in the Naval Observatory grounds. A young man named Colbert—you do not know by chance any one giving his name as Colbert? Thank you. I thought not. Neither does any one else connected with official life here in Washington. This Colbert called at Mr. Endicott's home last night. The Secretary admitted him into the private study. They had a very heated talk. Both left together almost on a run down Massachusetts Avenue. My man detailed to look after the Secretary could scarcely keep up with them. He followed, however, only a few hundred feet behind. The Secretary and Colbert entered the Naval Observatory grounds together just at half-past ten. They never came out."

"What happened to him? Why did he not come out?" the Assistant appealed excitedly.

The Chief smiled grimly. "You ask more than I know. Mr. Endicott went *into* the Observatory grounds. He never came *out* of them. He is not *in* them now. This man Colbert never came out. He is not *in* them now. That is all I can tell you."

The Assistant stared at the Chief, wild-eyed.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"I have sent for my best man—McBirnie—to come here at once from New York. I have telegraphed Alice Endicott—who is in California—to wire me at once anything she may know about Colbert, and also anything she may know of any one having initials R. V. T."

"R. V. T.?" Acton jumped up quickly. "Why?"

"Because the only clew of any sort," the Chief explained, "is this, which was found in the Observatory grounds." He pulled an automobile gauntlet from his pocket.

"I see. R. V. T." The Assistant read the initials embroidered on the glove. "Four days ago Monday," he recollected suddenly, "I forwarded to Alice Endicott a telegram from Roland V. Travis. It was personal. But"—he dived among Endicott's private papers and drew out the original form triumphantly "see: '*Am sailing for America today on the Terrestria. Expect me in Washington next week. Roland V. Travis.*' But it was sent from Berlin, and even the new Terrestria could not bring him here before Sunday, at the soonest - if this R. V. T. were he."

"Berlin! No, he could not have been here," the Chief agreed, "though this gauntlet, as perhaps you noticed, was bought in Berlin." He repocketed the glove, carefully folding the message with it.

"You do not believe Berlin had anything to do with Mr. Endicott's disappearance?" the Assistant questioned.

"Certainly, at the present moment," the Chief answered guardedly, "Berlin is the European capital most interested in Mr. Endicott's disappearance. It is out of my line, but since Monday nobody has known what to make of Germany. All other cards, except hers, are on the table. For a week Germany has been flouting in the face of nations; it has overturned all international expectations. Diplomats pooh-pooh the chance of European war; but that is the diplomatic method—and those same diplomats are walking as if on eggs. The journals—to be sure, they are yellow journals—predict military and naval preparations in Germany unequaled since all Europe jumped to arms against the first Napoleon! Yes, I would keep an eye on Germany!"

The Assistant glanced at a cipher telegram before locking it in the Secretary's desk.

"Preparations for war!" he said contemptuously. "If it is any satisfaction to you to know, Germany yesterday suspended the orders for its new Dreadnoughts!"

. . . . . .

Since the Spanish-American War Washington had not so shaken the diplomatic centers of Europe as by the information published in the evening papers that the Secretary of War had disappeared. The foreign correspondents, crowding the cables with their news, within five hours had flashed it to a score of capitals. At home the Republican imperialist newspapers commented upon the affair guardedly. The Democratic journals displayed it as the first of a series of international scandals to be expected if the Administration continued to interfere in foreign affairs. In Europe it was taken as a cause for alarm and suspicion of the sincerity of the United States; each country feared it a trick to favor some other in the existing international crisis. And even the Jiji Shimpo, of Tokio, put an extra on the streets with a cartoon showing the American Secretary of "Peace" hiding under a glass mountain, with a telescope on his arm, through which he was calmly observing the international commotion caused by his hiding.

These comments, cabled back to Washington almost before they appeared in the foreign capitals, reached the Chief of Secret Service at seven o'clock in the evening, just in time for him to put them into the hands of his man, McBirnie, together with the answer to his telegram to Alice Endicott at Los Angeles:

If Colbert, who called for father, is Hayden Colbert, New York, have no fear for intentional personal injury to father. R. V. T. is Roland V. Travis. Watch for Frenchman, Henri Racicot. May mean international developments. Am returning Transcontinental Express; reach Washington Monday. ALICE ENDICOTT.

"No fear for intentional injury! She might have told a little more. She knows more." McBirnie twisted his long neck nervously. He returned the telegram to the Chief at the end of a long arm, and crossed his long legs, jerky and excitable. "Hayden Colbert—Roland V. Travis - Henri Racicot! She thinks it's enough just to mention their names. But I don't know them. Guess they don't move in counterfeiting circles."

"There's a Who's Who outside of counterfeiting." The Chief pointed to the volume.

"With Forty Machines, in One Night I Can Destroy London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg!"

McBirnie pounced upon it. "Hayden Colbert; large holder of real estate; famous collection of paintings; born 1842 —— Go on! Don't tell me any man of that age ——"

"That's the father," the Chief interrupted. "He died the year that book was printed. This must be the son. I made inquiries this afternoon, after I got Miss Endicott's telegram. The son pitched baseball for Yale, traveled, drove a motor, tried power boats, lost all his money when the New Netherlands Trust Company smashed, and hasn't been heard of for two years—until last night. Try Travis."

McBirnie opened to the letter T.

"'Roland V. Travis, born 1872, Philadelphia; educated at German gymnasia and Heidelberg; multimillionaire; coal and oil properties in Pennsylvania and West Virginia; residence abroad.' Very soft for Roland! 'Son of Edmund Travis, born 1849; mine owner. Grandson of Richard Travis, born 1824, Glasgow, Scotland; immigrant; purchaser of properties in Pennsylvania and the mountains of Virginia.'"

"Here's something more to help you." The Chief tossed toward McBirnie a clipping from a newspaper dated three months before.

The engagement is rumored of Miss Alice Endicott, daughter of the new Secretary of War. The lucky man is said to be Roland V. Travis, of Philadelphia and Berlin. The romance appears to have been of long standing. Miss Endicott and Mr. Travis first met in Philadelphia six years ago. Mr. Travis, for a number of years, has resided in Germany, and last fall when Miss Endicott accompanied her famous father to the Peace Conference at The Hague the couple met again. Mr. Travis is said to have money enough to support two—about $30,000,000. Miss Endicott has been declared the most beautiful, and is certainly one of the most widely-popular young women of Washington society.

"Engaged—not!" said McBirnie decidedly. "Or he would have known she was in California and telegraphed her there instead of here at Washington."

"Miss Endicott was expected in Washington last Monday," the Chief answered, "but her return was delayed. His telegram shows he was informed of her plans, but not of the change in them."

McBirnie pointed a meaning finger at his Chief. "'May mean international developments,' her wire says. What can this pair of society-seeking, motor-driving, 'haw-haw' boys, Colbert and Travis, have to do with international developments? If there is anything international in it it's this Frenchman that she warns us to watch. Colbert can't be found—sank into the earth at the Observatory. Racicot may still be above ground. Is he in Washington?"

"That's for you to find out," said the Chief impolitely.

"Per hotel registers—first," suggested McBirnie.

And he crammed a broad-brimmed derby on his bald head and went swiftly out into the darkness.

"Could you appoint one"—a liquid voice asked as he separated himself from the stocky form into which he stumbled on his reckless rush from the Treasury building—"could you appoint one to a hotel?"

McBirnie bowed galvanically; though by the construction of his sentence the stranger was a foreigner, by his tones he was a person of education.

"Am on my way to the Arlington," the Secret Service man replied courteously. "Come along, sir, if you want."

"You are most considerate." The man fell in beside McBirnie. But a moment later, glancing at his companion as they passed a street lamp, the detective regretted the politeness which had led him to say "sir"; for the stranger wore clothes spotted with grease and oil, a flannel shirt whose turned-up collar showed above the rough suit, and carried a disreputable bundle under his arm.

"What's your trade?" McBirnie demanded brusquely.

"A chauffeur," the man replied a little sadly. "Once I learn' the motor by sport; now I live by him."

"A dago?"

"Italian, *signor*."

"That's dago. The Arlington's no place for you. Why didn't you look for a room near the railway station? What road did you come in by?"

His companion appeared at a loss.

"Railroad—railroad, of course!" McBirnie explained roughly. "A dago ought to know what a railroad is. Shovel, shovel—ties, iron rails, choo-choo! Railroad!"

"I am perfectly acquaint' with the railroad," said his companion serenely, "from its beginning with Signor Stephenson's Rocket down to Signor Harriman's day, which is present."

"Well, what road was it?" asked McBirnie irritably. "The B. & O.? Here! Don't crowd against me!"

The Italian, close at his side, seemed to consider.

"Yes; the B. & O.," he agreed finally.

"Or the B. & P.?"

"Yes; the B. & P.," the foreigner agreed again.

Their Shots Were Unanswered

"You'll make a hit as a chauffeur—you will!" McBirnie pushed the man from him. "On your way, Garibaldi—you to the garage!"

"With many gratitudes!" The Italian fell away and lost himself with alacrity—commendable alacrity, McBirnie thought, until he clapped his hand to his pocket a moment later and discovered that the gauntlet and Alice Endicott's telegram, together with the notes he had made of the case, had disappeared.

It did not tend to restore Mr. McBirnie's equanimity after finding at the Shoreham—the next hotel he visited after the Arlington—the name "Henri Racicot, Paris," occupying two lines on the register, to learn that Monsieur Racicot had departed a week before so suddenly that he had left his luggage behind him. And the sweat of perplexity broke out on the detective's brow when, an hour later, he discovered at the cable office that on the day of Racicot's departure the following cablegram had been sent by Colbert to Travis in Germany:

Roland V. Travis,
Hotel Adlon, Berlin.
Perfected.
COLBERT.

"Perfected!" McBirnie puzzled over the enigmatical message. "Perfected? Is it cipher? Perfected what?" And he arranged the perplexing incidents he had unearthed as nearly as he could in their sequence:

"A *Frenchman* leaves the Shoreham without his baggage; Colbert cables Travis 'Perfected'; Travis cables Alice Endicott 'Expect me in a week'; *Germany* gets bumptious; an *American* calls on the Secretary of War, and the Secretary goes out with him and never comes back; an *Italian* picks my pocket! Miss Alice Endicott, I beg your pardon; 'international' is the correct word!"

He faced the western darkness where, on the Transcontinental Limited, three thousand miles away, the daughter of the Secretary of War was hastening home—due on Monday. He turned to the east, where the Terrestria, a thousand miles at sea, was steaming toward New York with Roland Travis—on Monday also due in Washington. He took off his mushroom hat and mopped his dripping brow.

"Heaven send Monday!" said McBirnie fervently.

In the mean time Europe, Asia, Australia, the two Americas and part of Africa watched the Bird of Peace, which, with one foot still clinging to the continental soil, fluttered as though to take flight.

. . . . . .

As the train of sleepers drew into the Baltimore and Ohio station McBirnie rushed forward, hat in hand.

"Miss Endicott!" He checked the graceful girl as she descended the car steps, and with his long forefinger he pointed to himself: "McBirnie, of the Secret Service. Your motor is waiting—chauffeur with a scar under his right eye—I thought so."

He led her out to the motor, stepped in and closed the door of the limousine behind him.

"Allow me to ride up with you. Saves time! Now, Miss Endicott," he said impressively, "*why* 'international developments'?"

"Why?" The arched brows puckered perplexedly.

"Plain enough, isn't it? You telegraphed us, 'may mean international developments.' I want to know how you know your father's disappearance may mean 'international developments.' You accompanied him to The Hague last fall. Was it anything at The Hague?"

"No; afterward!" Alice Endicott answered promptly. "But I myself do not understand it, Mr. McBirnie. We met Mr. Travis at Strassburg, and he took us to Basle in his motor. The car was driven by Racicot, who Mr. Travis said was his partner. They were planning something. Monsieur said it would mean worldwide war. Mr. Travis said it would mean for him power and social position. Mr. Colbert said it would mean universal peace."

"Ah!" interrupted McBirnie. "Colbert was with you?"

"No, Mr. McBirnie. Until then we had not seen Mr. Colbert, and Mr. Travis had not told us he was there. Mr. Colbert, too, was Roland's partner. And there was another, a German; and another, an Italian."

"International, sure enough!" said the detective. "And you met Colbert?"

"Mr. Colbert came rushing along the road in the strangest-looking motor car I have ever seen, and all of a sudden the car blew up in every direction. They all seemed very much excited. Mr. Colbert did not even notice me, though I had not seen him for more than two years ——"

"You knew Colbert before, Miss Endicott?" asked McBirnie.

"Ever since I was a little girl."

"And they were very much excited? Now, what did they *say*, Miss Endicott, while they were very much excited?"

The girl reflected. "Mr. Colbert said, 'See, Roland, the control is all right and the cylinders stayed cool!'"

"'The control is all right and the cylinders stayed cool,'" McBirnie repeated blankly. "The control is all right—that's motor; that's not politics! Miss Endicott, anything you tell me will go no further. Beg pardon—are you engaged to Travis?"

The blood rose to Alice Endicott's cheeks, and she hesitated. "Mr. Travis asked me," she admitted finally. "I—I was not sure of my answer. It was at Basle. I told Mr. Travis I liked people who did things, and he has not done very much, you know, except spend money. So Mr. Travis asked me to—to wait before answering him. He showed me how all the peace delegates from The Hague were hastening home to build more warships and raise new regiments, and he said some day soon one of the nations would stop doing this, and he did not want me to answer him until that had happened."

"What!" cried McBirnie. "Now, what d'you think he meant by that?"

"I think," said Alice Endicott straightforwardly, "that he was working on something which would affect the whole world and which he could not tell me about. And when he saw I was doubtful how to answer him he wanted me to wait until he had succeeded in what he was doing; and the proof of his success would be that one of the nations would stop its war preparations ——"

"Like Germany," interpolated McBirnie, "which has just suspended the orders for its new Dreadnoughts."

The girl paled suddenly. "Has Germany done that, Mr. McBirnie?" she faltered. "Then that is the explanation of Mr. Travis' telegram. He is coming to me here in Washington for his answer!"

The limousine drew up in front of the Endicott home. McBirnie assisted Alice Endicott up the steps. On a table in the paneled hall lay one of the yellow envelopes of the telegraph company. She seized it and tore it open.

"Mr. Travis is at the Shoreham," she cried. "If you want to see him you may use the motor."

McBirnie turned, dashed down the steps, and slammed shut the door of the limousine.

"Shoreham!" he shouted, "like the devil!" and threw himself back against the cushions. "'The control is all right,'" he repeated Colbert's words as the girl had given them to him, "'and the cylinders'—that has nothing to do with it! Conundrum: What is it that means at the same time worldwide war and universal peace and power and station to Mr. Travis? It's not the Who's Who the Chief ought to have given me to solve this case; it's the libretto of Haverly's Minstrels!"

As McBirnie reached for the register at the Shoreham he found his way unintentionally blocked by a stocky, but distinguished, foreign-looking gentleman. In turning, the foreign-looking gentleman stepped on McBirnie's foot.

"A thousand pardons, Signor Detective!" he murmured liquidly, silk hat in hand, and was gone.

Something of recognition and surprise stirred in McBirnie. He gazed perplexedly until the foreign gentleman had disappeared through the hotel entrance. Suddenly he crammed his hat upon his head and dashed after him. The street was empty. McBirnie ran to the corner. The gentleman was not in sight. Pale with astonishment and chagrin, the detective reëntered the hotel.

"Why the deuce," he said to himself as the page of the register which the foreign-looking gentleman had left open at Travis' name met his eye, "is he looking up Roland V. Travis, too?"

For the immaculate gentleman who had stepped on McBirnie's foot was none other than the greasy Italian chauffeur who, on Pennsylvania Avenue, had picked the detective's pocket of the automobile gauntlet and Alice Endicott's telegram!

The hotel clerk said Travis was in his rooms. McBirnie hurried into the elevator and out again at the floor above. He softly tried Travis' door and found it unlocked. He entered, closed the door behind him, and stood with his back against it.

Travis' pointed beard and flushed face appeared excitedly at the opening to an inner room.

"Now, Mr. Roland V. Travis," said McBirnie, significantly pointing, "nobody is trying to start anything, nobody is trying to make any unnecessary trouble. But I am McBirnie, of the Secret Service, and I want to know where the Secretary of War is, and why he has disappeared."

"It's none of your business!" Travis answered angrily.

"That is as it may be," replied McBirnie.

"I don't know where Mr. Endicott is! I didn't even know that he had disappeared until the Terrestria reached New York this morning!"

"Now, Mr. Roland V. Travis," McBirnie expostulated, "I'll leave it to your good sense. You meet Miss Alice Endicott in Europe, where you've got men of four or five different nationalities working for you, and you tell her something important is going to happen, and you give her a sign so she'll know when it's to be expected. When some nation, you say to her, stops war preparations you'll find Roland V. Travis at the bottom of it. Very good. Germany stops war preparations. Your man Racicot, who was with you in Europe, registers at the Shoreham, Washington, and disappears. Your man Colbert, who was in Europe with you, too, turns up in Washington also, and cables you, and you cable back to Miss Endicott that you'll be in Washington in a week. Then your man Colbert calls on the Secretary of War, and the Secretary disappears, and on the spot where he disappears we find an automobile gauntlet with your initials, bought in Berlin. A dago chauffeur, who may be another of your men, picks my pocket of that automobile gauntlet, and afterward I find him in a silk hat, looking up your name on the Shoreham Hotel register. Now, Mr. Roland V. Travis, do you think it is good sense for you to try to make me believe you know nothing about it? If you were some men, Mr. Travis, I'd lock you up until you told. But a man that's got $30,000,000 is as good as locked up anyway, for you can always find him."

"The automobile gauntlet was an old one—given away, thrown away—I do not know what became of it after I was through with it."

"Well, drop the automobile gauntlet."

"Mr. Endicott's disappearance was as great a shock—a greater shock to me than to others," Travis asserted irritably. "For the last two hours, ever since reaching Washington, I have been trying to get into communication with Miss Endicott, but it seems she has not yet arrived from the West -- "

"Reached Washington half an hour ago," said McBirnie. "I've got her motor out in front now. If you want me to take you up there, perhaps I'll find that the quickest way of getting at the truth."

"With a detective?" asked Travis, looking him over from head to foot contemptuously.

"I've ridden in the same cab with the President," McBirnie answered tranquilly; "and what's more, I've ridden with Miss Alice Endicott, who didn't seem to think it would damage her social position. I guess it won't hurt you."

"I'll go up in my own car," said Travis shortly. "It's outside—sent on from Philadelphia."

As Travis stepped into his motor in front of the hotel the Secret Service man jumped into Alice Endicott's limousine. "Wise girl!" he commented to himself, "she didn't 'phone him I was coming. I guess, Mr. Roland V. Travis, you don't stand so high in the lady's books as you'd like to; and—well, now, you'll be going some"—Travis' chauffeur had thrown the feed wide open—"if you beat this hooker!"

And, in fact, the limousine beat Travis to the house, and as he scowlingly descended McBirnie was standing on the steps to greet him. Alice Endicott rushed from the open door.

"Roland!" she cried anxiously, "what has become of father?"

"I'm not sure." Travis took her two hands eagerly. "But unless some accident has happened you can be certain he is safe. Colbert would not dare -- "

She shrank from him a little. "You need not tell me that. I trust Hayden fully. But I cannot understand."

McBirnie craned his long neck triumphantly, following them into the library.

"Alice, believe me!" Travis cried excitedly. "What has happened was no part of my plans. I have too much respect for your feelings to cause you this anxiety. Something has happened which I do not know about. I am more anxious than any one to know what it means!"

"No more anxious than I am," said McBirnie calmly. "Mr. Travis, you've said a little too much and not quite enough. I wasn't certain of you until you assured Miss Endicott that, barring accident, her father was safe. But now you might as well tell the rest of it. And you're going to tell it, Mr. Travis, or I'll lock you up."

Travis turned on him, savage and astonished.

"Oh, yes, I'll lock you up, Mr. Travis!"

"The devil!" Travis sank into a chair. "Alice, this is ridiculously inopportune! I'll explain," he consented, "but only under promise of secrecy, to some one in Government authority."

"The Secretary of State?" McBirnie glanced at the telephone.

"The President himself," Travis answered promptly.

"I suppose you read in the paper," McBirnie's eyes narrowed, "that the President has gone to Annapolis and will not be back until late this evening. But I don't see what good five hours will do you. Well, now, Mr. Travis, we'll let it go at that. I've got you. You can't get away from me. A man like you can always be found. Besides, I'm going to get a man or two to help me watch you. And I'll make an appointment with the President for you at eleven o'clock tonight when he gets back, and at half-past ten I'll come and get you. I'll give you your own

(Continued on Page 53)

ALONE AT THE POLE

A Typical American Drama of the Present Day in Several Acts

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

TIME: The present.

SCENE: The Frozen North and the somewhat-chilled United States.

CAST

LOOK: An Explorer. QUERY: An Explorer.

Eskimos, Scientists, Dogs, Reporters, Igloos, Hardy White Companions, Confident and Trusting Wives, More Scientists, Musk Oxen, Men Who Didn't Get There, Arctic Clubs, Financial Backers, Polar Bears, Faithful Negro Servitor, Nails for Nailing Lies and Flags to the Pole.

ARGUMENT

Two Explorers reach the North Pole, the goal and dream of the ages, and return. The rest of the argument is between the two Explorers.

Scenario

ACT ONE—THE FROZEN NORTH

THE curtain rises and a scene of Arctic splendor is discovered, with a headland in the distance glittering under the midnight sun, although it is then ten A. M. Strict observance of Arctic terminology makes it necessary to call the sun the midnight sun. The sun is never called anything else north of Norway. Magnificent scenic effects are had by projecting an aurora borealis athwart the said midnight sun. Musk oxen roam in the distance, waiting to be killed; and in the center of the stage there is a group of four Eskimo skin tents, together with several igloos, which are snow houses. The Eskimos prefer to live in the tents; but when any stranger approaches they move into the igloos so the literary atmosphere may be preserved, although the atmosphere in the igloos is not preserved.

An Eskimo quartet, crawling out of the igloos, comes down stage and sings a touching ballad: Give me a gumdrop, mother, only a single drop; for that last bit of blubber is sticking in my crop. Chorus by Eskimo women and children, dogs assisting. Mother appears and explains she hasn't a gumdrop to her name, and, being an ancient crone, isn't very well provided with gums, either. Loud lamentations by the Eskimos. They must have gumdrops or they perish. Sympathetic vibrations by the aurora borealis. It looks as if this flourishing Eskimo village is done for. But ha! what is that yonder, rounding the headland?

A ship! A ship!

And so it is. The ship, flying the American flag, comes up the bay, presenting a beautiful picture in the subdued light of the midnight sun. (The aurora borealis has been turned off.) The ship lets go her anchor, and the Eskimos swarm about her in their kyacks. (Practicable ocean needed here for proper display of Eskimos swarming in kyacks.) A stern and sturdy figure, clad in fur from head to foot and needing a shave and a haircut, is discovered in the bow of the ship, contemplating the icy landscape—of course, it really is an icy icescape, but there isn't any such word.

Give Me a Gumdrop, Mother, Only a Single Drop; For That Last Bit of Blubber is Sticking in My Crop

"Look!" shout the Eskimos, pointing at the stern and sturdy figure.

"You are right," the stern and sturdy figure says, "I am Look," and, turning to his hardy crew, continues: "Even here, in this remote and gelid corner of the world, they knew me. Stir yourselves, my gallant men, and look alive. Broach a cask of gumdrops and distribute them carefully to these guileless and innocent children of the Frozen North, taking in exchange all the furs and ivory they have, while I relieve my surcharged feelings in song."

Sings: My Whiskers Have Grown Very Long Since I Saw Dear Brooklyn Last.

Eskimo quartet climbs up on bowsprit and joins in chorus. Captain comes forward and reports that every fur and all the ivory have been secured and safely stored below and that there is half a keg of gumdrops left.

"Preserve them carefully," orders Look, "for who can tell what dangers await us? And I have heard there are other villages up north where they may have furs and ivory."

Headman of the Eskimos comes forward and asks Look where he is going.

"To the Pole!" thunders Look, and, jumping lightly from the boat, he walks down to the footlights followed by his crew and the Eskimos, and does a nifty song and dance entitled: I'll Nail the Starry Banner to the Pole, Pole, Pole. Natives and crew come in on chorus and, on last line, take out American flags and wave them. (This ought to make a great hit. It always has.)

Chorus goes off waving flags, leaving Look and Financial Backer on the stage.

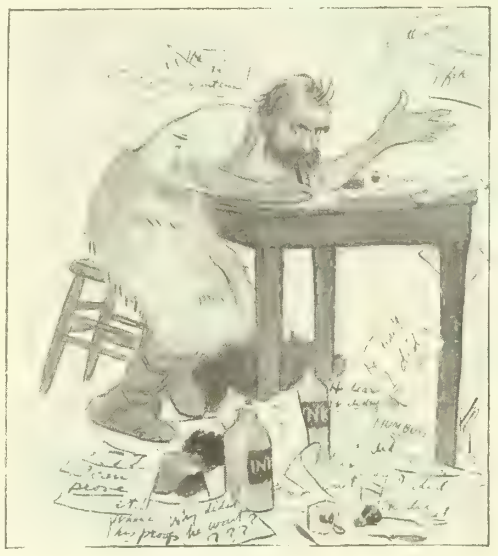
Financial Backer much astonished. "What's all this about going to the Pole?" he asks. "I thought you were going hunting with me."

"I have changed my mind," says Look dramatically. "I am determined that an American shall discover the Pole, and I shall leave this afternoon."

Financial Backer produces handful of tin spoons and calls the Eskimos back. He rapidly buys all the dogs,

hires all the Eskimos, paying liberally in spoons; and then, turning to Look, lays his hand on his shoulder and says: "Go, my friend; it shall not be said that I prevented an American from discovering the Pole. All I ask is that you leave a few of my business cards up there. Go! The Stars and Stripes shall wave above the Pole."

They clasp hands, each showing great emotion. Look, with a convulsive effort, regains his composure, hitches the dogs to the sleds and his Eskimos to the dogs, and starts for the north; while the crew, the Financial Backer and the women and children wave American flags at him until he is a mere speck under the midnight sun. As he disappears over a hummock of ice they all sing softly: Be Sure and Bring it Back With You, or Else You'll Break Our Hearts.



"The Pole Belongs to Me. I am the Original Stars-and-Stripes Nailer"

SCENE TWO: Another Eskimo village; same midnight sun; same aurora borealis. Eskimos indulging in their native sports and pastimes, which include eating blubber and trading wives. Suddenly a loud shout is heard from the glacier, and the Eskimos turn to look and see a grim and determined man, dressed entirely in furs, striding toward the village, followed at regular intervals by small groups of men who carry transparencies reading: "First Supporting Party," "Second Supporting Party," and so on.

The man reaches the village, and the Eskimos, recognizing him as an old friend, shout: "Query!"

"'Tis even so," the man replies, walking to the center of the stage and waving his hand at the supporting parties, which stop in perfect alignment, the last one being barely visible up on the side of the glacier.

"Whither away?" asks the headman of the village.

"To the Pole," Query replies, pointing dramatically to the Frozen North.

"Got the habit, haven't you?" inquires the headman, who is also the village cut-up.

Query silences him with a scowl, and, throwing back his fur hood, sings in a deep, bass voice:

For twenty-three years I've been sloshing around this Arctic Sea,
Seeking the Pole, seeking the Pole—that Polar mystery;
And I must get it this time, or I can plainly see
That in Arctic exploration it's twenty-three for me.

The supporting parties take up the refrain in regular order, giving a fine, harmonic effect.

One of the supporting parties starts to move up, but Query cries: "Halt! Stay in your proper place. This belongs to me!" The supporting party goes back to its regular position, although there are mutterings of discontent heard among its members.

"Has any person passed this way?" inquires Query.

"No one," the headman replies.

"'Tis well," says Query, "for I have a copyright on polar exploration that must not be infringed."

Just at that moment a commotion is heard in the water and an Eskimo is seen approaching, riding on a huge walrus. (This can be made very effective by using electric lights in the walrus' eyes, as it is late in the afternoon, and by simulating the phosphorescent glow on the water, which is always mentioned by all explorers.)

"Ha!" shouts Query, "who comes here?"

"'Tis Pishtoo," cries the headman, "returning from the Frozen North."

The walrus is skillfully beached and Pishtoo, for it is none other, comes up on the beach.

"What news?" inquired Query.

"Tell um for knife," says the crafty Pishtoo.

With a gesture of impatience Query produces a fine Barlow knife, and Pishtoo, taking it greedily, says: "Um goo-boogle mee-ne-taw gazzizis—Gazook!"

The headman starts.

"What is it?" asks Query.

"He says there is another white man up there after the Pole."

Query does some fine emotional acting. "By what right," he shouts, "does this interloper trespass on my preserves? I am the sole explorer of this region, so acknowledged. I will not have it. It must not be."

His rage is terrible. The Eskimos shrink back affrighted. The supporting parties tremble.

By a supreme effort Query regains control of himself. With a majestic wave of his arm he orders the supporting parties forward. They leave, singing, If We Find This Rank Outsider We'll Nail Him to the Pole, and, as the curtain slowly descends, Query, pointing to the Frozen North, declaims: "The Pole belongs to me!"

ACT TWO—ALONE AT THE POLE

WHEN the curtain rises for the second act a vast sea of ice is disclosed, with not a living thing in sight. All is desolation—cold, cheerless desolation. Great hummocks rise at the right, and on the left the floes can be heard grinding against one another with a fearsome sound. It is very desolate.

The midnight sun is still on the job, and so is the aurora borealis. After the effect of desolation has been produced there is a pretty divertissement. Six polar bears enter and range themselves in a line on the stage, dancing clumsily to some lively music; and, just as the lights are thrown on them, six pretty girls step out of the skins they are only imitation bears and do a song and dance:

We are the little Polar Queens,
You know us, we suppose.
We sing and dance the livelong day
To keep from getting froze.

That relieves the somberness. After the little Polar Queens have taken their encores and left the stage a figure appears—the figure of a man dressed in furs—toiling slowly along, dragging after him a gumdrop hitched to a string, and followed by two Eskimos, who reach eagerly for the priceless sweet.

It is Look. He toils slowly down to the exact center of the stage, gazes around at the scene of desolation and says: "Ah, my brave boys, we are nearing our goal."

The Eskimos unhitch the dogs, while Look makes an observation. "Only two hundred and forty-four miles more," he announces; "we can easily do that before sun-up. Let us eat."

The Eskimos make tea over an alcohol lamp, while Look, taking a guitar from one of the packs, thrums a few chords. He throws the guitar down and says: "I have no heart for music tonight. It does not appeal to me. Hand me a chunk of that blubber."

A lot of local color is introduced in this scene, which is really very interesting, inasmuch as it is the intention to use real blubber for all meals. After the meal is finished the dogs are harnessed again and the weary march is taken up. They toil slowly over the ice. Hours pass on. Still they toil. More hours. More toil. Presently Look takes another observation. Throwing down his sextant he shouts: "I am within half a mile of it."

The Eskimos start forward. "Hold!" shouts Look. "Not until I have been the first man to put my foot on the goal of the ages, the top of the world."

He rushes forward eagerly. "Ha!" he says, "the triumph is mine! I have discovered the North Pole! All my sufferings are recompensed." His joy is frantic. He sings and dances and skips about.

Suddenly he becomes the intrepid explorer again. Reaching into his pocket he takes his knife and cuts his initials on the exact top of the world. He then goes to one of the sledges and takes out a brass tube especially provided for the purpose, and, putting in it his visiting card, a Lincoln penny, a copy of the Etah Herald—a document he had prepared some days before, claiming the territory for the United States—buries the tube and raises a flag.

"Master," inquires one of the Eskimos, who speaks excellent English, "will you kindly describe your sensations to me now that you have accomplished this heroic feat? How do you feel?"

"Feel?" shouts Look. "I feel as if I would give this whole territory for a cheese sandwich."

The Eskimo is abashed.

"Pardon me," says Look, "I did not intend to wound your sensibilities; but it has been so long, so long since I have—but I must be brave. It ill boots me to falter now that I have won the prize. Come hither, my faithful companions, and listen while I sing."

The Eskimos stand at attention, and he sings: No Matter What They Ask You, Always Tell Them Yes.

"Where are we going now, Master?" one of the men asks.

Look paces back and forth over the spot he has marked as the Pole. Then, walking to the two men, he places a hand on the shoulder of each and says, in a voice broken with emotion: "Boys, we are going south!"

SCENE TWO: Another illimitable field of broken ice—cold, cheerless ice. The midnight sun is hanging low. It is a chilly proposition, all right, that is presented to the view—chillier than in the previous scene, for it is a year later and it has had a chance to get colder.

Two sledges, a white man and a party of Eskimos come into view. The white man carries a transparency on which is printed: "First Supporting Party." The Eskimos do a neat tumbling specialty and then the white man, shading his eyes and looking down the illimitable field of cold and cheerless ice, says: "It's about time for the boss to be getting along."

Second, third, fourth and fifth supporting parties arrive, and then Query comes in, dressed entirely in furs, and strides to the center of the stage.

"Now, then," he says sharply, "it is time to send the supporting parties back. Number one, go."

Supporting parties two, three, four and five are sent off in regular order. Just after the fifth party has left Query rushes to the wings and shouts: "Hey, Captain, come back here. I want you to be sure and be around tomorrow, so I can send you back again."

None is left with Query but four Eskimos and his faithful negro servitor.

"Boss," asks the negro servitor, "what you-all sendin' them back so much for?"

"Because," Query replies proudly, "the Pole belongs to me."

The four Eskimos then sing melodiously, with close harmony, a song entitled: There's Only One Pole, and That's His Property.

"Enough," says Query imperiously. "We are now within a few miles of the Pole. Let us proceed."

They start out over the ice. Presently the captain, who heads the first supporting party, runs up. "Say, Boss," he shouts, "I got within half a mile of it. Let me go on with you, will you?"

"Never," says Query sternly. "You are a British subject, and you must return. I shall nail the Stars and Stripes to the Pole, and not the Union Jack." (It is expected that this line will meet with great applause.)

The captain slinks away, and Query and his party proceed. He takes numerous observations. Presently Query commands a halt, steps forward and takes a final observation. Turning quietly to his faithful negro servitor he says: "You may give three cheers for me. I have found the Pole."

The cheers are given, and then Query nails to the Pole the Stars and Stripes, the naval ensign—of course, there is no naval ensign, but he nails it just the same—the flag of the Arctic Club, of the H. L. Bridgman Marching Association, of his Greek-letter fraternity, of Brooklyn, Willis L. Moore's personal burgee and twenty others. The flags are nailed on the Pole in neat, decorative effects, and their brilliant colors against the glaring white of the ice will make a beautiful stage picture, it is expected.

After the flags are fluttering in the breeze Query steps forward and, accompanied by the Eskimo quartet, sings a ringing patriotic ballad entitled: Never Take the Flag Down, Boys, She's Nailed Up There for Keeps.

"I Have No Heart for Music Tonight"

While Query is preparing his record for burial in the ice his faithful negro servitor approaches him and says: "Boss, is they any need of keepin' this hammer any longer? We've done nailed 'em all up."

"Certainly, keep the hammer," Query replies. "I shall need it when I get to Battle Harbor."

The Eskimos move about the ice, singing softly to themselves, and the picture is a peaceful Arctic one. Wishing to compare some data Query calls his faithful negro servitor and says: "Have you complied with my instructions and tattooed the observations on your chest each night, so we may have a duplicate in convenient form?"

"Yes, Boss."

"Let me see the record for day before yesterday."

Despite the terrific cold the faithful negro servitor bares his brawny chest.

"Wretch!" screams Query after making an examination. "I cannot read the observations. You have tattooed them in black ink! I am undone!"

The great explorer bows his head in his hands and weeps. The others stand by in deepest dejection.

Query springs to his feet. "No!" he shouts, "it shall not be! Nothing like this shall dim my triumph! I shall bleach you! Forward, march, to the nearest telegraph station."

Curtain.

ACT THREE—THE RETURN

THE rising curtain discloses the little fishing village of Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands. The simple fisherfolk on the quay are mending their nets and getting ready to put out to sea when a boat, rowed by brawny northern sailors, approaches.

A man sits in the stern of the boat, a man with long and tangled hair, clad in a worn fur suit, with a beard that has not seen shears or razor in months. He is, indeed, a curious object, and the simple fisherfolk stare with amazement at him, in the meantime singing one of their quaint, weird fishing songs.

He jumps on the quay and asks to be directed to the Danish consul. The singing ceases and the simple fisherfolk crowd around him.

"Whence come you?" asks the leader, bolder than the rest.

"I come from the North Pole," is Look's reply—for the hairy stranger is none other than Look.

"Aw, cheese it!" observes the leader, while the others rock in merriment. "You never was to the North Pole."

"My good fellow," says Look with calm dignity, "I ask not of you credence for my tale. I simply crave that boon that every stranger should receive. Direct me to the Danish consul."

Abashed, the leader gives the directions and the stranger proceeds to a little stone house on the right of the stage.

The Danish consul is in his office. "I," says Look, entering, "am Look, the explorer. I have found the North Pole."

"Have you got it with you?" inquires the Danish consul, who has a dry wit.

"Cease this persiflage and telegraph to Copenhagen that I have found the North Pole and that I found it on April 21, 1908."

"Who'll I telegraph to—the King?"

"As you wish—only telegraph. And, remember, this is September first, 1909."

Stirred to activity the Danish consul sends the message and Look hastily returns to the quay, embarks in his boat and pulls out to a steamship that is getting under way for Copenhagen. As he leaves the simple fisherfolk cheer heartily and sing a rollicking chorus entitled: He Needs a Shave and Haircut, but He Seems to Be Sincere.

The steamship sails with a great spectacular effect, and Look stands on the bridge, his arms folded, gazing with unseeing eyes toward the Frozen North.

SCENE TWO: Another maritime scene is disclosed. It is Indian Harbor, bleak and forbidding; but coming into the harbor is the good ship Teddy, decked with bunting. The anchor is dropped, and a man, his face tanned and the energy of a great purpose shining in his eyes, jumps into a yawl and is pulled ashore.

"The wireless!" he gasps. "Where is the wireless?"

A loiterer on the shore shows him, and he rushes to the place. As has been guessed, it is Query, and the date is September sixth. Five days have elapsed since the stirring events in the first scene of the act.

The wireless operator is dozing in his chair. "Get this off," commands Query, handing him a message. (This is a chance for a great wireless scene, with the apparatus, the flashes of the current, the instruments, and all that.)

The operator reaches out a lazy hand. He reads: "Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole."

"Do you understand," asks the operator, "that it costs a dollar and sixty-five a word for this? Why don't you mail it?"

"Great Scott, man," gasps Query, "I mean the North Pole!"

"Oh," replies the operator. "Pretty cold up there, I suppose."

Query feverishly writes forty other messages and runs back to the shore. He is rowed to the Teddy, which is waiting with steam up, and gives the word: "Now for Battle Harbor."

SCENE THREE: The telegraph office in Battle Harbor. Chorus of operators: Get Your Good Old Hammer, Boys, We'll Take Another Knock. Enter Query, who asks: "Any messages for Query, the explorer?"

"I should say there are," the operator replied, handing Query a big bundle of them.

Query opens the one on top nervously and reads: "Wake up! Look nailed the flag to the Pole on April twenty-first, 1908."

He opens another and reads: "Bully boy, but Look beat you to it by a year."

Then comes the strong scene for Query. Throwing the rest of the messages on the floor he shouts for paper and ink and writes: "It is impossible. The Pole is mine. Look had no business being up there. He never was up there. If he was there he wasn't there until after I was. It wasn't fair for him to go after the Pole without telling me. I deny it. He is selling a gold brick. He never left land. He wouldn't know the Pole if he saw it, and he never saw it. I have a patent on the Pole. It's my Arctic Ocean. He never did it. He couldn't do it. I am the only authorized Polar explorer. Wait for the big show. Do not be deceived by persons who went sneaking up to the Pole without my authority. I was there in April of this year. I saw no traces of Look. He didn't call on me on the way back. Make him show his records. He couldn't travel so fast. I traveled a good deal faster. It is preposterous to think any person but me could discover the Pole. It has been there for centuries waiting for me to discover it. The Pole belongs to me. I am the original Stars-and-Stripes nailer. Everybody deny it. I deny it. Nothing to it. How could he?"

Crack go the wireless machines, cr-a-ack—cr-a-as-h! Query takes the telegrams and devours them. He reads: "Having dared to discover the Pole without the aid, advice or consent of the United States Navy, of course Look is an impostor."

"Good old Admiral Wellville," says Query. "He isn't fooled."

And he writes telegrams until his arm is lame, to the accompaniment of the crash and crack of the wireless; while the operators sing: Whichever One Got There, It's Great for Cable Tolls.

SCENE FOUR: The act closes with a thrilling crowd scene, showing the Grand Central Station in New York. Look and Query arrive in New York on the same train and are met by a great concourse of people. Half of them are Look partisans and half are Query partisans. As the train comes in the Query partisans shout, "Look! Look! Get the hook!" and the Look partisans shout: "Query! Query! We are leery!" As the rival explorers step off the train they are seized and carried to their respective hotels by shouting mobs. (This, properly put on, will be a remarkable dramatic achievement.)

Dragging After Him a Gumdrop Hitched to a String

The Flags are Nailed on the Pole in Neat, Decorative Effects

ACT FOUR—THE TRIUMPH

IT IS ESSENTIAL, in every great drama, that virtue shall be rewarded and vice punished. That is the intention in this great drama. However, as the scientists have not yet settled the matter, the completion of this act, as well as the actual writing of the play, must wait on that event. It is confidently expected that there will be a decision some time during the present century.

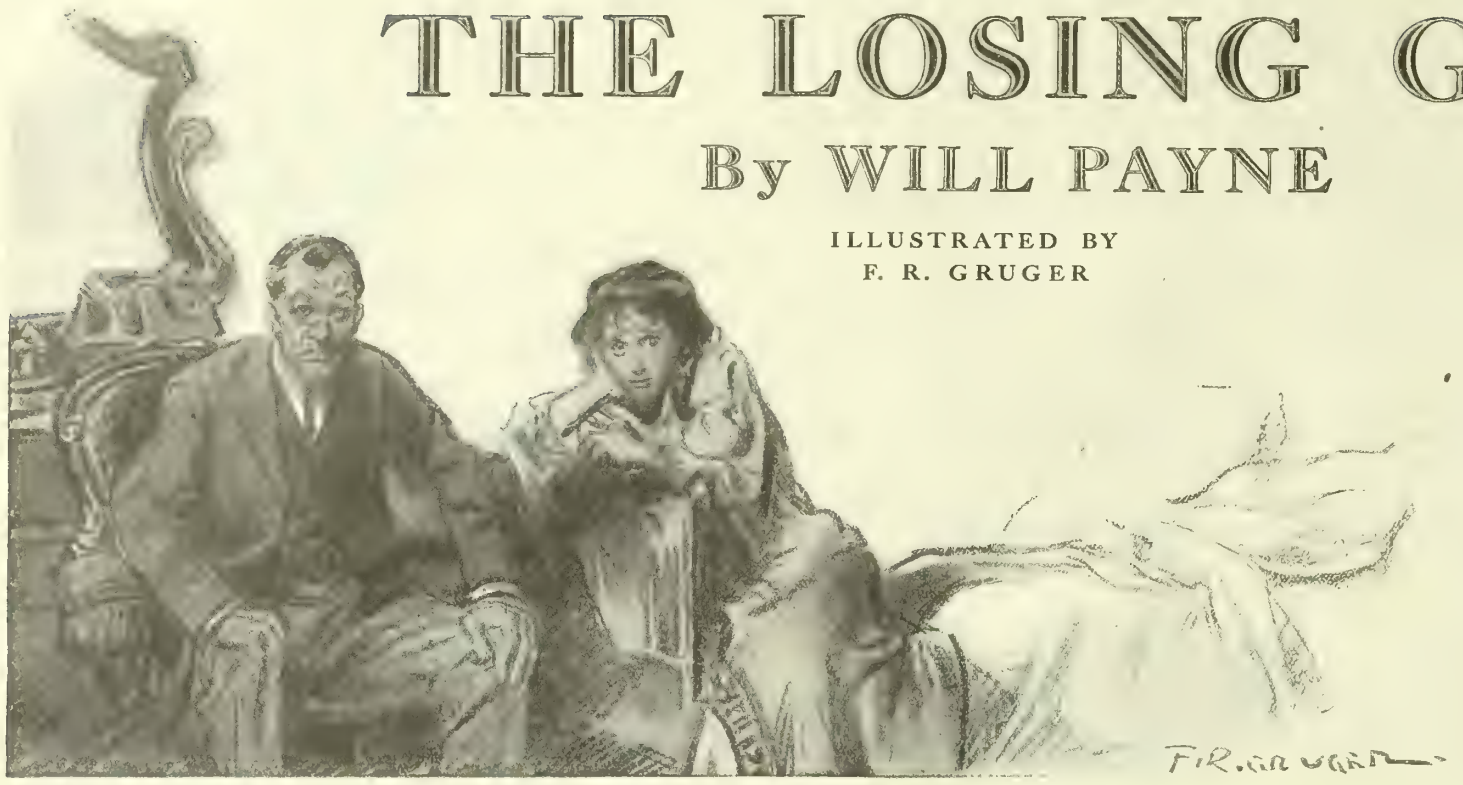
A Tactless Tip

NOWHERE is *backsheesh* more absolutely necessary than in the troubled land of the Turk. Only once did I see it fail. During the troubles of last spring which ended in the overthrow of Abdul Hamid and the placing of his brother, Rechad, upon the throne, Constantinople was invaded by newspaper correspondents and photographers from all over the civilized world. Among these photographers was an enterprising young man sent out by one of the great London dailies. Learning that the new Sultan Mohammed would hold the first Selamlik ceremony at the Mosque of Saint Sophia, this enterprising journalist determined to give his paper an exclusive photograph of the event. Going over to Stamboul at daybreak he managed, by the liberal use of cheek and coin, to make his way into the court of the mosque itself, and even to install himself in the fork of a giant plane-tree some twenty feet above the ground, with his camera pointed toward the gate through which the Commander of the Faithful would enter. The only Turkish word the Englishman knew was *backsheesh*, and whenever any one sought to disturb him he would utter it and toss down a coin. As noon approached the crowd became denser and high officials of the court began to appear in readiness to great the sovereign. One of these, a general and a very great dignitary indeed, spying the journalist perched high in the tree, angrily called to him to come down. But the Englishman, not understanding what was being said and supposing that all Turks were amenable to tips, called out "*Backsheesh, backsheesh!*" and tossed down a *medjidie*. The general, speechless with rage at this affront to his dignity, signaled to a patrol of lancers who were sitting their horses on the opposite side of the square. "Would you jolly well believe it," said the Englishman in relating his adventure that evening to a group of fellow correspondents, "but I slid down that blooming tree as a fireman slides down a greased pole? And the beggars were pricking me with their lances as I slid. And"—reproachfully—"you told me that [illegible] would always turn the trick in Turkey!"

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. R. GRUGER



"They've Got Me, Johnny!"

WHEN he stepped into the hotel Pound had very little of plan. There was very little within his knowledge upon which to build one. He had an impression that the man with the stick turned to look after him. His bag, brought by the bus driver, already stood on the floor of the hotel office in front of the desk. Behind the desk a sleepy-looking young man regarded him with a bored expectancy, and mechanically dipped the pen in ink for him to register.

Taking the pen, Pound glanced over his shoulder. The man with the stick certainly had turned and was peering at him through the glass panel of the door. Pound wrote coolly, "J. W. Smith, Chicago." His eye ran up the page of the register. Five lines above the name he had written he saw, "Ellen White, Wyandotte," in Emma's hand. He noted that her room was number sixty-seven. Near the top of the page was "George Glass, Omaha," in Rexford's clumsy scrawl.

He guessed that room sixty-seven would be on the third floor, so he asked for a room in that story. The upper floor was usually quieter, he explained. The clerk put "71" opposite his name, then came around and took up his bag to show him the way. The single incandescent lamp in the upper hall was set to burn dimly, yet it gave rather more light than Pound cared for. As they passed number sixty-seven he saw that it was dark and still.

In his own room he waited a long time—namely, ten minutes by his watch. Then he turned out the light, opened the door very carefully and tiptoed into the hall. His heart beat fast, for in half a minute now he would know his luck. He stole to number sixty-seven and tapped very gently on the panel. No answer came, and he tapped a little louder, listening with all his ears. Then he gave a sigh of relief; luck was with him; for from within came Emma's voice saying, "In a minute." An electric button clicked and light shone at the transom.

Her minute was mortally long, and he could hardly keep from calling to her, for he expected every instant some door would open, the clerk would appear, and he would be put to the very great inconvenience of having to explain himself. He was nervous as a frightened cat by the time the key turned in the lock, and when the door opened he simply bolted in.

Emma sprang back, clutching to her throat the wrapper which she had thrown on. She was quite pale, and the sight of him seemed fairly to paralyze her. Her eyes looked as though she saw a ghost, and she gasped; then she gave a little, half articulate cry.

"Johnny! Johnny!" she whispered, reaching out both hands. Even when he was well in the room she clung to his hands, or, releasing the left one, softly patted the back of the right. He had never before seen her pale and unnerved. It affected him strongly. He read her story pretty well before she spoke.

There was only one chair in the room. She placed that for him near the foot of the bed, upon which she sat, talking to him across the footboard. She whispered, for the partitions were thin.

"Hamilton was drunk," she said. "Rexford had him in tow. I couldn't get near him, and it wouldn't have done any good if I could. He had the keys to the office in his pocket. About seven o'clock Rexford and he got in a carriage and drove away. It was out of the question for me to get inside the office and get the books that way."

"I see," he whispered back. He was thinking, "What a game for her to go up against—all alone!"

"I had to do it early," she whispered on, "because the moon would be coming up. And Rexford might come back with the keys any minute and get the books. I hadn't time to be careful." Her lips quivered a little, as if she suffered bodily pain. "They've got me, Johnny! A man in the alley saw me coming away; I ran right into him."

At her brave despair the man's heart was constricted. It was his fight even more than her own, and she had been fighting it alone. He bent forward and took her hand compassionately. "Oh, probably he was stupid, or drunk," he suggested aloud.

She shook her head. "He saw me too plain. And I didn't have time to be careful. I went into two drug stores and bought gasoline—told 'em I wanted to clean a dress. They've got me. When you rapped at the door I thought they'd come for me." Her voice sank to a mere bodiless murmur. "I hate it, Johnny!" She folded her arms on the footboard and buried her face in them—a game creature shot through and through.

Her hair was roughly combed and done in a thick braid that hung down her back. In that pose she looked weak, even girlish. The man bent far forward and threw an arm over her bowed shoulders.

"We'll pull out of it! I'll stand by you, partner, till the cows come home," he said under his breath, with passion.

She shivered a little against his shoulder for a moment. "You're a good fellow, Johnny," she whispered; "but there's no use your doing yourself up for nothing." She glanced up into his face with an uncertain smile; then disengaged herself without effort.

"Rexford will know in a minute that somebody set it afire," she said. "It oughtn't to take him long to find out who it was. You see, it won't do either of us any good for you to be caught here."

He saw that plainly enough. His presence would be merely another link in the chain of evidence. Nevertheless, he was in no hurry to go.

"It's half past one," he said, low, looking at his watch.

They heard a stir in the next room, as of a wakeful person threshing in bed or rising. She laid her hand tightly on his arm. For several minutes they fairly held their breaths, listening intently, staring at the thin partition as though a denunciatory witness might step through it.

It helped him to feel the peril of their position. They were like rats in a trap which even their own light breaths might spring. As he felt the peril he silently raged against it. After what seemed a long time he bent over and whispered in her ear: "Do you know when the next train goes east?"

"Ten minutes before three," she whispered back.

"We'll try for it," he said with a nod. There was nothing else to do. Every moment that he stayed in her room was dangerous. To attempt leaving the hotel without a plausible excuse was dangerous. He tiptoed to the door, she following. On the way she noiselessly turned off the light. As noiselessly she opened the door and peered into the hall. He hated to leave her like that—to be taken, perhaps, in a few minutes while he sat helplessly by. Her hand on the lapel of his coat made him bend his head.

"If they come for me, Johnny, don't show yourself," she whispered.

That was, of course, sound strategy—however much it looked like cowardice. He was going to say something back, but thought better of it, and stole to his own room. What he had been going to say was: "If they get you, Emma, I'll kill Hamilton." He really meant it—he was so helpless; she had been so game; his own rôle looked so craven; and all the trouble came about through the sottish dog whom he had taken from the ditch. He found the chair in his room, lifted it close to the door with infinite caution and sat down where he could hear the least sound in the hall.

He hadn't much faith in their getting away. Rexford must guess instantly what had happened, and she had left a plain trail. He waited, expecting every moment to hear a step on the stair, a summons at Emma's door. From time to time he tiptoed to the window, held the curtain aside and looked at his watch. He listened there, too, for any sound from outside. Once a horse clattered down the street, and once he heard several men passing on the sidewalk, talking. But they did not stop. The town seemed asleep. As the time wore on the imminence of another crisis tightened up his nerves. At twenty minutes past two he left his room and walked downstairs. He walked right along, like a man who had nothing to conceal, but took care to let his feet fall noiselessly on the matting.

A hall ran through the lower floor of the hotel, the dining-room on the right, the office and parlor on the left.

"You've Thrown Me Down!" Yelled Rexford

Opposite the foot of the stairs a broad door opened into the office. So far as Pound could see, standing on the lowest step, the office was empty. Certainly it was perfectly still. Somehow, that very stillness seemed to contain a warning. He slipped quickly around the newel-post, went silently down the hall and into the dim parlor. There, through the arched doorway, he had a full view of the office from the rear. The night clerk was stretched out in two armchairs, his head tipped back and his mouth open, asleep. Humped in another armchair sat the man with the stick. The man's chair was so placed that he could see whoever entered the hotel either by the office door or the hall door. He wasn't whittling now. Indeed, he was so motionless—huddled in the chair, his tattered hat pulled over his brows—that he, too, might have been asleep. But as Pound watched he turned his head and spat silently into the cuspidor. Evidently he was broad awake and still chewing tobacco. Having spat, the man raised his head quickly like an animal whose nostrils take a suspicious scent. Pound dodged back just in time. He knew that the man had felt a presence and looked around—a good, intent hunter!

Pound waited a moment, then stole back to the hall and took stock of it. There was a door at the rear as well as at the front. He tiptoed down and cautiously tried the knob, satisfying himself that the rear door was unlocked. He didn't venture to open it, but there must be some way from the back yard into the street.

Fifteen minutes later he came down the stairs again, bag in hand, taking as much care now to make noise as he had taken before to be still. He seemed, indeed, in bad humor. The clerk was awake then, and the bus was backing up to the door.

"I'm going to dig out. I can't get to sleep. Some damned thing or other keeps making a noise," the guest declared. He spoke loudly, glowering, like a man who wanted to start a row. The clerk patiently shrugged his shoulders and made the right change as Pound, paying the bill, complained loudly of his nerves, of the noise, of the weather, of the railroad. The man with the stick regarded this unreasonable guest with merely impersonal curiosity. There was one other passenger in the bus, half asleep. Pound huddled himself misanthropically in the farther corner.

When they reached the station it wanted ten minutes of traintime. Three passengers besides himself and his companion in the bus were waiting on the platform, but Rexford was not there. Walking up and down, Pound kept looking off to the right for one deeper shade in the shadows of the scattered little buildings. He asked himself, nervously, whether anything could have happened to her on the way. Possibly, after all, there was no exit from the back yard of the hotel to the street. As soon as the train pulled in he sprang aboard, crossed the car platform and looked along the other side. Then he saw her climbing up the step of the next car and hurried to meet her.

"It was a shame to beat the hotel out of your bill," he chuckled as he sat down beside her. The train was already in motion. They were getting away.

"My friend is still there, you know," she reminded him. From his description of the man with the stick she had recognized the person who had seen her leaving the bucketshop just as the fire broke out—into whose arms she had fairly run. Both of them surmised that he had traced her to the hotel. They rather suspected that he proposed to get some blood-money out of it. Pound reflected that if he had known earlier who the man was he might himself have dealt with him on a blood-money basis, and he wondered whether he hadn't made a mistake in not staying over and trying it.

Of course, they had got away; but it took their train more than four hours to reach St. Paul, and it would take a telegram less than four seconds to intercept them anywhere on the way. Rexford was by no means out of trumps yet. That fact was very present to their minds. Emma reclined in the car seat, leaning her head against its back, looking steadily ahead through lowered lashes.

They passed the second way-station. Wyandotte was next—from which she had set out twelve hours before, at his call, to fight his fight. He leaned over abruptly.

"We're going to make it! We'll beat 'em out!" he declared with conviction. He felt, in a measure, out in the open where at least he could put in a few strokes for both of them.

Without moving her head, smiling a little humbly, she looked at him. "Do you think so, Johnny? Do you think I can get away? You don't know how I hate it—a prison." She said it quite simply. Someway, it brought her back as she had looked when she folded her arms on the footboard of the bed and bowed her head, the thick braid of hair down her back. "It's good of you to stand for me, anyway; I'll never forget that," she added humbly, and put out her hand.

His hand closed over hers with a warm clasp. "Emma, are you free? Will you marry me today?" he said.

She studied him a moment, apparently with surprise. Then she said quietly: "Yes, I'll marry you, Johnny." She considered a moment and added: "That's partly what I went back to Chicago for—to get my divorce fixed up."

The sun had risen when they reached St. Paul. They took breakfast together in the station. Although they now felt tolerably safe they agreed that it would be well for her to spend the day quietly at the small "family" hotel where she had stayed when she was there before. He saw her to the cab.

"Seven o'clock, then," he said as he held her hand.

"Seven o'clock," she repeated, smiling a little.

It occurred to him that it hadn't been much of a betrothal—first on the day coach of a railroad train, then in the bustling station restaurant. Nevertheless, his mind was warm. He felt that he was redeeming himself from the ignominy which her daring had somehow cast upon him, and he kept thinking, enticingly, how she had looked with the girlish braid down her back.

Humped in Another Armchair Sat the Man With the Stick

It was still early, and he walked leisurely to the office, his mind pleasantly occupied. Mr. Moxley, however, was down ahead of him. Naturally, Pound feigned surprise when the president told him the office at Long Falls had burned during the night. Yet he didn't trouble himself to appear very much excited about it, and presently he went into the private room to laugh over the way Mr. Moxley kept tugging at his whiskers, as though he expected to climb up his face, hand over hand, on them. The president, in fact, was in a sad state of excitement. He could hardly control his voice, and from the way he glowered tremulously at Pound the latter knew he regarded him as no better than an abandoned villain.

One thing the secretary didn't like. He heard nothing from Hamilton. The manager might, of course, be sleeping off his debauch. Yet Pound would have felt easier if he had received word from him—especially as toward noon he saw a messenger boy go in to Mr. Moxley with a telegram. The president kept mostly to himself in the private room. The work of the office was light, with Long Falls out of business. The day wore dully on. There was a train from Long Falls at one-twenty. Pound rather expected Mr. Rexford to appear in the office shortly after that time. He did not appear, however, and that was another thing the secretary didn't like. He would rather have faced the old pig and had it out with him.

He was not very apprehensive. He didn't think Hamilton would really go back on him. The incriminating books at Long Falls were safely burned. Emma was safely hidden in St. Paul. The losses of the Wyandotte and Long Falls offices to Hamilton and Emma had been paid—excepting, possibly, those at Long Falls the second day before. The money was in the bank to his credit and Emma's and Hamilton's. He felt rather secure, yet he would like to hear from Hamilton; he would like Rexford to appear.

About half-past three the secretary prepared leisurely to leave the office. Then Mr. Moxley interposed.

"Mr. Roth," he said, looking very grave and trying to keep his voice from quavering, "I wish to see you here at five o'clock. I expect to have a very important communication to make to you. I am expecting," he added impressively, "a telegram from Mr. Rexford."

"Five o'clock?" Pound replied calmly. "I'll be here."

He walked out in a very pleasant frame of mind. So Rexford was still at Long Falls! Perhaps, after all, he would have only poor old Moxley to deal with. That idea made him smile. It occurred to him that Hamilton, also, was at Long Falls; but he had a kind of instinctive faith that Hamilton, while a weak vessel in some ways, was going to stand by him in the showdown. His first errand was at the marriage-license clerk's office, where he gave his true name and where there was some delay. Then he bought the evening papers, dropped in at a rathskeller, and looked them over while he drank a stein of beer. As he reëntered the bucketshop promptly at five o'clock his mind was still pleasantly disposed. Mr. Moxley was waiting for him, and silently preceded him by a dozen feet into the private office.

This room was about twelve by fifteen feet. A small rolltop desk in the corner and an office table nearly filled it. At the upper right-hand corner of the table sat Mr. Rexford. At his right hand, about midway of that side of the table, sat a stocky stranger. Mr. Moxley was slipping hurriedly into a chair at the lower corner on the same side. At the upper left-hand corner, across from Mr. Moxley, sat Hamilton, gazing thoughtfully at the opposite wall. The only vacant chair was at the lower corner on Hamilton's side, across from Mr. Moxley.

Pound comprehended instantly that the scene had been carefully set, so that the length of the table should divide himself and Hamilton, while both of them would be always under the eyes of the other three. In the same quick, almost mechanical way his eye took in the stranger—a heavy-set, middle-aged man with a close-clipped, iron-gray mustache, indifferently yet decently dressed. He might be a country lawyer or a country sheriff.

Yet Pound was not thinking of him, nor of the arrangement of the room. He had hardly looked at Hamilton; but the lank, round-shouldered man completely filled his mind. It appeared as though Hamilton had sold him out, and his thought was almost pleasantly murderous.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen," he said quietly, but in a voice so low that it barely carried the length of the room. He took the vacant chair that had been placed for him. Whatever the game was, he must play it out.

For a moment Rexford glowered malevolently along the table at him. Then he said: "I've come to settle up with you, Roth. I guess we can settle fast enough."

The secretary's steady eyes noted that Mr. Rexford seemed physically ill. His fat face was a nasty, tallowy white; his eyes were bloodshot; his puffy hands, resting on the table, trembled slightly; his upper lip, lifting a little from the big yellow teeth, reminded Pound of a snarling dog. The secretary surmised that while the president strove to appear insultingly cool he was inwardly boiling with wrath. He even spoke with a certain laboriousness, as though he were short of breath.

"I know just what you've been up to, you d— [illegible]," Mr. Rexford continued with labored [illegible]. "If Moxley hadn't been a pin-headed idiot he'd have given on to you ten days ago." At this compliment Mr. Moxley looked miserably at the table and worried his whiskers. Pound was considering whether he should pick up the inkstand and hurl it at Rexford's head. He judged, however, that it would be better to let the insult pass for the moment. "Anybody but a fool," Rexford labored on, "would have known those short trades at Wyandotte and Long Falls were bogus. Do you suppose I'd [illegible] for 'em a minute? Do you think you could [illegible] me with 'em as though those jays out [illegible] in the tall grass would be selling five hundred shares at a clip and catching the market right every time—eh? You might as

(Continued on Page 44

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1909

Insurance Against Injustice

THE faults of judicial procedure in the United States generally are many and glaring. Men of all shades of authority have long called attention to them, and they may be stated in such a way as to imply that the people of this country do not live under a system of substantial justice. Yet practically nothing is done about it. The bar association speaks of reform, and goes home. President Taft says justice should be speedier and surer. His hearers applaud and wonder why the Cubs don't play better ball. It begins and ends in talk.

New Jersey got so far as to submit a constitutional amendment for the reorganization and reform of the courts. This amendment, with others, was voted upon recently. It—with the others—was lost, because less than a fifth of the electors were sufficiently interested to vote upon the measures at all.

If you lose a leg in a railroad accident your case may be held up many months; appealed again and yet again on some silly point of legal etiquette. A technical irregularity on your lawyer's part may cause you to lose it. But only one among thousands of us ever does lose a leg in a railroad accident. Whatever the faults of the system, they really fall, in a patent way, upon only a small number of the population. The others are indifferent. The system persists because, as a matter of fact, few are harmed by it.

Nevertheless, the penalties of a bad system may at any time fall upon any one of us. It is said that hardly one house in a hundred in England was insured against fire a hundred years ago. Only now and then did a house burn, and the unburned were willing to take their chances. Nowadays nearly all houses are insured. It has been discovered that it is impolitic for the unburned to take their chances. It will surely be discovered, also, that it is unwise for the unscotched to take their chances with bad judicial procedure. The late election returns show, however, that that socialized state of mind is still somewhat remote from New Jersey.

Cicero and the Shopman

WHAT spectral blushes must now mantle the ghostly cheeks of Cicero, for example, as he recalls his many expressions of utter contempt for the artisan and retailer.

"There can be nothing honorable in a shop," he once said, little dreaming that, some nineteen centuries later, the honorable ambition among prosperous shopkeepers to possess his immortal letters and orations in half morocco, with gilt tops, would constitute, so to speak, his entire stock in trade.

He could not know that, among affluent tradesmen, he and his literary compeers would become staple articles of house furniture, like open plumbing or electric lights. Nor could he foresee that in the future any well-off man would as soon think of building a house without a bathroom in it as without a library containing the conventional classics, nobly bound and unread.

Cicero, like his neighbor Cæsar, is unfortunate above other classics in that a great number of young people are compelled to read him. They differentiate him from Cæsar just as Heine distinguished between regular and irregular verbs those verbs are irregular which get one into the most trouble with the teacher. Thus Cicero is not, like the other classics, an object of universal approbation. But against the comparatively few who begrudge him the pains he has cost them stand the many for whom he performs the proper classic function of being a pleasing, innocuous detail of interior decoration. This enviable position he owes mostly to the trading classes of which he held so shortsighted and unjust views.

Keeping the Powder Dry

THROUGHOUT last summer, for the first time for years, we imported more goods than we exported. For the current year our net balance of exports over imports has been the smallest since 1895.

Commonly, imports are undervalued, exports are overvalued. If we had the true figures very likely it would appear that we have bought more goods abroad than we have sold. At any rate, we have imported this year one-third more goods than in the corresponding period of the post-panic and penitential year 1908; and only five per cent less than in the like period of boom and extravagance in 1907—when imports beat all records.

Of course the "favorable balance of trade" theory has been sadly overworked in the past. We mention this year's figures with a broadly economic rather than a strictly financial intention. The great purchase of foreign goods—their prices enhanced to the consumer by high tariff—suggests that we are once more blowing ourselves pretty liberally. An item is going about that Wall Street interests this year have borrowed five hundred millions abroad to support stocks with—in addition to their prodigal absorption of home funds.

We don't wonder that there was objection to removing the motto "In God we trust" from our coins. The famous Puritan addition, "But keep your powder dry," might, however, be put on the other side.

The Banks and Postal Savings

THE Republican platform of 1908 says: "We favor the establishment of a postal savings-bank system for the convenience of the people and the encouragement of thrift."

The American Bankers' Association, at its recent national convention, "condemned in unqualified terms" the establishment of postal savings-banks. The Committee on Federal Legislation reported that ninety-eight per cent of the bankers of the country were opposed to it. "Your committee," says the report, "has been in close touch with several committees of Congress. . . . Your committee's greatest work during the past year was that of preparing plans and assisting the committee of the savings-bank section in defeating the numerous measures for the establishment of a postal savings-bank system for the United States."

That bankers are opposed to postal savings-banks goes without saying. They regard the subject, of course, from the point of view of their own special class interest, exactly as protected manufacturers regard high tariff. They are unwilling to take the chance—however remote it may be—of some small diminution of their own profits.

The Republican party's pledge is unequivocal. Whether the party dare attempt, in good faith, to redeem that pledge, in opposition to the wishes of a powerful business interest, is one of the questions that will be answered at the next session of Congress.

Honesty as a Bad Policy

"RESOLVED, That the American Bankers' Association is opposed to any financial legislation based upon the argument that it was a party pledge and should be redeemed." Such is the remarkable yet deliberately expressed opinion of a large and influential body of men, a majority of whom, no doubt, are Republicans. The resolution is aimed especially at that party's pledge of postal savings-banks, but it is couched in general terms.

One of Cicero's objections to retail trade—based, presumably, upon experience—was that "the dealer will gain nothing except by profuse lying." Considerably later on—about the time Franklin was insisting that honesty is the best policy—Mirabeau said: "If honesty did not exist it would be necessary to invent it as a means of enriching one's self."

This later view now almost universally obtains in business. The business man who breaks faith with his customers is looked upon as foolish. But that honesty is the best policy in politics is not yet so generally believed. In the view of many, a political pledge is to be kept or repudiated as may be most convenient at the moment. In that field the old Roman device of profuse lying has not yet gone out of vogue.

The Rarity of Laziness

THE National Employment Exchange in New York is engaged, as its name signifies, in finding jobs for men who have been unable to find any themselves. For a great many such men it has found jobs, and its latest report contains this statement: "It is an interesting fact that men prefer the longer hours with private employers to employment at eight hours a day on state contracts, at wages which yield a trifle less per day." They would rather work longer and earn a little more. This applies to men, who being temporarily jobless, an indiscriminate public might suspect of constitutional unwillingness to work.

Among observers of economic phenomena few, indeed, have been more clear-headed or hard-headed than Adam Smith. Writing, in 1773, of laziness among laborers, he said: "This, however, is by no means the case with the greater part. Workmen, on the contrary, when they are liberally paid by the piece, are very apt to overwork themselves and to ruin their health in a few years. . . . If masters would always listen to the dictates of reason and humanity, they would have frequently occasion rather to moderate than to animate the application of many of their workmen."

The fact is, laziness is a rare human fault. Given an adequate inducement, nine men out of ten will overwork rather than underwork. There is no particular occasion for this sage little observation, except that an extensive interest is always taking its stand essentially upon the contrary and false assumption that most men will not work unless they are clubbed into it.

Tariff Reform in England

THE Conservative party in England will no doubt stand hereafter for a return to protective tariff. Balfour's Birmingham speech was hardly necessary to indicate that. Indeed, unless it defeats the new budget, no other course is logically open to the party.

The Conservatives accepted free trade in the Forties with a reluctance akin to loathing; and some very important compensations were then available. For example, under the Inclosures acts, between 1845 and 1876, one million or more acres of land were inclosed, most of it being added to the holdings of big land owners. For another example, landlords, in the words of a noted publicist, "worked the legislature to advance them money for drainage, the whole cost of which, and more in many cases, they charged upon their tenants." In short, though bereft of protective duties on grain, the land capitalists who form the backbone of Conservatism still had a good graft, and consoled themselves by making the most of it. Upon this graft the Lloyd-George land taxes trench strongly. So, Conservatism returns to protection.

As between supporting the Government by taxes paid directly out of its own pocket and by taxes derived from the pockets of other people by means of protective duties, what Conservatism could hesitate? Add that the indirect tariff taxes may be a means of great profit to landlords and manufacturers by enabling them to raise prices on the mass of consumers, and the case becomes simply overwhelming.

A Conservative party which does not stand for high protection is in the blundering position of overlooking the best card in its suit.

The Heir to the Empire

EVER since Mr. Harriman's death the question of his successor has been spoken of as though somebody, or anybody, could tell who it was going to be; as though certain men had it in their power to elect him. This is quite wrong. His successor will be whoever can make money earn substantially more than the going rate. No body of men can foreknow who that person will be, and no body of men can keep him from the succession when he appears.

The way to the financial throne is the openest road in the world, and always has been. The Atchison Railroad, to illustrate, pays five per cent on its common stock, while Union Pacific pays ten. That fact expressed, or even constituted, Harriman's whole power. With that record, if he had lived and the laws had not prevented, he would have absorbed one railroad after another, because capital would have flowed to him as automatically as water runs down hill.

Whoever appears with the financial ability, or the luck—for the terms may be largely synonymous—to put money to an unusually profitable use, will inevitably begin to absorb the Harriman empire, just as Harriman took over the Huntington kingdom and some of the old Gould duchies, while Hill was put to the fight of his life to keep a whole string of provinces from floating off with the flow of tide.

This or that man may be elected chairman of a board or president of a company, but Harriman's empire lay in his ability to attract capital—and this ability is not transferable.

The man who said he would rather have a duke over him than a plutocrat was misinformed. Dukedoms are given at the pleasure of the king; but command over money is something that can be neither given nor withheld. In this respect it is thoroughly democratic.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Empire Builder

ONCE upon a time a man who was eating in the enormous dining-room of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga looked up from his plate and around the vast place and said: "Gee! when I'm rich I intend to have an office just as big as this room. Then I'll put a flat-topped desk 'way at the end and have but one door, and that at the other end. There will be no other furniture in the outfit. I'll sit behind that desk and when a man comes in to see me they will let him in the door up there, and he will have to walk a quarter of a mile down through the middle of that room with me glaring at him. When he gets to the desk he won't be an inch high, and I can do what I want with him."

Maybe that idea occurred to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway—maybe not. Anyhow, when they let you into Sir Thomas' room in the C. P. R. building, in Montreal, you find Sir Thomas sitting at a flat-topped desk at the far end of a narrow room, and it is the longest fifty feet in the world from that door to Sir Thomas, as he sits there and contemplates you with a pair of steel-blue eyes, stern, implacable, looking like a soldier with his trim figure, his ramrod erectness, his cropped mustache and his yellow imperial. You note that his eyes are heavy-lidded and that his nose juts out like Cape Eternity; and you see the outcroppings of his hair far back over his broad forehead.

You think: Wow, he eats 'em alive! and wonder if it wouldn't be the best thing to take a header through the window behind him in the hope of lighting on the ample and kindly bosom of George Ham. That, you soon decide, isn't practicable, for George Ham is there tolling you along, calm and unafraid. Then you decide to make a record dash for the door, but just at that moment Sir Thomas rises, blows a puff of smoke from his cigar and puts out a welcoming hand. He isn't so fierce, after all.

A celebrated English writer made the parade down Sir Thomas' room one day and came out and wrote: "Never did I meet a man so absolutely immersed in the purely material aspect of human endeavor," and other words to that chilling and chilled effect. And when you think that Sir Thomas is at the head of seventy-five thousand men and controls uncounted millions of property, perhaps there is a reason; but, at the same time, he can throw it off. There was that time when Sir Edward Clouston, of the Bank of Montreal, and other equally nifty Montreal captains of finance, got stuck in the snow on the Canadian Pacific when coming to Montreal from Quebec.

Sir Edward was hungry and cold, and so were the others. They wanted to get home, and they wired to Sir Thomas telling him of their plight and asking plaintively: "What would you advise?"

Sir Thomas received the wire and wrote the reply himself. "Prayer and patience," was his answer.

Not the One Best Bet

THEN, again, Sir Thomas had a horse called Silk Hose in a race at Montreal. Silk Hose ran about seventh in a field of nine. Charles M. Hays, vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Railroad, was one of the occupants of the box and he commented on the marvelous slowness of Silk Hose.

"That's a fact," replied Sir Thomas. "Silk Hose does run as if he were a Grand Trunk train."

Sir William Van Horne, himself an American, and for years the head of the Canadian Pacific, found Shaughnessy in Milwaukee, early in the eighties, when Shaughnessy was a clerk in the purchasing department of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. Shaughnessy was born in Milwaukee in 1853, and his father was a policeman.

"You've a man here I want for purchasing agent," said Sir William to the chief of the C., M. & St. P.

"Which one?"

"I don't know his name. Let me take a look at all of them."

Sir William took his look. He pointed to Shaughnessy, the clerk. "That's the one," he said, and Shaughnessy went to the Canadian Pacific as purchasing agent.

He had his chance, and he made much of it. Promotions came rapidly, and presently, when Van Horne retired, Shaughnessy was put at the head of that wonderful system of transportation. This is what that means: He commands an army of seventy-five thousand men in all parts of the world—for the Canadian Pacific is not only a common carrier on land and sea, operating from America to Europe, to Asia and to Australia, but it is also the largest landowner in the world. It is, besides, one of the largest mineowners, has an express company, a telegraph company with seventy thousand miles of wire, runs great hotels and immense shops where it builds its own equipment, including locomotives and cars. It conducts an immigration bureau, and has scores of other industries, even to a floral department from which seeds and bulbs are distributed twice a year among the employees, from St. John to Victoria, in order that they may beautify the line.

Van Horne was a generalizer. He reached for great effects and left detail to others. Shaughnessy, while not lacking in the broader aspects—as witness his buying over night the Elder-Dempster Atlantic fleet of fourteen vessels and ordering gigantic new ones—concerns himself, also, with detail. He knows all the workings of all his departments. He knows where every dollar is spent. He keeps in close and constant touch with every phase of his organization.

Naturally, he is busy. He is quick, nervous, energetic. He speaks incisively, wastes no words, and tolerates no long explanations. He works all the time, and he demands that all his subordinates shall do the same. When he touches a buzzer and summons a subordinate, that subordinate comes on the keen jump, puts his answers in short sentences and seems vitalized by the energy of his chief. Shaughnessy looks into the middle of every man as he looks into the middle of every question. He is the personification of alertness, of keenness, of concentrated power. "Do it," he says; and the man who is told to do it does it or gets out.

So, he has the reputation of being hard and unrelenting; but the men who work with him and know him best do not say so. They say the hard and unrelenting part of Shaughnessy is the outside part and that, inside, he is as softhearted and as generous and as charitable as ever an Irishman was. He established the pension system under which no employee of the Canadian Pacific, on retiring after twenty-five years of service, receives less than five dollars a week. He will excuse a mistake, but he will not forgive stupidity or incompetence. Any employee can have a hearing, and although Sir Thomas is rigid as to observance of rules and regulations, his justice is most often tempered with mercy; and many a man who has been on the verge has been given another chance.

But everybody has to work. He sets the pace himself. His son, a lad in the twenties, is a clerk in one of the departments, plugging along with a hundred others, and getting no more consideration than the rest. He is forced to keep hours and obey orders, and is never allowed to appeal to Dad.

Sir Thomas gives the impression of tremendous vitality and power. At nine o'clock every morning, when he is in Montreal, he gets to his desk and lights his cigar. Then, all day long, he works and smokes. No matter where he is, his cigar is there also. Sometimes, under the stress of a heavy problem, the cigar is unlighted, but when a moment of calm comes it is lighted again, and puffed nervously. Often, at noon, he comes out of the Windsor Street offices and rides down to the Bank of Montreal. He does not lean back, but sits, as he does at his desk, erect, alert; and the cigar is there, held straight out from the exact middle of his lips.

PHOTO. BY ELLIOT & FRY

The Head of Seventy-five Thousand Men

Quick Work at Moose Jaw

THEY are fond of calling him the Empire Builder, up there in Montreal. There is some justice in it, too, for, beyond all, the Canadian Pacific is a great colonizing agency, with immigration offices everywhere, and has largely peopled the vast Canadian West, building up a lusty young nation whose possibilities for further development are illimitable.

He has two personal hobbies. One is music and the other is dealing in real estate. He gets his recreation in going to concerts and in buying and selling Montreal property for his personal account; and they say he is the shrewdest operator in that city. He was knighted in 1901.

They tell a story about his decisive manner. He got off one day at Moose Jaw, where the Canadian Pacific has a hotel. The bar was across the hall from the ticket-office and baggage-room. "Close that place up!" ordered Sir Thomas, after he had inspected the bar critically.

The man in charge said he would close it as soon as the license expired, which he thought was what Sir Thomas wanted.

"No," he ordered, "not next month or next year. Now—this minute! We have too many trainmen running into Moose Jaw to allow a bar to be operated in that room." The bar was closed for good, instantly. However, it is still possible to get a drink at Canadian Pacific hotels elsewhere.

Brand-New Idea in Operas

"DEAR SIR," wrote a professor in a Western college, to George Ade: "I have written a comic opera that is sure to be the hit of the century. I inclose herewith the scenario of the first act. Kindly read it over and tell me where to sell it."

This was it: The first act was laid in the dissecting-room of a medical university. The opening chorus was by a group of medical students in rubber aprons and gloves, carrying knives and saws. They sang a merry ditty about the next one they would cut up and how they would do it. Then the spokesman said: "Ha! 'pon my word, here they come with the cadaver, now."

Whereupon four husky attendants brought in a body covered by a sheet and placed it on the dissecting-table. Just as a student was about to saw off a leg, the cadaver, who was the comedian, sat up and sang a comic song.

Little Mary Missing

STRANG, the automobile driver, was to try out a new car between New York and Philadelphia. A friend came to him and asked Strang to allow two young ladies to take the ride with him.

"No," said Strang, "I can't be bothered. I've got work to do."

"But these are nice girls, Strang, and they won't bother you. Besides, you need some weight in that tonneau."

"All right," Strang said; "I'll take them [illegible] you tell them they mustn't speak to me while I am driving; mustn't move, and in no circumstances do anything to distract my attention. If they will promise to keep absolutely quiet and not bother me they can go."

The promise was made and Strang started. Near Paterson he ran over a water-guard and there was a tremendous bump. He did not look around, but presently felt a timid hand on his shoulder.

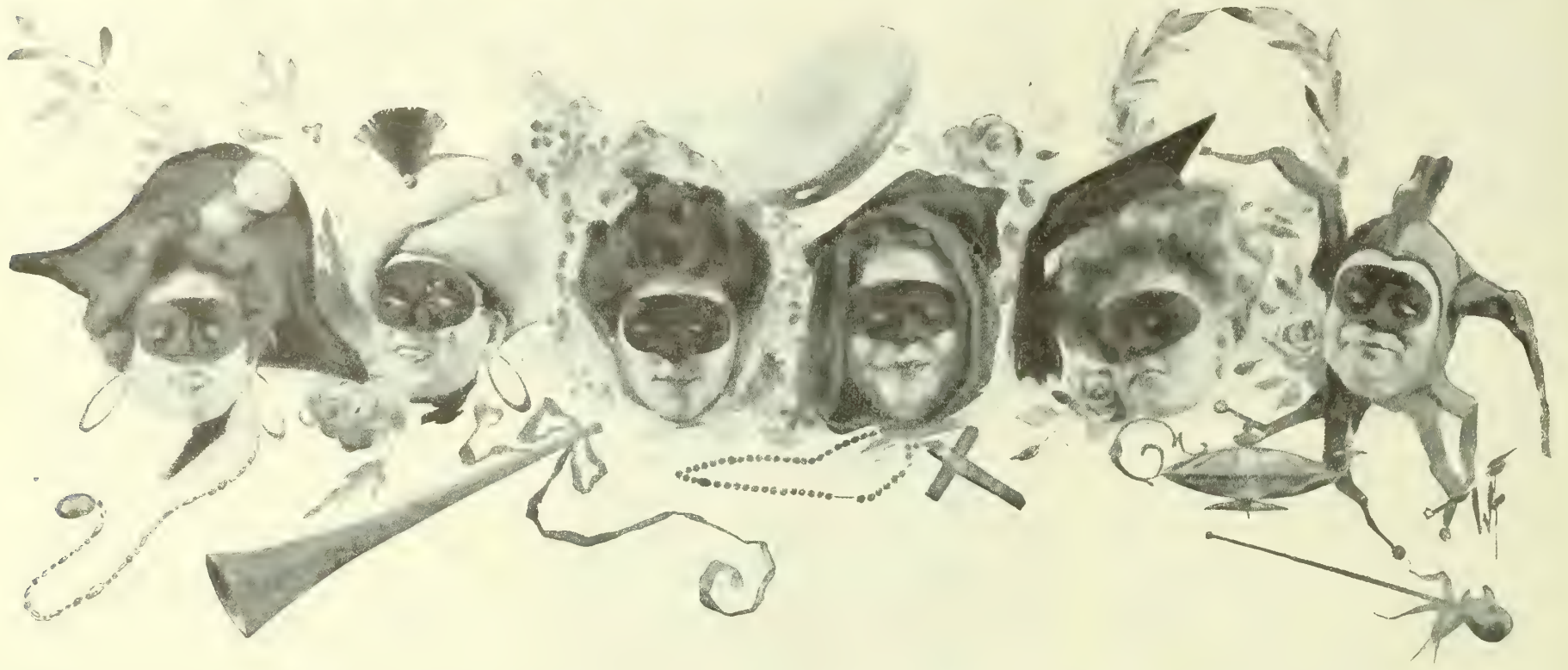
"What is it?" he growled

"Really, I hate to bother you," said a weak little voice, "I know I shouldn't, and I promised not to; but I thought you ought to know that Mary isn't with us now."

NAUSICAA

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER



AS HE stepped off the steamboat upon the little pier Lord de Lys experienced a pang of regret that he must lose sight of the girl. It was evident that he must, for she was met, welcomed and carried off by a party of friends, and it was only chance that could bring them together again. Yet chance had often befriended him. She had engaged his eye all the way from Southsea, but he had found no opportunity of scraping acquaintance which would not have been impertinent. Only just toward the end of the voyage across the five miles of water had an opening offered, and then it had closed again with the appearance of the acclaiming friends. She had slipped on the ladder descending to the deck, and he had caught and stayed her.

"As admirable a gambit as was ever in the game of Love," said De Lys to himself regretfully, "and as commonplace," he added, watching the group hustle merrily along the pier.

He walked in its wake, admiring again the daintiness of her style, the refined color in her face from the wind on the water, and the pretty flow of her white summer frock in the breeze. At the foot of the pier a carriage swallowed them up, and he turned into the village, dismissing her with reluctance, but with decision.

The village high street descended the declivity of the hill on which the village was built, and ended in the sea. De Lys stood looking round him and down it, taking in his environment. The east wind, cool, refreshing and with reënforcing gusts, streamed up from the point, kindling in him every spark of vitality. His eyes roamed over a bill in the grocer's window, headed in great letters: "Carnival and Domino Ball." He read it through with interest, enhanced by the fact that the Carnival seemed to have its origin in the vicar, and to be directed toward filling a gap in the church funds. Yet here were all the paraphernalia of the world and the flesh, at any rate—fancy costumes, masks, processions, fireworks, dancing, merry-go-rounds, and the pomps and vanities of holiday life. He wondered, in musing before this bill, if perchance the devil also would be represented in the performance. It was hazardous of the vicar, yet there was something captivating in the policy that would gather all comers into the parochial net, and trust them thus implicitly with edged instruments. Intending guests, he noted, might secure a choice of costume by paying a visit to Mr. Davis, the celebrated *costumier*, who had arrived from London on purpose, and who was to be found with his goods at the schoolroom. De Lys tramped off up the hill to the schoolroom.

On trestles running the length of the room were laid out the costumes which had been brought down to tempt the residents and visitors of the little seaside place. De Lys wandered about among a variety of young folk inspecting the various styles. There were troubadour suits and Columbines (alas, poor vicar!), *vivandières* and bullfighters, knights of Jacobean days, Spanish dancers and the furbelows and crinolines of the Georgian period. There were numerous comic costumes, and there were many intended to convey sentiment and poetry. His quick eye, adroit for such occasions, lighted on the raiment of a Provençal *trouvère*. He lifted it, and, surveying, judged that it would fit him. He turned to the man who was watching him, as he watched everybody, with keen glances. Ere he could phrase his question it was anticipated.

"That is engaged, sir," said Mr. Davis (if it was he), regarding him out of Oriental eyes. "But I can show you something better—smarter for you."

De Lys waved him aside, and went on with his inspection. There was near him a young woman who was scrutinizing a costume which Mr. Davis declared to be the Queen of the Night, and which consisted of black gauze and spangles, as far as De Lys could discern.

"What is the price of this?" she asked.

The Oriental measured her. "Twelve shillings," he said.

"All that for the evening," she remarked scornfully, and passed on.

A little later, having completed his round and found nothing to take his fancy, De Lys was once more in the same neighborhood. A young girl, shy, expectant, pretty, was fingering the garb of the Queen of the Night with greedy eyes. The Oriental eyes were marking her; and in the fingers of her left hand was a sovereign.

"How much?" she asked timidly.

"Fifteen shillings," said Mr. Davis.

The girl dropped the dress and passed lingeringly away. De Lys caught the disappointment in her eyes, and smiled as he touched his hat.

"Go back," he whispered, "and offer him ten shillings."

She reddened, hesitated, and then turned back. He saw her approach the man.

"Such courses require desperate remedies," he murmured to himself, and forthwith snapped up the *trouvère* costume, threw it over his arm, and walked out of the room unchallenged. Mr. Davis was haggling over the Queen of the Night.

His dress thus secured, De Lys engaged a room in the hotel, and amused himself about the bay for the rest of the afternoon. He watched the bathing with interest and some speculation; and he subsequently dined, smoked a digestive cigar in the garden of the hotel, and at dusk retired to dress.

Behold, then, in the twilight, under a darkling sky, a prettily-accoutered *trouvère* entering the gates of the Manor Park in the company of Breton fisherwomen, gentlemen of the Roi Soleil, clowns, Pompadours, Queen Marys, Sir Walter Raleighs and what-not. The main procession had straggled out of the village and up the hill to an accompaniment of joyous strains and the march of banners; and he could hear it in the distance blaring from the manor grounds. He hurried on, anxious to lose nothing of the fun, and presently came out of the long drive, dimly lit with hanging lanterns, into a big space of lawn before the house. The lawn was backed by an ample garden, and from every shrub and tree hung festoons of Chinese lanterns, while behind all lay the mystery of the secluded night. In the center of the lawn a boarding had been arranged as a dancing floor, and this *al fresco* ballroom also was set about with Chinese lanterns and fairy lights. On the whole, the affair, De Lys reflected, did credit to clerical good taste, at any rate, leaving good sense out of the question. It was a pretty sight, and affected the *trouvère* romantically; it reminded him of those vanished days when he had drawn music from the strings in the moonlight outside the windows of the Queen of Beauty. It was possible that there was a Queen of Beauty here also. He hankered after a return to old times and old ways, and plucked at an imaginary lute with pensive sentimentality.

As he stood thus in contemplation of the scene, watching the masked dancers circling on the ball-stage, he was aware of some one who was looking closely at him from near by, and he gave her his attention. It was a Dresden shepherdess with a long crook papered in silver and white, which she swung with a certain grace of action.

"Captain Ross!" came in a whisper from her.

Her voice was pleasant; she was neat to look on.

"Madam, at your service," said the *trouvère* with immense ceremony. "Have you lost your sheep? And can I help you to find them? Pray command me, who am always yours devotedly," and he twanged an imaginary lyre.

The shepherdess laughed gayly. "You are in high spirits," said she, "and I wonder at it, after—well, after yesterday."

"Bo-peep, I have only begun to live today, this evening, three minutes ago," he said with earnest extravagance. "I would I had my lute here. I would sing your beauty. I have my heart. 'My heart and lute'—how goes it?" He hummed the air very melodiously. She broke in.

"I believe you're just bluffing," said she archly. "I believe you're a humbug. But seriously, weren't you afraid to ——"

"There is only one thing in the world that I am afraid of," he interrupted, "which is a shepherdess from Arcady."

"You will be foolish," she said in a pleased voice. "But it really would have been wiser not to come, particularly after letting your dress be known!"

"My dress!" he said, glancing at himself and strutting like a peacock. "Ah, you admire it? I am glad. Alone I did it, fair lady. Will you do yourself the honor of being seen with so fair a bird? See, if you will disport with me, marry, I will turn ballads to your sweet eyebrows."

"Oh, dear me, no, not with your reputation," exclaimed the lady, laughing.

"Why, then," he made an angle of his elbow, "into this crook deign to put your crook, and hook me along. I go in tow, a willing captive, and I will make you triolets to your lips."

"You are perfectly ridiculous," said the shepherdess, "and I'm going to take more care of myself than poor Betty Harley does."

"Poor Betty!" he sighed. He knew now that he had taken on Captain Ross' character and responsibilities with what had been presumably Captain Ross' costume. But he was not concerned, though this Ross seemed to be a gay blade. He strolled along with the shepherdess, who, presently, was addressed by a Grand Vizier.

"Our engagement, I believe!" he said in ferocious Oriental tones.

She assented with a light gesture, and turned to De Lys as she left him.

"All the same, I should be careful. Don't be seen with Betty," she whispered, her crook on his arm. "Edward Harley is certain to be here tonight."

He watched her walking to the ball-floor on the arm of her Vizier. "A kindly soul," he murmured. "I take it very friendly of her to give me the warning. But the question is: What have I done? What did I do yesterday that seems important. I begin to believe I am a bold, bad man."

Thirty seconds later he had a vision of a spangled black skirt which he thought he remembered; and in thirty seconds more he was bowing before it.

"Mistress Diana, I believe, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. In my profession I have grown to depend so utterly on you these thousand years that I offer no excuses for begging of you once again. 'Fair moon, to thee I sing, bright creature of the heavens.' Everything will distinctly be at sixes and sevens if I may not dance with you."

The girl (he suddenly remembered her little nervous manner, as he had seen her at the counter) seemed taken aback, was abashed slightly, and then gave him a hand timidly. He took it after the approved manner of the Courts of Love, and led her to the dancing-stage.

Monks and Dutch peasants, fierce buccaneers and houris from the East encircled them as they swept around to the strains of a Tsigane waltz.

"'If music be the food of love, play on,'" he whispered in his Diana's ear, but the band ceased and the little Queen of the Night vaguely and consciously removed herself from his arms. Some one touched him on the shoulder, and, looking around, he encountered the eyes of a Piedmontese, staring through his mask.

"Ross, Harley's about. 'Ware!" said this apparition under its breath.

The Queen of the Night had drifted into the darkness, as if she had been Chloe or the timid fawn. De Lys gazed irritably into the blackness into which she had melted.

"What the deuce do I care?" he asked testily. "And who's Harley, anyway?"

"Well, he's a pretty dangerous man, I guess," said the other dryly; "and I only give you a word of warning. Avoid Miss Betty!"

Betty! De Lys brought his eyes back from the field of night to his companion.

"What is she?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh! You don't know, then?" said the Piedmontese, adjusting his ridiculous hat. "She's Nausicaa, in a Greek dress—don't you know? But how the deuce she'll dance in flowing robes of that sort I don't know."

"She sha'n't dance," said Lord de Lys loftily; "she shall sit out with me."

The Piedmontese paused. "I say!" he said. "Look here, old chap, you're a fool, don't you know! I'm not particular, but—aren't you going it a bit strong?"

"Go back to your mountains," urged De Lys scornfully. "Where's your hurdy-gurdy? Bah!"

He turned on his heel and sped away, leaving the Piedmontese in amazement, the match still burning between his fingers.

"I'm hanged!" he murmured, staring. "Ross has gone off his chump, I believe. Well, it's no business of mine." He finished and strolled off.

Meanwhile the *trouvère* went quickly and alertly about the fringes of the dancing-stage, on which circled the couples in the glancing lights. He espied his Queen of the Night in the arms of a policeman, and felt indignant. She was swallowed up, and his fancy settled on a plump Light of the Harem who was moving off by herself. He pursued her, lost her in the crowd, regained sight of her, and in an open space of lawn was in full cry when he came to an abrupt stop, and his eyes left her.

Across the field of his vision drifted a maiden in the raiment of old Greece. He stood still a while, and then turned and, as if he had been playing at the children's game of thread-the-needle, substituted the fleeting girl for his damsel from the harem. He overtook her in the shadows of a rose trellis.

"Nausicaa!" he said in greeting, and in a thrilling whisper added: "Betty!"

Nausicaa came to a halt, hesitated, cast what might have been a wild glance toward the lights and the band, and then succumbed.

"You?" she breathed. "I—I didn't expect to see you tonight."

"No," he said easily. "I know it is rash and reckless, but I am not afraid of hazards; besides, I would brave any peril for this ——" he ended tenderly, pressing her hand.

It trembled in his grasp, and for an instant there flashed through his mind a doubt, a wonder and a misgiving. But the next moment he was rattling on.

"You see, I cannot resist temptations. I am weak and I freely confess it. I have been urged to abstain, but I cannot, I dare not, I will not."

The Nausicaa withdrew her hand. "You shouldn't," she said in somewhat troubled tones. "You ought to go away. You know that, and you won't. Oh, I think you are hateful."

"Betty, I admit it," he said, seating himself on a rustic seat. "But I cannot be as hateful to you as I am to myself. Come, bear with me a little, for I shall not trouble you long. How sweet the lamplight sleeps upon the grass! Betty! Sit and look at it with me for the last time."

The girl drooped almost involuntarily into the seat beside him. He put out a hand at the fairy scene: "See those lights twinkle, Betty? It is some people's fate always to look on in the darkness. It is mine, and always will be. Yet one may admire and wonder."

"But it is your own fault—that is, your own doing," said she in a low voice.

He sighed. "Is what happens to one one's own doing, really?" he asked vaguely. "No, Fate has us in her fingers; she moulds us, throws us aside, and wipes her hand on her apron while she turns to the next. I take it, that hand will take a deal of cleaning, Betty; oh, a deal, a deal!"

The girl made no reply, possibly convinced by this eloquent argument; it seemed obvious that she was well content to linger there with him in the darkness. He, too, was enjoying himself, going for the present in the line of least resistance, with only lazy glances at his possible destination. The darkness was full of romance and mystery, by contrast with the lights on the lawn. Why had these people warned him, Captain Ross, against being seen with Betty? And why should he avoid Edward Harley? What was Betty to Harley, if it came to that?

He chattered light nonsense, with just a delicate edge of sentiment, touched her hands again, and felt, as it were, the fragrance of her presence. Then he rose.

"Betty, our dance," he said with authority.

"No, no, please don't," she said. "I mustn't. Not after ——" she looked round in a frightened way. "I oughtn't to be here. Edward ——"

Here was Edward again. "A last dance, Betty!" he pleaded, and he hummed softly the opening bars of Weber's Last Waltz. A little indrawn sob was audible from Betty's throat, and she put her arm in her companion's. Together they left the darkness and crossed the space of lawn toward the dancing-stage.

Out of the deeps of the bay below came the sweet, strong savor of the sea on the wings of a little breeze that rustled the treetops; a thousand lights sparkled and glowed; fireflies gleamed in the recesses of the garden. The church had surpassed itself in taste, and given full rein to romance. Under the spur of his sentimental mood De Lys circled with his graceful partner in the whirl, until he had reached the pitch of almost fancying himself in love, and of identifying his Princess with Nausicaa. She danced silently, as it were in a dream, head thrown a little back, so that the fairy lamps shone on the soft, full throat . . .

The strains of the band died away. Nausicaa sighed.

"It was such a dance as the gods and goddesses have danced upon Olympus," said the *trouvère*. "Such a dance as Nausicaa, daughter of queens, must have danced in the dead days, three thousand years ago. Ah, my Nausicaa!"

"Look out, old man! Harley's watching you."

The whisper passed in the twilight of the lanterns, and he was hardly aware who had spoken. His glance followed a bluff Henry VIII waddling down the stage. "Now, I wonder why Harley or Edward is watching me," he said to himself. "It will be interesting to see what Edward or Harley will do."

Betty still hung on his arm, breathing heavily and happily. He glanced down at her, and realized that it would be a shame to disturb that moment's pleasure, even though it had been secured on false

(Continued on Page 62)

"Go Away, Betty," Said the Arab Sternly. "I Don't Want You Here. I'll Settle With You Afterward"

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EUROPE'S BEST INVESTORS

THE recent attempt of J. P. Morgan & Co. to list the stock of the United States Steel Corporation on the Paris Bourse has directed attention to the subject of American securities abroad and the important part they play in the investments of Europe. Some of the shrewdest and most successful investors in the world are to be found on the Continent and their methods are of interest and value to the American investor. It matters not if the savings employed are shillings, marks, francs or florins, the purposes behind them are identical, because it is the desire of the owners to have them earn the largest possible amounts with the least risk. Any lesson that leads to this is worth heeding.

The money ties between the peoples of different nations are thicker than those of blood. You get some idea of the scope of international investment when you find that the total foreign investments of the great investing nations aggregate a sum estimated to be between $26,000,000,000 and $29,000,000,000, which is more than one-quarter of the world's negotiable securities. Economists have figured out that each year more than two billions of dollars are available for investment. Of this huge surplus the United States has between $500,000,000 and $600,000,000; Great Britain, and France, $400,000,000; Germany, $350,000,000; Russia, $160,000,000; Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, $250,000,000; Italy, $60,000,000.

A portion of this foreign money streams into the United States each year. The flow will be increased during the next year because of the heavy taxes on income and securities that are burdening France and Germany, and that will soon be in effect in Great Britain. These taxes not only are forcing the Europeans to buy more and more of our securities, but also are compelling them to keep their holdings in American vaults.

When you come to size up the best investors of Europe you find that, curiously enough, one of the very smallest nations—Holland—comes first in the list. Second in order comes Great Britain, the most worldwide of investing nations; third is France, the most saving of nations; Switzerland is fourth and Germany is fifth. It is from these five nations that the American investor can learn a lesson in prudent investment.

The Canny Dutch Investor

The Dutch nation presents what is probably the most compact group of successful investors to be found anywhere. Underlying all their investment, and especially the employment of their money in foreign lands, is one large fact of interest to all investors—they make the most careful investigation possible before buying. Holland has sent more committees to the United States than any other nation. The result is that they have lost less in this country than any other people. With the exception of Germany they are, perhaps, the only European country that has made money out of American railway reorganizations, notably the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe. From their investigations they knew that the properties were worth standing by.

The Dutchman makes it a point to inform himself thoroughly about his investments. Then he goes to his banker at Rotterdam or Amsterdam and says: "Buy me ten shares of United States Steel common." The unit of shares in Holland is ten shares. He knows what he is going to buy. On the other hand, the average Frenchman, in a similar case, would go to his banker and ask: "What shall I buy?" And he would buy what his banker told him.

In addition to his careful investigations the Dutchman is a persistent bargain hunter. He will only buy stocks, for example, when they are cheap. Likewise, he displays another quality which his American brother might find it well worth while to follow—he never waits too long to take his profit. The experience of the Dutch with United States Steel common is typical. At one time Holland held $20,000,000 of this stock and today she holds half this amount. Many Dutchmen bought Steel common all the way from 15 to 25. During the depression in Steel they

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did not get alarmed, but simply stowed their certificates away and waited. When Steel common went above 50 they sold out a part of their holdings and took their profit. They did the same with Union Pacific. In 1907, when this stock hovered for a time about 100, they bought large quantities. When it went to 150 they sold at big profit.

It is characteristic of Dutch shrewdness that they will only buy stocks in industrial companies that have shown a long and steady earning capacity. They have shown this in some of their American investments. They have large holdings in Steel and American Tobacco. In railroad stocks they have big holdings in Louisville and Nashville, which they once practically controlled; in Illinois Central; Union Pacific; Rock Island; Missouri, Kansas and Texas; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; and in Kansas City Southern, which also was once controlled by them.

In bonds the Dutch prefer new issues. Thus they not only get the bonds at a reasonable price, but usually stand a good chance of an appreciation of their value. This is a good rule for any man to follow. The Dutch usually want 5 per cent bonds, too, because the average Hollander is not content with less than 5 per cent yield on his investment.

In Holland, as in the other European countries, the average investor does not always hold the original American certificates. Instead, he gets a debenture issued by a company that pools a number of securities and issues its own obligations against them. In this way the investor gets his interest or dividend in the money of his home country. In case the original company issuing the security gets into financial trouble the investor's interests are protected.

A great quantity of French and Swiss investments are held in Holland in order to escape the heavy security taxes, especially in the first-named country.

Where the Frenchman's Savings Go

Where the Dutchman is shrewd and a bargainer the average Frenchman is, in the main, cautious and prefers to sacrifice income to absolute security. The French are the thriftiest people in the world and the French sock is always filled with savings. Everybody saves and everybody invests. The annual saving in France is estimated to be two billions of francs, or $400,000,000. In ten years the French savings-bank deposits have increased 460 per cent. Such a nation of savers must be a nation of cautious investors. Hence you find that 75 per cent of the investments of the French are in securities that bear a fixed income.

The small investor in France—and this means the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker—will take no chances. Therefore he prefers a Government bond or some security with the Government security behind it. Hence he buys the *rente*, the French Government bond, which pays about 3 per cent; or he buys a bond of the Crédit Foncier, which is a real-estate mortgage bond. Of course, there is a speculative instinct in every land and every people, and once in a long while a Frenchman takes a plunge; but for widespread conservatism and caution no people approach the French in their investments. The principal lesson that the American can learn from the average French investor, however, is thrift. Although his wage is less than the American's he saves more, because he begins to save as a child and regards saving as part of his daily life and creed. This is why France is such a great world money power. In the sum of its small savings lies the investing strength of a people.

On account of the enormous saving in France her people must look elsewhere for the employment of their money. More than $7,000,000,000 of French money is invested in other lands. Of this sum the United States and Canada have received $350,000,000. Although many American securities are held in France, it is interesting to note that only two American stocks are actively traded in on the Paris Bourse. They are United States Rubber first preferred and Utah Copper. They are not really listed, but are traded in on what is known as the *coulisse*, which is part of the machinery of the Bourse. Two American bond issues have been placed in France within the past five years: an issue of $50,000,000 Pennsylvania 4s and an issue of $29,000,000 3½ per cent debentures of the New

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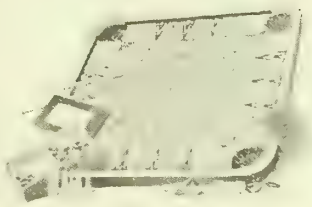


It is finished in white maple and mahogany, with fine felt cushions and net pockets. [illegible] Combination [illegible] an ideal table at a moderate price. [illegible]

We make other Carrom Combination Boards, 50 to 100 [illegible] Billiard Tables. [illegible]

Sold by dealers, or we will ship on receipt of price. Freight prepaid east of Omaha, Neb., and north of Memphis, Tenn. Consult your dealer first; if he doesn't handle, write us.

CARROM-ARCHARENA COMPANY, Ludington, Mich

What A Can of Paint Did to a Railroad

In elevating its tracks through an Eastern suburb one of the best known railroad companies in the East used a so-called "concrete paint." Shortly after its application high school boys on their way to school amused themselves by peeling it off in sheets with a stick as they went through the subway.

In two days the subway was a sight. The Railroad Company removed the old paint and put on this

BAY STATE
BRICK CEMENT COATING
THE ORIGINAL COATING FOR
CEMENT, CONCRETE, BRICK AND PLASTER
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO. INC.
PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS
82 & 84 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON MASS.

Neither boys, wear, nor weather has had the slightest effect on it. We can give you the name of the Railroad and others who are using this desirable coating.

Bay State Brick and Cement Coating becomes a part of the material and does not alter the distinctive texture of concrete. It can be applied to a damp surface and will protect concrete against the ravages of dampness as well as ornament it any shade you desire.

Applied overhead in mill work it will not chip off or flake, thus preventing damage to delicate machinery.

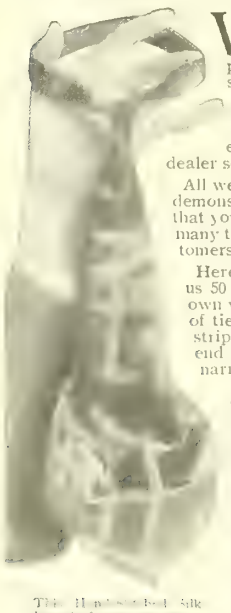
On wooden partitions it is a fire retarder and has been endorsed as such by the National Board of Fire Underwriters and, therefore, it will lessen your insurance rates. It has a great variety of uses all of which are described in our descriptive catalog and in our color sheet.

It is supplied in twenty beautiful shades. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, advise us, giving us his name.

Address for Descriptive Catalog,

Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Inc.
82-84 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Do You Wear 50c Ties?



WHY not buy direct from the makers, saving the dealer's profit? Our 50-cent ties, sold by mail from-maker-to-wearer, are the same in quality of silk, workmanship and color variety as the ties your home dealer sells for 75 cents and $1.

All we ask is an opportunity to demonstrate this to YOU, so that you will become one of our many thousands of regular customers.

Here is our proposition: Send us 50 cents, telling us in your own way what kind and color of tie you like best—plain or striped or figured—wide open-end (like the illustration) or narrow.

The tie will reach you by return mail, prepaid. If not perfectly satisfactory, simply send it back and we will immediately return your money, without one word of argument. Or, if you prefer, we will first send you free an assortment of silk samples and our Neckwear Style Book. The book shows views of our factory, employing 200 skilled workers, and of our chain of retail men's furnishings stores. Either way, let's get acquainted. You will find it greatly to your advantage and profit.

Geo. Golde & Co., 535 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio

References: Bradstreet's, Dun's, or Any Bank or Business House in Cincinnati

Taxidermy Book FREE

Mount Beautiful Birds

Be a Taxidermist. Mount your own trophies and animals. Decorate your home and den with beautiful specimens. Great profits. Easy to learn by mail or no tuition. Write for "How to Learn to Mount Birds & Animals" Free. Write today. N.W. Sch. of Taxidermy, 4017 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The introduction of these bonds followed a long lapse during which time the French market was practically closed to most of our bonds. The reason for this lapse was that in the Seventies some French investors were caught in the bonds of the Texas and Pacific and lost a good deal of money.

In summing up the investment of the average Frenchman it may be said that he prefers mainly some kind of Government bond. It is easy to gratify this desire not only with home securities but also with the many bonds of other nations owned by France. She controls a great part of the Russian debt, all of Turkey's debt, and has portions of the debts of Spain, Servia, Japan, Portugal and China.

The Britisher can give the world lessons in every possible kind of attitude in connection with the employment of money. He can be the most conservative of investors and the wildest of plungers. The average Englishman with small savings is apt to keep a portion of his money in a postal savings-bank or to buy an annuity for his old age. There is much buying of consols, the British Government bond which pays 2½ per cent. As in Holland, there are many debenture companies issuing their own obligations against a group of different kinds of securities. Investments of this kind, which are common throughout England and Scotland, average 4 per cent.

Americans Favorites Abroad

The Englishman, however, is worldwide in his financial activities, and the sun never sets on his investments. There is more English money in the United States than in all the other countries combined. According to the London Statist the amount of British capital invested in American railroads alone is $3,000,000,000, producing an annual income of $135,000,000. The Englishman is not so careful as the Dutchman in the matter of sending over investigating committees, with the result that much English money has been lost in various American railroad and land enterprises. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that it is estimated that 65 per cent of British surplus is in securities whose rates of income fluctuate.

England deals heavily in American securities. By means of arbitrage, which has already been explained in this department, the transactions are carried on by cable with amazing quickness. The greatest activity is in the following stocks: Union Pacific; Southern Pacific; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; Erie; Great Northern; Northern Pacific; Baltimore and Ohio; Reading; Pennsylvania; Amalgamated Copper; Anaconda and United States Steel. Among the American bonds most active in the London and European markets are: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe general mortgage 4s, Baltimore and Ohio prior lien 3½s, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern 3½s, Pennsylvania convertible 3½s, Southern Pacific convertible 4s, and Union Pacific convertible 4s.

The small German saver puts his money into one of three safe things: into savings-banks whose deposits are guaranteed by the various municipalities; into real-estate bonds, and into Government or municipal bonds. The average interest rate from these investments is from 3 to 3½ per cent.

The German capitalist, however, has invested $750,000,000 in the United States. The American stocks most active in Berlin and Frankfort are Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio and United States Steel.

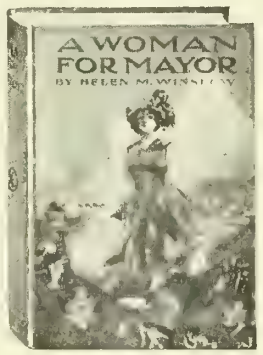
Since this article deals with the foreign investments of European nations it might be worth while to see what our own investments abroad are. Compared with those of other countries they are slight. One reason for this is that the opportunities for investment in the United States are so great that there is no need to go outside its boundaries. A second reason is that the average American investor wants his investment at home, where he can see what is being done with his money. It may be a railroad that he can ride on, a street railway or a power plant that he can see every day.

Most American capital that has strayed from home has gone to Mexico, where $700,000,000 has been invested. We have put $500,000,000 into Canada, largely in land and railroads; $350,000,000 into Europe; $100,000,000 into China and Japan. The Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico have only attracted a total of $200,000,000.

Leading Fall Books

¶ Booksellers everywhere guarantee the excellence of Reilly & Britton publications. ¶ Whether for grown-ups or young people, our books are worth while both as to contents and manufacture. ¶ We call special attention to five of our leaders for the fall season — an exceptionally strong novel, A WOMAN FOR MAYOR; ¶ MISS MINERVA AND WILLIAM GREEN HILL, a book for old or young; ¶ a new "OZ" book by L. Frank Baum; ¶ a new series for youngsters, THE AIRSHIP BOYS; ¶ YAMA YAMA LAND, a children's extravaganza.

Sold Wherever Books Are Sold

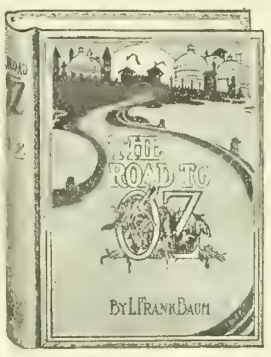


A WOMAN FOR MAYOR. A novel of today—timely and interesting. By Helen M. Winslow. Illustrated by Walter Dean Goldbeck.

Whether one is in sympathy with or against the idea of woman in politics, Miss Winslow's story should by all means be read. As a notable piece of fiction it is worth while. Besides, it has for the first time advanced a real idea as to how woman may become a valuable factor in deciding the right and policy of the nation by means of the ballot. Some of the strongest novels of modern times have had a political side, mostly relating to men. Here is something new—a political novel in which woman figures more largely than man—and of course that means a good love story. **Price, $1.50.**

MISS MINERVA AND WILLIAM GREEN HILL. By Frances Boyd Calhoun. "A laugh on every page."

Here is a book to be enjoyed by every member of the household—the kind that one likes to read aloud, sure of delighting all hearers. Miss Minerva, an old maid, takes a boy to raise—why say more? It is ridiculously funny! It will bring to mind "Peck's Bad Boy," "Tom Sawyer," "Helen's Babies," and there is interwoven a love thread as clean and sweet as "Mrs. Wiggs." Published in the spring, this book is now in the sixth edition. **Price, $1.00.**



THE ROAD TO OZ. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated throughout by John R. Neill. Bound uniform in size and style with Mr. Baum's previous "Oz" books.

Year after year this children's favorite author brings forward *the successful* fairy tale for little folks. His inventive genius in the matter of characters, his whimsical humor, dry wit and amazing plots are in exact balance and form the cornerstones of his tremendous success. The trend of this new story is thoroughly Baumesque. No parent need fear to buy a Baum book. They are always clean, wholesome and absorbing. Children prize them above all others and read them over and over again. Other titles in this line are "Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz"; "The Land of Oz"; and "Ozma of Oz." **Price, $1.25 each.**

YAMA YAMA LAND. By Grace Duffie Boylan. Illustrated in gorgeous colors by Edgar A. Keller.

Why is Yama Yama Land? More than 1,000,000 persons have seen Bessie McCoy and her troupe of triangular Yama Yamas present the famous acting song entitled "The Yama Yama Man." The universal interest aroused by this grotesquely funny and weird performance had the effect of weaving around the Yama Yamas a wonderful legend of a wonderful man—the Yama Yama man—unseen, unknown, but known to be here, there, anywhere, everywhere—all-pervading. From this mere whisper of so strange a character, Grace Duffie Boylan has traced him to his queer home and his equally queer people. In doing this the author has given adventures of the rarest quality to a fair-haired little Sylvia whose escapades will open wide the eyes and imaginations of all children of the fairy-tale age. **Price, $1.50.**

THE AIRSHIP BOYS SERIES. New books of adventure by H. L. Sayler. Illustrated by Fay R. Harper. *Each book is complete in itself.*

I. The Airship Boys, or The Quest of the Aztec Treasure
II. The Airship Boys Adrift; or, Saved by an Aeroplane

It is not necessary for a boy to fly, but *it is* necessary that he should be kept *abreast of the times.* All governments and people recognize the fact that the airship is on the eve of becoming a practical vehicle. These stories while filled with intensely interesting adventures are clean and wholesome and *technically correct.* Numerous critics intimate that the boys will vote the author the rightful successor to Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson. **Price, per book, $1.00.**

Sold wherever Books are Sold, or Sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price by the Publishers, The Reilly & Britton Co., 262 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Business Men—Office Managers

WHEN you can buy an "Everlast" Vertical File which will last as long as your business lasts, why should you buy one of the other kind which will last but a few years?

We're not a mail order house. We're manufacturers of fine steel furniture for the office. But, in order to prove the infinite advantages of the "Everlast" over any other file made, we'll send you an "Everlast" on 30 days' free trial. Is that a fair offer? Does it not prove to you that we believe in our goods? Does it not prove to you that we actually do believe that we've got the best vertical file ever built? Let us tell you about the

EVERLAST

THE NEW VERTICAL LETTER FILE

Indestructible and Everlasting

because made of cold rolled steel. Pull an "Everlast" drawer out full length, stand a 200 pound man on its extreme end. He'll not spring the drawer a fraction of an inch. Wears like steel for it *is* steel.

No Depreciation to Charge Off

$28.00 to $40.00 wood letter files wear out in a few years. But an "Everlast" (price $32.50) lasts as long as your business lasts. In fifty years no depreciation, only a few scratches easily repaired. Like a diamond, nearly always worth what you paid for it. An "Everlast" is an investment, not an expense.

Drawers Slide Silent and Light

as a Corliss Engine. The heavier the load the smoother the action. Loaded full capacity or with fifty pounds, you can pull them out by a silk thread. Being of suspension roller bearing construction and padded with solid rubber, there's absolutely no noise in your office from sliding of drawers.

Drawers Can't Swell and Stick

Damp weather makes your wood files stick, so does heavy correspondence. You know all this. "Everlast" drawers can't stick because built of cold rolled steel and action is on steel rails.

All Systems Fit the "Everlast"

Simply lift your present folders and guides into the "Everlast."

Has Ingenious Folder Compresser

which presses files smoothly and firmly almost as a letter press; glides sleekly on metal runway—a touch sends it back and forth or sets it solid and rigid at any point.

Almost Fireproof

Not as fireproof as a safe, of course, but no ordinary fire will destroy contents of an "Everlast." Repeated tests have proved this.

Handy Locking Device

locks all drawers by touch of button. Costs only $5.00 extra.

Finished to Match any Furniture

and you can't tell which is the mahogany and which is the "Everlast," or which is the oak and which the "Everlast." All woods imitated perfectly. Its beautifully finished enamel is baked on, and can't come loose.

"Everlast" Files are olive green. Any other finish $7.50 additional.

Roach, Rat and Vermin Proof

because made of steel and fitted at joints and openings as closely as a safe.

How Much You Save

$20 wood files are worthless, but even $28 to $40 wood files only last a few years.

An "Everlast" at $32.50 will last as long as your business lasts. How much you save by purchasing "Everlasts" instead of other files is readily apparent.

Our Proposition to You

Send us the name and address of your company, also the name and address of the retailer from whom you buy office furniture. Send it on attached coupon or by letter. An "Everlast" Vertical Letter File will be delivered to your office immediately. No cartage, no freight, no charges, no anything for you to pay.

You try it thirty days. If you like it and want it, your retailer will bill you $32.50 for it.

If you don't want it, tell your retailer or tell us to come and get it. That will end the transaction without any cost to you.

You may not need any new vertical letter files just now. But we want to send you an "Everlast" whether you do or do not need it. We want to prove its ingeniousness to you by test. Having tested it you will keep it and send for more. We think you will discard all your other files. Most concerns do after using the "Everlast." Send for an "Everlast" File now—while you have it in mind. You will be glad you did.

Special Equipments in high grade steel construction designed and built to meet any requirements. Estimates and submission drawings furnished on receipt of necessary data.

Also Send for "Everlast Office Furniture," Our New Book

Tells you all about the beautiful "Everlast" Office Furniture we make—tables, desks (flat and roll top), etc.

Jamestown Metal Furniture Company, 2610 Steel Avenue, Jamestown, New York

Please deliver to our office one "Everlast" Vertical Letter File, freight, cartage and all charges prepaid, for thirty days' free trial. If satisfactory, we are to pay $32.50 [illegible]. If not, you are to remove it from our office at your expense, and free of all charges.

Name

Address

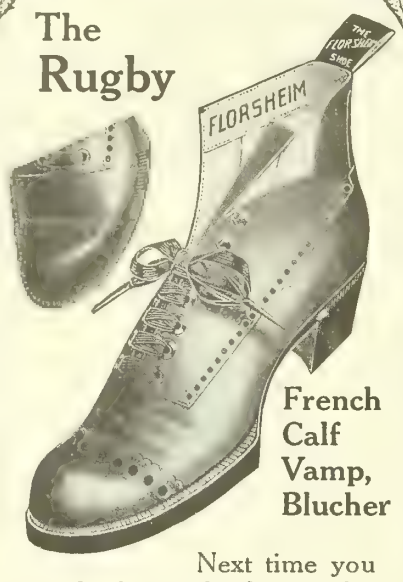
Our Office Furniture Dealer is

JAMESTOWN METAL FURNITURE COMPANY, 2610 Steel Ave., Jamestown, New York

NEW YORK OFFICE, 18 West 27th Street. Makers of Special Steel Equipment for Public Buildings, Banks and Corporations.

The Florsheim SHOE

The Rugby



French Calf Vamp, Blucher

Next time you need shoes, look up the Florsheim dealer. Have him show you the Fall Styles. You'll find a shoe to your taste and a fit for your foot. "Natural Shape" lasts give foot comfort.

Most Styles $5 and $6
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The best shoe laces are in this box

They are the strongest, neatest, most durable laces you can buy, and are put up in sealed boxes to protect you against substitution.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

Only the highest-grade long-fibre Sea Island cotton—especially processed—goes into them, and they are made tubular to give them the utmost strength.

Another means of identifying the genuine *"N F 10"* is by the patented tips, that are fast color and won't come off—*"N F 10"* is stamped on every tip.

And *"N F 10"* are sure to be satisfactory in every respect, because every pair is

guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair—black and tan, in four lengths for men's and women's shoes. At all shoe and dry-goods stores, and haberdashers.

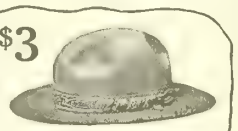
If your dealer hasn't *"N F 10"* we'll send them on receipt of price. Write us anyway for illustrated booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces, including our patented *Nufashond* for oxfords.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces
Guaranteed 6 months 10 cents per pair

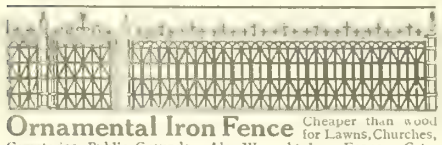
THE BRONCHO FELT HAT—The kind our Texas cowboys wear; fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band, very picturesque; a regular five dollar hat *made and sold by us exclusively*, direct to the consumer. Special price **$3.00**, express prepaid. Order today. State size. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

$3



EXPRESS PREPAID
Made in two dimensions 3x4½ and 3½x5

Address,
Houston Hat Co., Houston, Texas



Ornamental Iron Fence Cheaper than wood for Lawns, Churches, Cemeteries, Public Grounds. Also Wrought Iron Fence. Catalogue free. Write for Special Offer.
THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 694, Decatur, Ind.

Adventures in Home-Making

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

DEALING WITH AN OLD PARLOR

THERE may be merit in ugliness. There may be merit in an impossible shade of glaring and glittering blue. In our own case, such a blue had the merit, as unexpected as it was desirable, of lessening the purchase price of the house!

The blue was in tiles, set aggressively around the fireplace in the parlor; tiles

The Door, With its Plain Lintel

that not only killed that room but exercised a baleful influence throughout the entire house. They had been put in place in the Dark Ages of taste, something over a quarter of a century ago, and, not content with one-shade ugliness, there were varieties three—the background color, and upon it, on each tile, a blue-faced woman with a still brighter blue of Medusa-like hair. The owner from whom we bought had never lived in the house and was not responsible for either its good or its evil. He realized the ugliness of the tile and was vexed at having to offer for sale a house thus decorated.

One of the first things to be done after getting the house was to pry off the offending tiles. It needed but a few minutes' work with a chisel, a little smoothing, and a coat of white kalsomine where the tiles had stood. Then, with the mantelpiece painted white the effect was highly satisfactory, for the mantelpiece, as old as this central part of the house, and therefore pre-Revolutionary, is one of real beauty. This whitened plaster we intended to be only temporary, for as soon as practicable unglazed tiles of proper color were to be set there, but the plain white surface proved to be so suitable and good-looking that any change would have been a mistake.

The tiles which we found in place as hearth-tiles, on the floor level, were of half a dozen quarreling shades of black and red. They could easily have been taken up and replaced with proper ones, but as an entirely new floor was really needed—the old floor, of broad pine boards, being unfit for polishing and also having become somewhat punky by age—the evident thing to do was to put a new hardwood floor in the room, laying it, together with a new hearth, on top of the old floor, thus correcting that slight tendency to gaps at the bottom of baseboard which is liable to come in old houses. It is much cheaper to lay a new floor on top of an old one than to strip the old one off, and this method should be followed whenever feasible.

The cost of a hardwood floor is no longer prohibitive. The great shops of the larger cities will lay a floor at a cost depending on material, and will even send their men to near-by towns, or they will ship the flooring to points farther away.

When one comes to appreciate a polished hardwood floor nothing else approaches it in its sense of satisfaction. But in this matter, as in everything else, there are viewpoints various. We remember a lady

Complete, Straight Line Keyboard
A Key for Every Character
Removable and Interchangeable Platens
Reversible Tabulator Rack
Ball Bearing Carriage
Complete Control from Keyboard

EXCLUSIVE

Simple Stencil Cutting Device
Drop Forged Type Bars
Perfect Line Lock
Bichrome Ribbon
Uniform Touch
Ball Bearing Type Bar
Column Finder and Paragrapher
Decimal Tabulator
Perfect Erasing Facilities
Interchangeable Carriages
Right and Left Carriage Release Levers
Swinging Marginal Rack
Visible Writing
Protected Ribbon
Gear Driven Carriages
Ribbon Controlled from Keyboard
Variable and Universal Line Spacer
Perfect Dust Guard
Back Space Lever
Carriage Retarder
Improved Marginal Stops
Escapement, Speediest Ever Devised

New Model 10 Visible
Smith Premier

The only front stroke machine having a complete straight-line keyboard.

The only front stroke machine having a removable platen.

The only front stroke machine having interchangeable carriages.

The only machine having a gear-driven carriage and easy erasing facilities.

The only machine having practically every operation controlled from the keyboard.

The only machine that combines a decimal tabulator and column finder.

These features are so necessary that other typewriters will eventually come to them. Why not get the machine that has them now—the Smith Premier?

Write for information. THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches everywhere

Spencerian

STEEL PENS

are made of accurately tempered steel. Smooth, non-scratching, elastic, easy writers. There's one to suit you. Sample card, 12 different, for 6 cts. postage.

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Learn to talk well. It assures success for preachers, lawyers, clerks, business men. Easy payments. Small cost. Full guarantee of success. Officers and teachers all well known men. Investigate. Handsome catalog free. Call for catalog 224.

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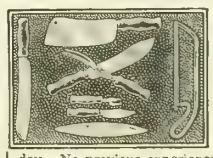
Send for an actual sample of the world-famous Page Woven Wire Fence. See the Basic Open Hearth Page Wire—the strongest fence wire in existence! See the wonderful Page Knot—*the knot that can't come off!* Get a Free copy of the Quarter Centennial Catalog of Page Fence, explaining its amazing durability, elasticity and economy. Just a postal. Address (3)

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Box 212 H, Adrian, Mich.



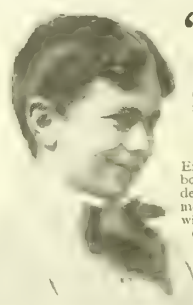
AGENTS

Make big profits selling this 8-piece Kitchen Set. H. S. Cunningham made $12 a day. Copy of sworn statement furnished. We have agents who have

MADE $40 A WEEK

Write today for terms of free outfit and how to make $3 to $10 a day. No previous experience necessary. All goods guaranteed. Money back to any customer not perfectly pleased. Our elegant display sample case makes sales easy.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 468 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio



"Oh You Pathfinder!"

Boys, here it is!—the boot every sturdy, red-blooded American lad's heart is longing for. Parents, does your youngster love to be out-of-doors in all weathers?—guard his health by keeping his feet dry-shod in a pair of

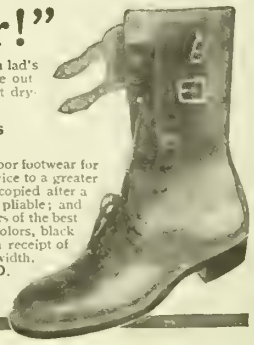
Potter's PATHFINDER Buckle-Boots

"Far Better (and Cheaper) than Doctor-Bills"

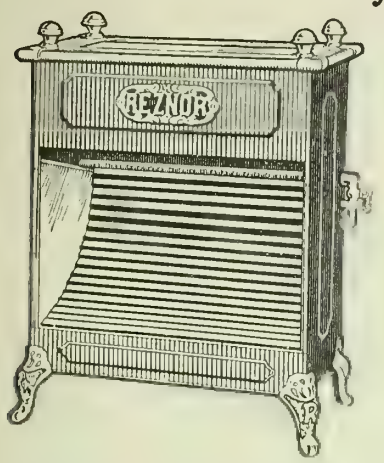
Exactly like this photograph. The ideal and most practical outdoor footwear for boys of all ages. Fit to perfection and combine comfort and service to a greater degree than any other boot made. Distinctly a boys' boot, but copied after a men's last. Made of highest-grade waterproof leather, soft and pliable; and with "Everwear" waterproof soles, guaranteed to outwear two pairs of the best oak-tanned soles. Height, 8 to 9 inches, according to size. Colors, black or dark tan. All sizes and widths. Sent, express prepaid, on receipt of price. Booklet free. In ordering, state correct size and width.

Sizes 1 to 5½, $4.00. Sizes 10 to 13½, $3.50.
Men's PATHFINDERS, all sizes and widths, $5.00.

The Potter Shoe Co., (Est. 1866) 22 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.



Use this Stove Seven Days



REZNOR

(The Original Reflector Gas Heater)

Buy it. Use it seven days. Then get your money from the dealer if you are not perfectly satisfied with it.

A week's use at home will develop all the good and bad points of any stove.

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The Reznor is the original and the only practical reflector heater. It has a record of twenty years of success.

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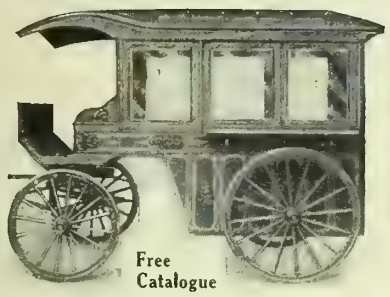

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who particularly loved to visit the Louvre on account of its polished floors, because, as she naïvely said, it gave her little girl such sliding-places.

Had not this floor, which was of broad, old boards, been quite too soft and unpolishable it could have been left unchanged, for in doing over an old house it is the reverse of desirable to do away with things which give an air and atmosphere of the past and try to make the house look as if it were built yesterday. A little roughness, a little irregularity, are more delightful than when art is too precise in every part, for an important part of the charm of an old house is its very appearance and suggestion of age, its summoning up of remembrance of things past.

This room was ideally planned in that it has a pair of windows at both front and back, the front ones looking out over a widespread view, and the others opening toward a brick-paved porch, a low-walled formal garden and an avenue of trees. But, being between hall and library, and occupying, as does each of them, the depth of the house, the parlor pays the unavoidable penalty of having to be walked across. This points out the radical difference between a house with rooms grouped about a center and a house with rooms spread across a long front. The grouped house offers little of that sense of isolated seclusion so delightful in a home, but the long house gives great seclusion in some rooms and makes a passageway of others.

No Rules for Proportions

The mantelpiece, admirably simple and simply admirable, has some panels with fine reedings such as Sheraton was accustomed to put in his furniture. Things like this add to the pleasurable chances in securing an old house.

The mantelpiece is very large for the size of the room, having a height of five feet nine inches in a room eight feet six inches high, yet it does not seem in the slightest degree out of proportion. It is, on the contrary, convincingly right.

Proportion is one of the most subtle of all things. It cannot be said that a large room requires a large mantelpiece and a small room a small mantelpiece, for the larger room may have the smaller mantel and the small room the larger mantel. There is no regular sliding scale. It is a matter of looks only and often seems to be a matter of arbitrary topsyturviness. Of course, this applies to many things besides mantelpieces. There can be no more striking example than is seen in the façade of the Capitol at Washington. There is splendid immensity of line and height; there are the great rows of steps sweeping upward; there is the noble overtopping dome; and then, instead of the hugely-imposing entrance which one might expect, there is a doorway scarcely larger than the entrance door of one's own house. And yet the proportion is right just because it is right.

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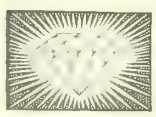

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appearance. The rule of safety is never to let them become ill-looking; prevention of dullness is easier than cure.

Also, for those who care to keep up the atmosphere of the past, there are practically no old andirons obtainable in America except brass or iron, and iron is not appropriate for this class of room. At the same time it may be mentioned that in neither England nor France are polished brass andirons customary. The principal reason for this in England is that it is not a wood-burning country, and that fireplaces are made with little hob grates for coal, like the grates in Queen Victoria's rooms at Windsor, in which, however, being a sovereign, she burned not coal but little, short, square hunks of wood. One of the rare descriptions that Shakspere gives of a house interior describes people sitting at a round table beside a sea-coal fire.

In France the customary andirons are those of firegilt—an admirable kind, but closely associated with French styles of decoration and tiny wood fires. Firegilt can be had only in expensive reproductions in this country, and to our taste it does not equal the fine charm of polished brass.

The really admirable fireplace left to us from the hands of the old-time builder has the inconvenience of having the stone on which the fire burns set three inches above the hearth in front of it, making it impossible to sweep back the scattering dust and ashes inseparable from an open fire. However, this does put the fire at a better height for toe-toasting and it does follow the method of some of the great architects of the past. There is just such a raised fire-hearth at Malcontenta, built by the great Palladio.

Fortunately, this room of ours does not need an open fire so constantly as does a library or a sitting-room, and the heater or furnace in the cellar keeps it warm. For looks—the room being all in white—there have been laid in the fireplace across the andirons a couple of white birch logs, which can be taken out when a fire is wanted and which, meanwhile, small though the matter seems, add a really surprising degree of attractiveness to the room. Practically all of our friends go away to search for white birch logs or to watch eagerly for the death of superannuated white birch trees.

The Beauty of White Paint

One thing that cannot be amended with a parlor is its name; for, unless the house be of sufficient importance to be a mansion, it savors of pretense to refer to a drawing-room. But drawing-room comes from the "withdrawing" room in which, in the days of heavy drinking and free talking, the women awaited the adjournment of the men from the dining-room table. And parlor is from the room in convents in which the inmates were permitted to meet their visiting friends. However, parlor has generations of usage behind it in its present sense. Herrick said, "Like as my parlor, so my hall and kitchen's small"; and the idea that the parlor is not so formal and stately as a drawing-room is borne out by the present-day "prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy."

But though one may not like the name there ought in every house to be a parlor or drawing-room, a room set apart for other than the every-hour use of the family. Such a room stands for ideals, for not having everything on the same common plane. The household or the individual that does not have something set apart, not to be commonly used or handled, misses an important part of life.

The general color scheme of white was decided upon for the room. White, of course, was the only proper color for the old wooden mantelpiece and for the paneled and reeded linings of the fifteen-inch window recesses.

White paint is a great beautifier. It harmonizes with any kind of furniture and especially with mahogany. But a door painted white is certain to soil from constant use, and therefore doors should be mahogany if possible, and the rest of the woodwork white. This is the latest idea of the up-to-date architects, but at the same time an old idea fallen into disuse. Oak woodwork, so commonly used nowadays, is distressing because it compels oak furniture. And yet what differences there are in taste! Near us is a large house with quartered oak woodwork throughout. Its owner, a year ago, had every particle of the woodwork

(Continued on Page 38)

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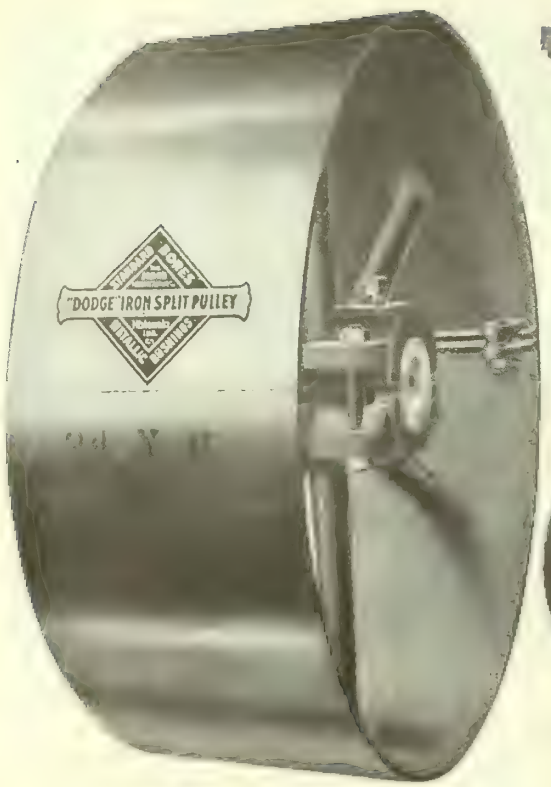

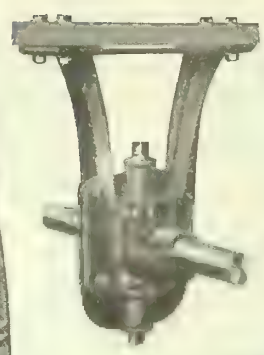

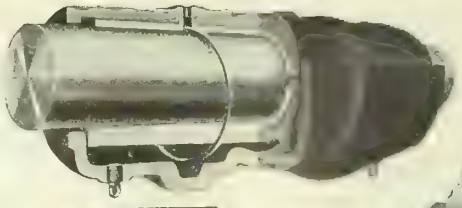

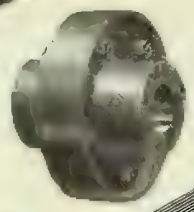

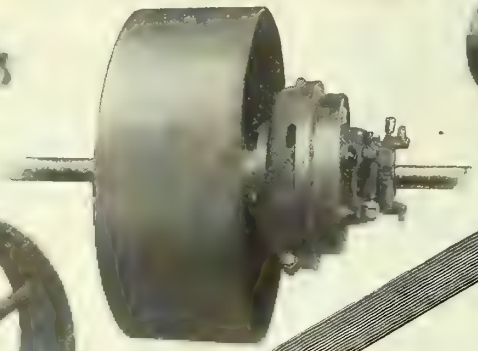

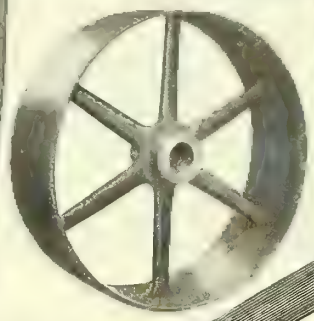

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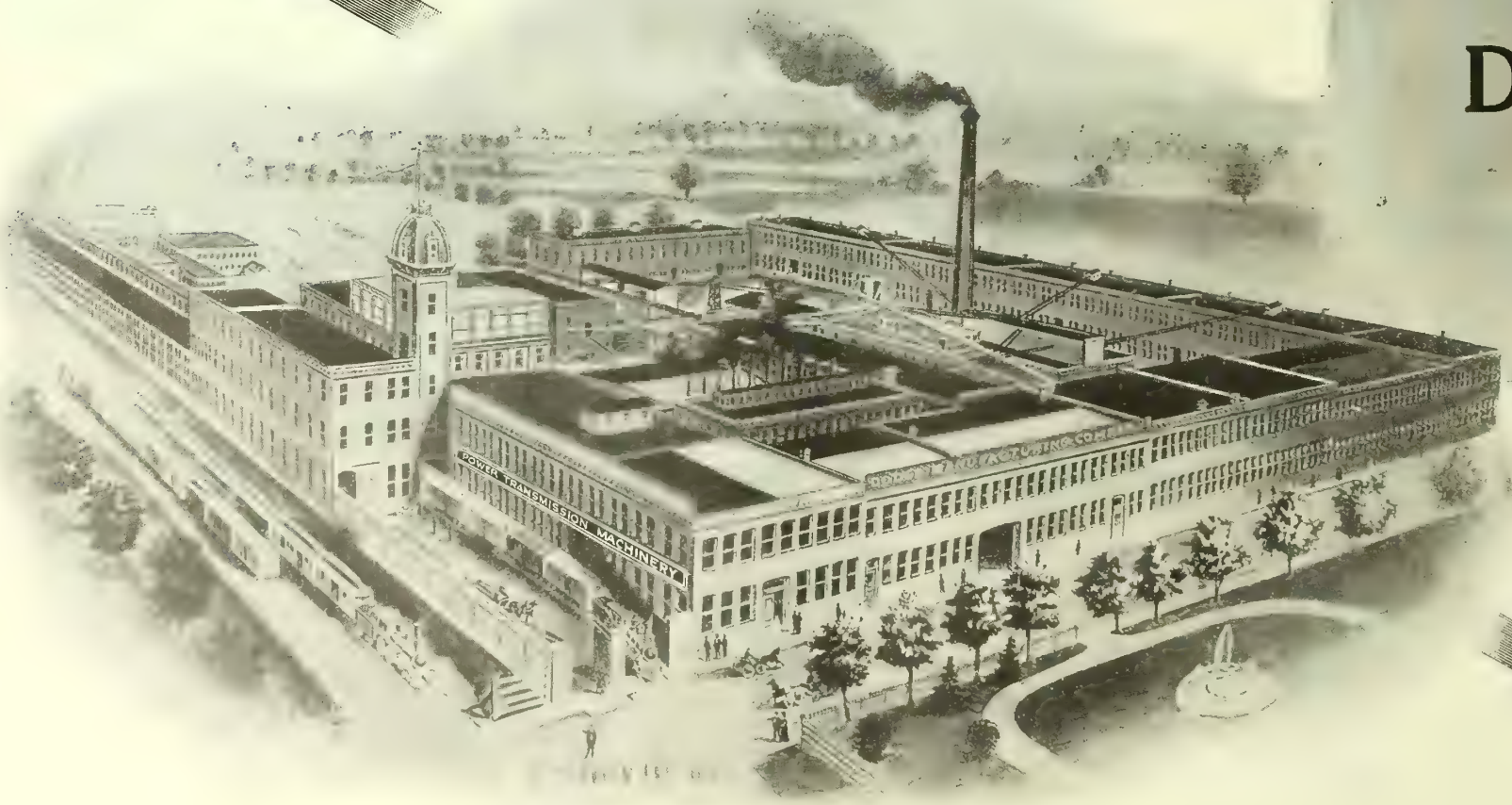

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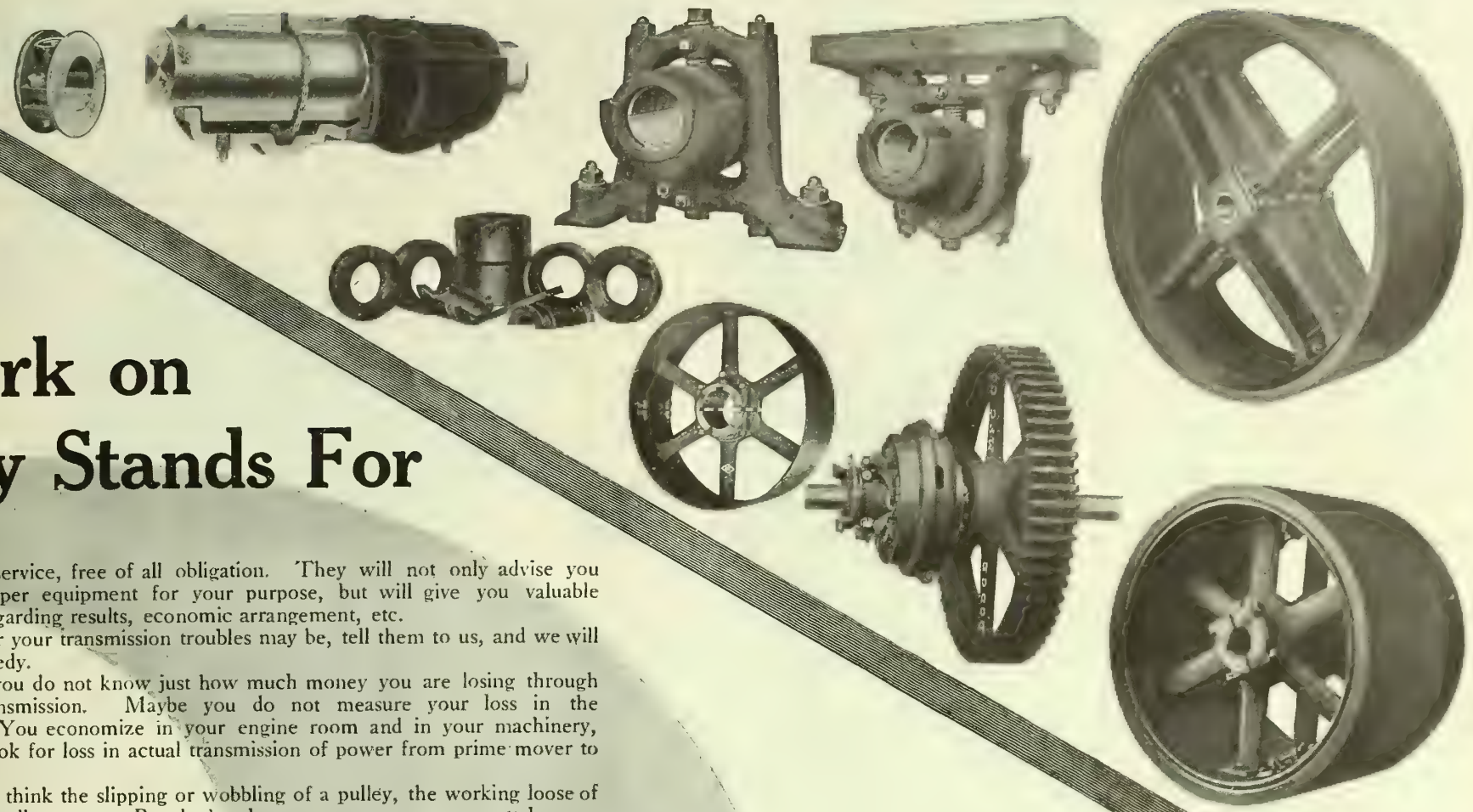

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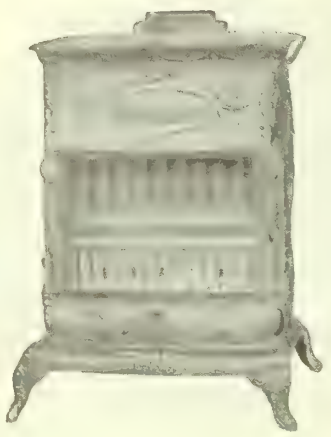
My name .....

My address .....



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Worth $30.00, Only $2.95

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Every rifle made under Government supervision and is good as new. Magazine under barrel holds five cartridges; only three movements to load and fire; pull back bolt, push bolt upwards and pull trigger. Equipped with adjustable, long range lift sight. Length from butt to muzzle, 52 inches; weight, 9 pounds and 4 ounces. All metal parts free from rust.

THIS IS THE GREATEST GUN BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

Our special low bargain price of $2.95 represents but a mere fraction of the cost of manufacturing. Don't let this chance escape you, even though you only want a fine looking gun for a den decoration. You can sell for twice our price any time you want to. Send us $2.95 and we will at once send you one of the above described rifles by express, with this guarantee: that if you are not perfectly satisfied with it you can return it and we will at once refund your money.

AMMUNITION This rifle shoots 43 caliber cartridges which we will furnish only to purchasers of these rifles, **20 in box for 60c.** Ball or scattered shot shells.

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Write for the **Hirsch "Book of a Thousand Bargains,"** Free on request. Contains an enormous list of big money-saving bargains in Government goods of kinds at less than cost of manufacture.

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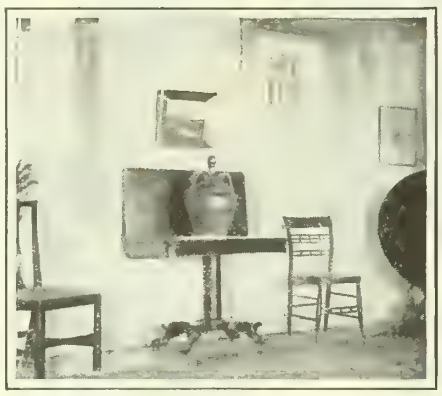
I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman or engrosser, I will send you my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the **Penmanship Journal.**

C. W. RANSOM,
268 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri

(Continued from Page 34)

painted white. Financial disaster came and he sold to another man who was shocked to find quartered oak hidden, and had all the paint expensively taken off with powerful washes. An amusing feature was that the same contractor had both jobs to do within a twelvemonth.

That white makes a room appear larger than the same sized room treated in dark color did not need to be considered, nor



A Pair of Deep-Silled Windows

did we need to consider any scheme for adding to or diminishing the apparent height. A room, like a woman, can be so dressed as to counteract deficiencies, but the dimensions of this room were sufficiently satisfactory.

For the wall an English paper, a pattern in ovals in felicitous Adam design, was fixed upon, in an effort to keep the room "in the epoch," as a Frenchman would say.

Still, as we are not of those who are afraid to say that they have learned something since yesterday, we would now stand strongly for a patternless paper. Pictures cannot be hung successfully on a patterned wall, though it is hard to realize this, so fixed in the popular heart is wall-paper in pattern.

Still better than patternless paper would have been paneling. Paneling is almost always admirable and has a strength and dignity unequaled by any other kind of wall treatment. It is of widely-variant degrees of cost, but some kinds are but little more expensive than fine wall-paper, besides being very much more effective and more permanent.

The Time to Do Your Wiring

It is rather curious that paneling fell so much into disuse in this country. Many of the old-time ordinary town or country houses were charmingly paneled without any idea of pretentiousness or of anything unusual. It was the exigencies and limitations of our early and hurried national life that caused Americans to forsake the best standards, but in many respects, including this of paneling, there is a growing tendency to return to the best things.

If it is expected that electricity will be used very shortly or within a few years, electric wires should be put properly behind walls and mantels and under floors, ready to be connected, before walls or floors are finished or decorated. Thus a great deal of expensive tearing away will be avoided.

One of the little but important preparatory acts for this particular room was the boring of a hole through the top of either end of the mantelpiece, directly over the mantelpiece pilasters, and the drawing through these holes of electric wires which were set in place behind the mantel. The wires project but a trifle, ready for connection, and one of the candlesticks stands over each. When ready the wires will be run up through the candlesticks, which will hold electric lights instead of candles, and the desirable candlesticks will thus be retained instead of being replaced by some substitute not possessing their individuality and attractiveness.

That a dwelling ought to be for a man or his family like a garment made to measure was a favorite theory of the distinguished French architect, Viollet-le-Duc, and he refers to the mental measure of standard, not merely to the physical needs. In this he is right, if it may be presupposed that the individual standard is always right—which it isn't. "What's the use of studying? One has one's own taste, or one hasn't," airily exclaims, in a recent English novel, one of the characters who has just

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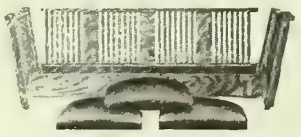
In dealing direct you save, (1) all the dealer's profit; (2) three-fourths the freight; (3) cost of finishing; (4) expense in crating and packing; (5) in factory cost; (6) in factory profit.

Figure It Out Yourself



As you receive it, with cushions made ready to drop in place. Just six joints to put together in the grooves provided, a few minutes' work in staining, and the piece is finished.

Can be assembled by any woman. No holes to bore, no skill required; the only tools necessary are a hammer and screwdriver. Each piece can go together but one way and that is the right way.

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YOU TAKE NO RISK—We absolutely guarantee that you will be satisfied with everything you purchase of us, or your money will be instantly refunded. Do you know that we advertise only in publications that stand back of our guarantee.

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Established 1901.

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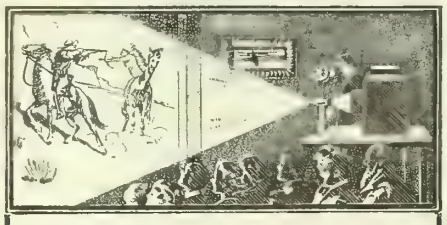

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HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH

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The idea that you can cleanse the hair

without washing is proved by the number of women who find new pleasure in using

W & B Swedish Hair Powder The Dry Shampoo

Removes dust, grease, excessive oil, makes the hair soft, clean and fluffy, easy to arrange and keeps the hair in splendid condition.

Large size $1.00, Small 50c (by mail 60c). For Sale by all first-class dealers. If you cannot get it, **send 10c for a liberal trial package and our pamphlet,** "How to Have Handsome Hair."

Waldeyer & Betts, Dept. S, 170 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Christmas Day's Greatest Danger!

Don't make your Christmas Holiday a day of tragedy. Don't have it darkened by fire occasioned by falling and swaying Christmas Trees.

Every year you hear of countless homes destroyed. Children are burned to death only because of "the unstable Christmas Tree." Maybe these misfortunes have not saddened any of your Christmas Gatherings. However, you never know when they will. You are doing your family a great injustice by not ordering

Riek's Christmas Tree Holder

This will destroy all chance of fire. It will make your tree stable. It takes but 50c to insure you against this growing danger. With our holder you can feel sure that your family will be safe, and that the little ones will be with you next year. For that insignificant sum you can look forward to Christmas with much happiness and not with dreading fear.

Those who use trees, be sure and get this holder.

Those who have never given their children a Christmas tree can now do so with perfect safety. It is adjustable. It keeps the tree safe and steady. Trees slightly bent are straightened by its use. The holder is absolutely indestructible, and you need but one for all time. It is made of band steel. When not in use it is easily folded up. Regular size of tree up to 12 feet high, 50c only.

The Safe Way (1)

Order through your dealer. If dealer does not carry Riek's Tree Holder, send price to us direct, with name of dealer where you made inquiry. Do this now and give your family a most joyous day.

RHINELANDER REFRIGERATOR CO.
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Sure to get them

Rats and mice can't resist the odor and taste. Strongest poison known. Die outdoors seeking water.

Rat Bis-Kit

Needs No Mixing

Rid your house of these pests. You can easily. 15 cents, all drug stores (or direct from us).

The Rat Biscuit Co., 10 N. Limestone Street, Springfield, O.

been criticised for putting ugliness in place of beauty.

There is always a temptation to overload in the display of treasures and to pile the Ossa of ornament on the Pelion of prodigal purchases. Although we can't quite agree with the Japanese in having practically empty rooms and bare walls, with perhaps but a single treasure showing, at least that method argues a certain masterly restraint. It is better, however, to put one's things where they may be seen and enjoyed, yet without scattering them broadcast.

Look over your ornamental possessions. If they are bad get rid of them. If good set them out sparingly, segregating the greater number in such places as a cabinet, a cupboard or a shelf. Many a fine room is ruined by the things put hodgepodge into it. Many an architect, wishing to photograph the rooms of a house he has built, first requests of the owner that the rooms be cleared of all their contents.

Rugs Better Than Carpets

In this room, trying to live up to this idea of sparingness, the mantel shelf is bare except for two old candlesticks of Sheffield plate and a clock, of Empire design, in mahogany and dull brass. The rest of the room is without ornament other than the pictures and furniture, except for another silver candlestick or so, a bit of clear Venetian glass and a large yellow amphora, of Sicilian pottery, which when bought contained the entire stock in trade of its owner, a water vendor in the harbor of Palermo. Yet one need not necessarily go far to find a treasure. We one day secured a most shapely jar, eighteen inches high and of early Pennsylvania make, through a glimpse of it turned upside down on the picket of a fence two miles from home. And the owner did not care for the jar in the least.

On the side wall of the chimney breast, in the parlor, was one of the old-fashioned fireplace cupboards, opening from the side, not from the front, and it was very little trouble to put some panes of glass, leaded from the design of an old fanlight, in place of the long, solid door; and on the three shelves within to set out a collection of little cream jugs, some old luster and some Sunderland, instead of cluttering tables or mantelshelves through the house.

Rugs are preferable to any other kind of floor covering, for this kind of room particularly, but one should make his choice neither accidental nor Occidental, but Oriental. If the question of cost be raised it may be replied that carpets also cost, and that although a good Oriental rug of even moderate price costs more by the square yard than does a carpet, yet not so many yards are needed. An old carpet, too, is worthless to the point of scorn, whereas a good old rug may actually increase in value with age.

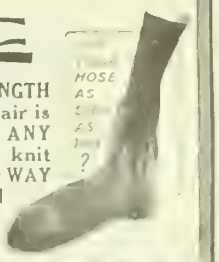
The door from the hall is of mahogany, taken from an old house that was being destroyed, and set here in lieu of a door of pine with badly "alligatored" graining and white crockery doorknobs. It is worth while to notice the tearing down of fine old buildings to see if there are not mahogany doors, fanlights and such things to be obtained.

On the mahogany door are brass knobs which we happened to have on hand. Whenever one sees brass doorknobs, whether on the stand of a junkman, the bench of a village carpenter, they should be secured and kept for use.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of papers on making an old house attractive.

A High Mantelpiece in Admirable Proportion

WE DON'T CARE— WE WEAR Kno-tair



For BEAUTY, STRENGTH and QUALITY Kno-tair is not equaled by ANY other hose made; knit only in the Kno-tair WAY from the finest and most expensive yarns procurable.

Kno-tair "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality" for Men and Women

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MEN'S and WOMEN'S lisle-like hose (Black, Tan and Grey), Women's with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*.
Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months . . . . **$2.00** the box

WOMEN'S Lisle-like OUTSIZES in Black and Tan . . . . . **$3.00** the box

MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Purple and London Smoke. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Grey, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Bronze, Old Rose, London Smoke, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*.
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Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to the quality desired. Ask for booklet "Kno-tair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality." IT'S FREE. Also ask for the "Kno-tair Girl" Puzzle. *The best dealers wanted everywhere.*

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Big incomes are being made by hundreds of operators of **Red Star Sanitary Vending Machines.** One of our operators, who today is taking in over $500.00 a month, started a short time ago with but six machines. Our machines are making big money for others; they should do the same for you.

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Here are the facts. A machine in an average location should sell five pounds of peanuts a week. Five pounds of peanuts will cost 50 cents. This machine will sell them for $2.00. Your profit is $1.50. Forty machines should make you $60.00 a week.

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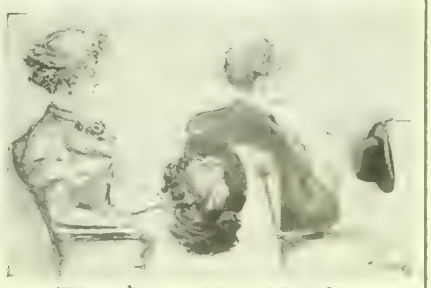

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folds to carry in palm of glove, purse or vest pocket. Is praised by all.

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"So convenient and such a comfort."
"Worth its price every time I use it."

At dealers in novelties or send 25 cents for handsome nickeled sample.

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100 PLANS
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No. 37—$2000. One of the 100.

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Light as a Feather, Strong as Good Leather

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Don't carry pounds of useless weight. Thousands are discarding heavy leather bags, and carrying instead the wonderful Patent Japanese Club Bag. Smart people everywhere are adopting them. Weigh less than **Two Pounds**, made of Japanese fibre matting, well lined. Are strong at the points where strength is needed. Hosts of people are writing us to tell us how pleased they are with these bags,—how light and stylish and durable they are. They are a boon for men and women, traveling or shopping. You don't need a porter to carry them.

Special Offer: We want you to become acquainted with this bag, so that when Christmas comes you will know how suitable and attractive it is to give as a Christmas present. This is our offer,—If your dealer does not carry our line, we will send you the bag, C. O. D., express charges prepaid. You can inspect the bag, and see for yourself what a wonder it is. If you want it, simply pay the expressman, If it does not please you, refuse it, and the inspection has cost you nothing. We know that you will like the bag so much that you will want to give one to your friends for Christmas. They always make a hit.

No. 23 bag (see illustration above), size 18x11x8½. Fine grain leather gussets, leather bound, leather corners and leather handle. Price **$4.00**

We can supply cheaper bags, if desired. We will send our descriptive booklet, free. Send your name and address. With one of these Club Bags, you can "travel light."

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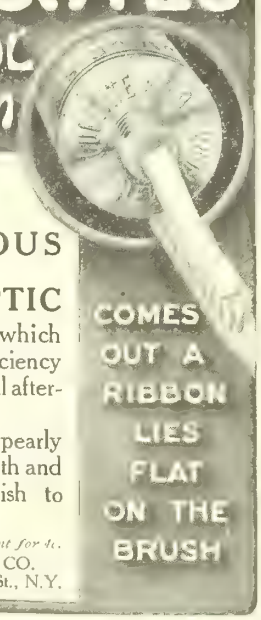
233 N. Lawrence Street Philadelphia, Pa.
Good dealers, write for our proposition.

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM



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DELICIOUS AND ANTISEPTIC
The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste.

It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

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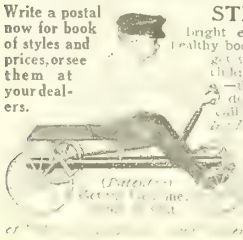
Write a postal now for book of styles and prices, or see them at your dealers.



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bright eyes—rosy cheeks—rugged, healthy bodies—all can be had if you get your child an **IRISH MAIL**—the popular children's car. Endorsed by physicians—keeps children in the fresh air. *Gentle* [illegible] Write us for book of styles and prices.
Hill Standard Mfg. Co., 549 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana. *Makers of the "Partner" Iron Wagon*

THE TRIALS OF TONY

(Continued from Page 13)

"Deep; what? Me deep? Oh, hang it!"

He played with his virile mustache and gazed at her in silence out of those amiable blue eyes. Suddenly it seemed to her that their expression was remarkably like some animal's. What animal was it? She tried to think.

"Aren't you deep?" she inquired.

"Ain't I? Ha—well -I dunno."

She knew the animal now! It was a cow.

"Oh, by the way, thank you very much for the flowers," she said.

His eyes opened still wider.

"Flowers? What d'ye mean? Rottin' me, are you; what?"

Her eyes began to open now.

"The lovely flowers you sent me—didn't you?"

Dimly he began to recall something his father had told him—something he was to be sure to remember. He wished he hadn't felt so infernally sleepy; he might have known what she was talking about.

"Oh—er—by jove, yes—I know. The Guv'nor mentioned—that's to say—h'm."

The most curious suspicion stole into Dinah's mind. She asked demurely:

"Did Lord Raymes pick the flowers for you?"

Tony was puzzled, positively puzzled.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha, ha! I say, don't you know, that's goin' it pretty rapid! Ha, ha, ha!"

He flattered himself he had cleared that fence in pretty good style.

"What is the real name of those flowers?" she asked.

He went at it again courageously.

"Ha, ha, ha! Mean to say you don't know yourself; what? Ha, ha!"

"I only know the Latin name," she said gravely; "what is the English?"

This was a dreadfully difficult jump. Again he stared; for quite a minute on end now. It was beginning to get embarrassing when she was relieved to see the blue eyes blink. They blinked again, and then closed altogether. His head fell forward and then jerked up again.

"Hullo!" he said. "Goin' off to sleep, by George, ha, ha!"

Relentlessly she pushed him at the fence.

"You were telling me the name of those flowers."

"Flowers, you say; what? They were—er—daisies—a kind o' daisies. No, by Jove, not that. Er—I say, I'm awfully sleepy this morning, somehow."

Dinah's heart entirely ceased to flutter. She had discovered what was in this dangerous Tony.

"Wouldn't you like to put up your feet on the sofa?" she suggested.

Her discoveries of his qualities were not yet at an end, she found. In simple good faith he threw up his legs and laid his head upon a cushion.

"Good idea!" he said. "I say, just give me forty w'nks and I'll be fresh as a bird. Don't go away; I've got something to say to you; but it'll keep for five minutes."

Within ten seconds of the cessation of his voice she heard the first snore.

For a minute or two Dinah studied her slumbering wooer with a very curious expression on her pretty face. She seemed to be reconsidering something. And then a shadow darkened the French window. She turned quickly.

"Hush!" she whispered.

It was the diffident young man who entered, but at the sight of Dinah his diffidence seemed forgotten in some stronger feeling. When he spied Tony his emotion in turn altered.

"What's happening?" he asked with bated breath.

Dinah gave him a little look that uplifted Lawrence's heart strangely. She seemed to be dumbly appealing to him.

"I am waiting for a proposal," she whispered.

He gazed at her.

"Seriously?"

She nodded.

"As soon as he wakes up."

The courage of despair possessed him.

"Are you going to ——?" he asked.

"What?"

"Accept him?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and Lawrence gazed harder than ever. There was

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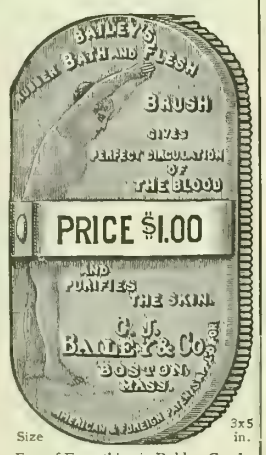

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something in the air—some form of wireless wave—that told him the moment was charged with possibilities. He felt the forelock of opportunity brushing against his hand. But should an impecunious young scholar of Balliol seize it? She was an heiress—dreadfully rich—and were not heiresses reserved for the younger sons of peers and such like? He had been brought up in that belief by a true-blue Tory parent.

"Have you—have you quite decided?" he procrastinated.

"Why are you interested?" she asked.

"Because—because ——" The diffident young man stopped, and then suddenly stepped boldly up to the sleeping sportsman and held his hand just above his shoulder.

"Do you want me to wake him up for you?" he demanded.

"No!" she implored him.

And then Lawrence grasped the forelock.

About five minutes later Anthony gradually awoke. There was the deuce of a funny sound in the room. Dreamily he puzzled it out. He was in bed—no, by Jove, he was on the drawing-room sofa. And there was that Lowndes girl waiting. What the deuce was she doing making a noise like that? Gad! he heard a voice! He raised his head and beheld his prospective fiancée locked fast in the arms of Lawrence Foster.

"By George—I say!" he expostulated.

They had the grace to desist, but not to look in the least ashamed of themselves. The ensuing pause was broken by the scholar of Balliol.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you," he said politely; "were you still trying to think?"

Dimly Tony began to suspect that there was something worse than queerness about this beastly fellow's manner. He decided to ignore him altogether. Directing the same steady stare upon the faithless lady, he observed:

"Dash it, you know."

"Dash what?" she inquired.

Her tone also displeased him. There was a want of respect about it.

"Well, I mean this is a bit of a bore."

"Not for me," she assured him with her daintiest smile.

"I don't call it sportin'; not while I was asleep."

"I don't think it sporting of you to go to sleep," she replied.

"I disagree," he retorted with dignity; "and, anyhow, there's no object in keepin' awake any longer, I presume; what?"

"None at all," she assured him. "You may go off again whenever you like."

A snore from that prince of sportsmen acknowledged her kindness.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of short stories narrating the adventures of Tony. The last will appear next week.

The Stranger

He waited here among us a fortnight and a day—
We knew as much before he came as when he went away;
'Twas he that had the dancing eyes, 'twas he that had the smile,
And 'the singing voice you'd follow though it lead you for a mile.
The shoulders of a sergeant, too, for all his chin was bare—
A rovin', rangin' soldier lad from God knows where.

Christian bred or heathen bred, he left it to our whim—
The bells of twenty parishes could ring for all of him;
But, faith, he had a way with him that never came amiss—
No man that wouldn't follow him, no girl he couldn't kiss—
And always with the face of one that's stepping to a fair—
A rovin', rangin' soldier lad from God knows where.

He waited here among us a fortnight and a day—
But here's that luck goes with you, lad, wherever you may stray;
And here's that though you choose to tramp through fifty towns or more,
The times you'll knock there'll always be a woman at the door.
It's you'll be sure of welcome then, as she'll be sure of care—
Me rovin', rangin' soldier lad from God knows where.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

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WATER AS WEALTH

(Concluded from Page 15)

a minor cañon in the San Gabriel range. The sale took place in April. In fall a brush fire swept over the mountain and left the walls of the cañon bare of vegetation. The stream dried up and the buyer demanded the return of the purchase price. He might as well have sued the Chief of the Weather Bureau for failing to manufacture rain at the proper time. For his five thousand dollars he had not bought ten miner's inches of water. He had only received the privilege of standing first in line at the ticket window for the Salome show, of taking ten inches of water out of the stream. If Salome did not dance because the police interfered, or if the stream vanished, he still had the place in line, the only thing sold to him.

Practically all the states of the Union have limited the number of ducks or other wild fowl that may be taken in a day or a season. They have endeavored to protect the vanishing game from the pot-hunter and the game-hog. That the game speculators of the big cities might be left without a supply they have restricted the privilege of shipping game out of the limits of the state wherein it was taken. Similar restrictions have been thrown about the water of the arid states. Taking more water than can be used, allowing water from artesian wells to go to waste, is forbidden. While all the states have paid officers to protect their eatable wild animals, more than half of them have made no provision whatever to enforce the laws for the protection of the infinitely more important water supply. Enough influence has been exercised by the organized sportsmen to set salaried game wardens on the track of the settler who kills a buck in the closed season because he needs meat, but if the same settler in California and a dozen other Western states allows a million gallons of invaluable water to go to waste he need not fear the visit of a water warden. Unless his neighbors, those that are injured by his acts, swear to a complaint, he is safe. The sportsmen of California, on the contrary, induced the Legislature to exempt them from the restrictions of the law prohibiting the waste of artesian water from the steadily-shrinking underground basins. An amendment was squeezed through the Legislature allowing the use of artesian water "for the propagation of fish." Whereupon hundreds of duck clubs proceeded to fill their ponds, put out their decoys and blinds and reap the harvest of fowl, while the irrigator with dread saw the water level in his wells go down. Duck shooting is not fish propagation, of course, but a few German carp in each pond satisfied the letter of the law.

Absurdities of Transplanted Law

The riparian right, as imported in its original form from England, provides that every owner of land bordering upon a watercourse is entitled to have the water flow past his possessions as it was wont, undiminished in quantity and unchanged in quality. According to the letter of the doctrine, the owner of a Louisiana plantation on the banks of the Mississippi might stop the diversion of water for irrigation from Coyote Creek, Wyoming. Theoretically, his riparian right entitles him to the pleasure of seeing the water of Coyote Creek, mingled with the floods of the Mississippi and Missouri, gurgle past and over his acres as it did in the years before the coming of the irrigator. The English importation has actually succeeded in performing several such feats in the San Joaquin Valley, California. Several times the construction of expensive reservoirs to catch and store the unused flood water of the San Joaquin River was stopped by the wealthy owners of immense ranches stretching along the river banks. Every summer the river would leave its banks and destroy a large portion of their crops, but, nevertheless, they brought their riparian rights into play. They wanted those floods and they did not want the other fellow to have them. If the surplus water damaged them that was their business. Some time in the future they might need the rushing torrents.

Without modification, the application of the riparian right to conditions in the land of the ditch would be impossible. In its unmitigated condition the riparian right would enable the owner of a ten-acre plot at the mouth of a stream to prevent all development above him. Designed primarily to keep trespassers off the private estates of the English nobility by denying access to running water to all except the owner of its banks, the doctrine was an anomaly in the desert, where trespass was impossible because all the land was public. Nevertheless, the courts hated to give up the treasured British heirloom and started to put a Western face on the jolly old body. The new features of the right allow the owner of riparian land to take the water for irrigation, but he must not use it all. He must leave enough to satisfy the wants of all other riparian proprietors. Usually, it takes a few score lawsuits to determine the exact size of each one's wants. Whether he was first or last to settle on the riparian land does not affect his right, though a prior appropriation cannot be disturbed by subsequent riparian settlers.

A water right acquired by appropriation expires and the water is open to a new claimant if the original owner fails to make use of it; but the riparian owner need not worry. His water is safe whether he uses it or not. If he can show that some day in the dim and distant future he may want the water for some portion of his riparian land he can keep out the owner of non-riparian land anxious to put the water to work at once. The riparian right in the arid region is the lazy, sleepy man's friend. It encourages slothfulness, waste, stagnation, and delays development.

The Use and Abuse of Water

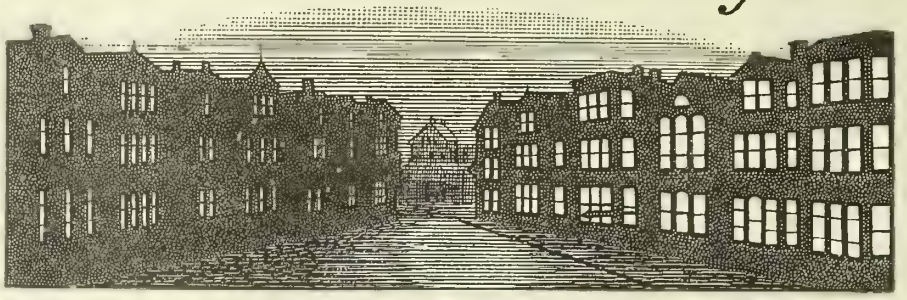
The extent of a water right, independent of the amount claimed, depends upon the use of the water. Beneficial use, in the language of the Irrigation Congress, is the basis, the measure and the limit of the water right. But what is beneficial use? Opinions differ. A tribe of Indians in Nevada diverted a large creek over extensive flat meadows in order to spear fish that could not be reached in the deep and narrow channel. Seepage and evaporation made away with a large portion of the water standing on the meadows, and the settlers below the Indians asked for an injunction to stop the redskins from diverting the creek over their fish-beds. After careful consideration the court denied the injunction, holding that the flooding of the meadows for the sake of the fish crop was a beneficial use since the practice was permanent.

In the early days a party of Missouri families settled on the banks of the San Gabriel River, near Los Angeles, and continued their lifework of raising "spuds." They planted eighty acres, built a wide, shallow ditch and dumped more than a thousand inches of water, almost the entire flow of the river, upon the patch, though nine-tenths of the water disappeared in transit through the gopher holes lining the ditch. An energetic promoter offered to conduct enough water for a hundred and fifty acres to their tract in a concrete conduit, provided they would give him their right to the surplus water; but the Missourians refused. The proposition did not appeal to them. Potatoes were a drug on the market; they were losing money on the crop of eighty acres, so why should they plant twice the amount? It never occurred to them that they might plant something else besides potatoes. They continued to use the entire river for their eighty acres until the courts interfered and limited them to one-fiftieth of the quantity they were diverting.

What is reasonable use of water in one district may be unreasonable in another. In the California citrus belt the growers manage to produce crops worth two hundred dollars an acre by taking enough artificial rain from the ditch to cover their acres to a depth of from twenty-four to twenty-eight inches. The grain and forage crops of Wyoming, worth but a small fraction of the citrus harvest, on the contrary, are flooded with water to a depth of a hundred and twenty inches, or ten acre-feet, a year. The courts, as usual, have the last word in all disputes over the reasonable or unreasonable use of water, and each case must be decided on the facts.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles taking up the whole question of irrigation and water rights in the West. The third will appear in an early number.

"Two Sides of A Story"



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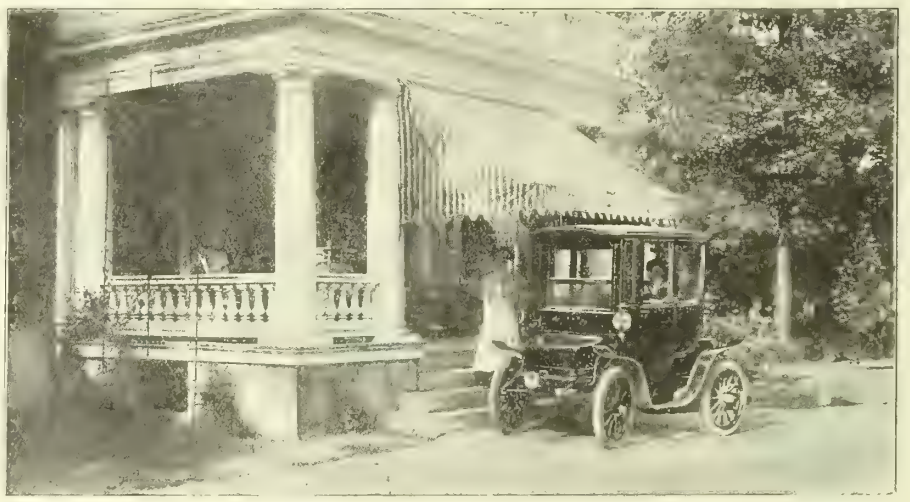

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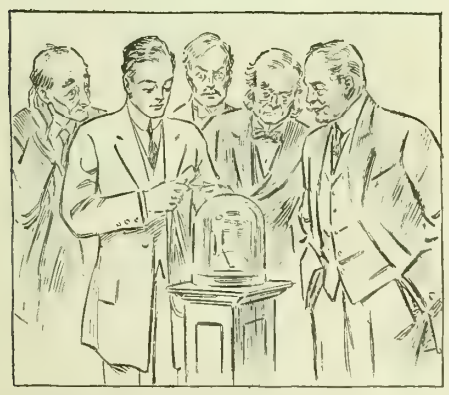

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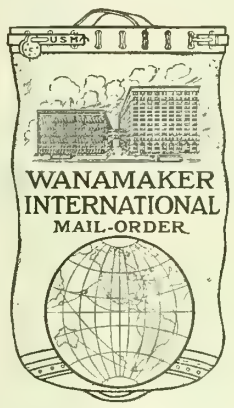

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THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 23)

well 'a' put your hand in my pocket and taken my watch! A daylight robber! A sneak thief, I'd better call it!" As he went on the capitalist's rage got the upper hand; his voice rose to a shou' · he glared, and struck the table with his fist. It occurred to Pound that Rexford wanted to provoke him into starting a row so, although he rather lost color, he sat perfectly still, steadily eying his antagonist.

Mr. Rexford stopped abruptly, out of breath, and put a tremulous hand up to his forehead. He seemed, indeed, to be suffering physically. He turned his head and called out in angry affliction: "Moxley, get me a drink of water."

Pound found himself suddenly enlightened. He understood those bloodshot eyes and tremulous hands, that parched throat. Mr. Rexford had been hoist with his own petard. In his anxiety to get Hamilton sufficiently drunk he had got drunk himself. The secretary laughed gently.

"You must have been drunk last night," he observed pleasantly.

Rexford glared at him as though he were going to bite—or have a stroke of apoplexy. But Pound was thinking that this explained their escape from Long Falls. No doubt, while he and Emma sat there in the hotel, like rats in a trap, and Rexford might have crushed them with a motion of his finger, that worthy was stretched out, senseless and snoring. He laughed again—much as the Indian stoic taunts the enemies who have bound him to a stake and are lighting the fire that will consume him.

"That's why I couldn't get Hamilton on the wire yesterday," he continued amiably. "You and he were out getting drunk together. Why don't you send out for an ice-pack to put on your poor old head?" For a moment he thought the capitalist was going to throw the glass at him, but the capitalist managed to control himself.

"All right—sneak thief—firebug!" he panted. "We'll see how you laugh when I get through with you. You sent out phony quotations, and your pals played 'em—stealing my money. You dog! And then you put your woman up to burning the Long Falls office last night—eh? Burning the office—eh? What does that come to, Captain? What's the penalty for an incendiary?" He addressed the question to the stranger at his right.

The stranger looked forbiddingly at Pound a moment and replied: "In this state it's anywhere from three to fifteen years in the penitentiary."

"Eh? Three to fifteen years in the penitentiary!" Rexford crowed. "Trust an officer of the law to know what the penalty is! And the accessory, remember, just the same as the principal!" At that turn, evidently, Mr. Rexford was quite enjoying himself.

Pound turned a shade paler. His dulled eyes held steadily to Rexford's grinning face. Without exactly seeing him he was perfectly aware that Hamilton sat staring at the wall, just as he had been doing ever since the meeting began—his lean hands resting on the table and fiddling nervously with the stump of a lead-pencil.

"Your woman was a lobster, if you want to know eh?" Rexford went on. "She was caught red-handed. If you want to know, a fellow named Tatroe—chambermaid in a livery stable—saw her turn the trick eh? And Tatroe was waiting at the hotel to tell me and Pete Hamilton all about it. Ain't that so, Pete?" the capitalist bawled.

"That's so, Roth," said Pete solemnly. He turned his head, looked Pound in the eye a bare second, then looked back at the wall. For an instant the look vaguely puzzled Pound, but the whole power of his mind was concentrated upon the pig at the head of the table—as though the two had grappled bodily and were straining every muscle for a throw.

"And what's more, if you want to know," Rexford went on, "Tatroe identified her the minute he saw her again. And what's more, she's under lock and key this minute. She's going to the penitentiary, you dog, and you're going with her! Ask the captain here. Ask Hamilton eh?"

"She's been identified," said the captain forbiddingly. "She's safe in our hands. She won't get away."

Pound, however, scarcely heard him. He remembered now that Hamilton had once gone with him to see Emma at her little hotel. That same hotel would, then, have been the first place to which Hamilton would have led them; they would easily have found Emma there. He had turned quite white. Although his will struggled in a blind sort of way he couldn't, to save him, summon up more than half a wit with which to meet this situation. The greater part of his mind was occupied with the upper right-hand drawer in the small desk and the loaded revolver that lay therein. It seemed as though he could not breathe or live again until he had stepped over to the drawer, picked up the revolver and scattered Hamilton's brains. His hands gripped the arms of the chair. He labored painfully.

"The penitentiary, you dog, for both of you," Rexford repeated after a moment. "Ask the captain."

Pound actually felt himself going over to the drawer, and then he felt himself still gripping the arms of the chair. No one spoke for another moment.

Then the stranger, whom Rexford called "Captain," bent his head, looking at Pound from under his eyebrows, and observed distinctly: "You understand, sir, that after I have served the warrant there can be no talk of compromise. You will be in the hands of the law then, and the law must take its course."

Pound's turgid mind caught the word "compromise." He might have known that Rexford was after money. "What do you want?" he demanded harshly.

"What do I want, you sneak thief?" Rexford replied almost genially. "You've done this concern out of ten thousand dollars. Hand it over to me, and then I'll consider what to do with you."

"I haven't got ten thousand," Pound answered.

At that Hamilton put his hand to his bushy mustache and coughed slightly—but kept on staring at the wall.

"Prove it to me," said Rexford peremptorily. "I'll take what you've got—if it's enough."

It meant, of course, going out stripped to the bone. But then, they had Emma. Pound struggled with it a moment. He hated it like death; but there was the loaded pistol to his head.

At that juncture some words sounded in his ear—just as though somebody had spoken them aloud—and it came to him that he had heard the same message a moment before. The words were: "Sit tight." Hamilton was softly ticking them off with the point of his pencil against the table.

For a moment the secretary did not move a muscle, but sat impassive, slowly refilling his empty body with life. In the pause the words came again: "Sit tight." He straightened up in the chair then and coughed—from which, he thought, Hamilton would know that he had heard.

"What would you consider a fair settlement?" he asked rather coolly. At least, he could gain time.

His comparative coolness evidently exasperated Mr. Rexford. "Fair settlement!" he roared. "Fair settlement with a thief and incendiary! A fair settlement would be to send you and your woman to the pen. I don't know but I'll do it anyhow. I wouldn't mind losing a few thousand to see you breaking stone. Pete Hamilton," he demanded, "how much did they lift out of your office?"

Thus directly questioned, Hamilton replied mildly: "Why, I don't know any amount, Mr. Rexford. As I told you this morning, I just had my suspicions. I'm an honest telegraph operator, Mr. Rexford, and never did a crooked thing in my life."

"But you know about the woman. You told me so yourself," Rexford shouted in a passion.

"Yes, sir," Hamilton replied mildly; "I know about the woman, just as I told you. Of course, I'm sort of new at this business, and I didn't have any suspicions about her until last night, when you explained things. This woman, I found out, came to town the same day I did and got a job as a waitress in the hotel dining-room. I'd noticed her because she was sort of good-looking about twenty-five, I judge, with a neat figure and dark

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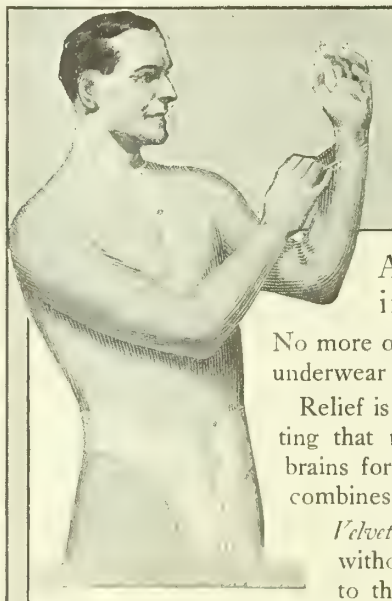

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complexion. I noticed her all the more because she looked a little like a woman I met here in St. Paul a while ago. I believe, true's I'm alive, that that fellow, George W. Smith, who sold short so much and just about busted the oflice, was in cahoots with her. And the minute that man Tatroe told us about seeing the woman running away from the fire, I suspected her. So when we showed her to Tatroe he identified her right away. Your lawyer here"—he dwelt a little on the word, looking at the stranger "will tell you she yelled like a wildcat when he told her she could take her choice between staying locked up in his office or going to jail."

The stranger colored slightly and seemed somewhat annoyed. Mr. Rexford, also, seemed annoyed. As for Pound, he put his hand over his mouth and bit his tongue to keep from laughing. He struggled a moment. Then he said:

"Mr. Rexford, this is a serious case. You've caught my female accomplice red-handed. This legal luminary from Long Falls is all ready to arrest me and send me to the penitentiary. So, I'm ready to compromise. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll trade you the waitress for your stock in the company. I guess one is worth about as much as the other."

At this surprising speech Mr. Rexford's mouth opened and his thick lips protruded, while the veins swelled up disagreeably on his bald head. But he said nothing. He seemed, in fact, paralyzed. The stranger bent his head and looked menacingly at the secretary. Mr. Moxley looked frightened. Then Pound could hold in no longer. He tipped back his head and roared. Through it all, Hamilton stared at the opposite wall.

Rexford was dumfounded. Two minutes before Pound had been white, whipped to a finish, ready to give up everything. The change was incomprehensible. Nothing had happened except Hamilton's speech.

"You've thrown me down!" Rexford yelled at that person.

"Me, Mr. Rexford?" Hamilton expostulated in mild surprise. "I'm an honest telegraph operator and never did a crooked thing in my life. Why, Captain Grimes himself will tell you that Tatroe identified the woman as soon as he saw her."

The skill of Hamilton's intervention fairly intoxicated Pound. He could just see the lank man, sober and penitent, returning to the hotel with Rexford, there to find Tatroe with his description of a dark, trim female incendiary. Of course, Hamilton had guessed Emma and instantly thought of the waitress who somewhat resembled her. Tatroe, in his eagerness for the reward, had identified the waitress—which would rather spoil any identification of Emma if he should attempt one.

Rexford raged on for a while. Captain Grimes tried various bluffs. But it was increasingly evident to both of them that their weapons had somehow fallen to pieces in their hands. Finally, Pound looked wearily at his watch.

"I have an engagement at seven," he said. "I'll make you just one proposition. This shebang is practically busted as it stands. To get rid of you, I'll give you a thousand dollars for your stock. I'm giving you more than I should, because Captain Grimes will have to pay the waitress or she'll sue him for damages. You can have two minutes to accept my offer."

Rexford raged again, but finally he accepted the offer. He lingered a little as the others were leaving the office.

"You're a thieving dog, Roth," he said as a last expression of the baffled wrath which consumed him.

The clock showed twenty minutes to seven. He was due at Emma's hotel at seven, and they were both due at the minister's at a quarter after seven. He had calculated on having time to get an early dinner. He took a cab at the door. Settling back in the vehicle, he realized how tired he was.

He was about to be married, and the lady who would soon become his bride was a crook—a robber and an incendiary. He was not delicate, but as he stared dully through the cab window without seeing anything, a forgotten dream constricted his weary heart—something about womanly innocence and grace, about a creature pure and tender, touched with divinity. His chin sank to his breast. He seemed to understand then that for some time she had been meaning to marry him—and had managed it as she managed everything else.

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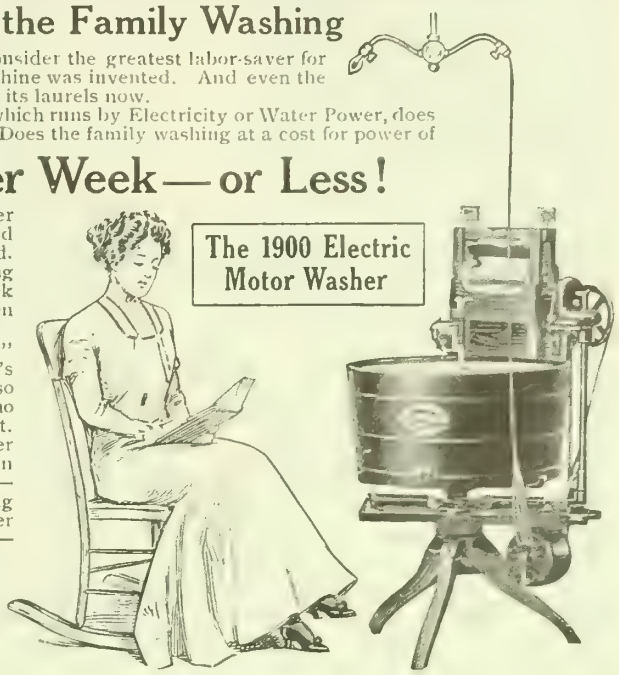

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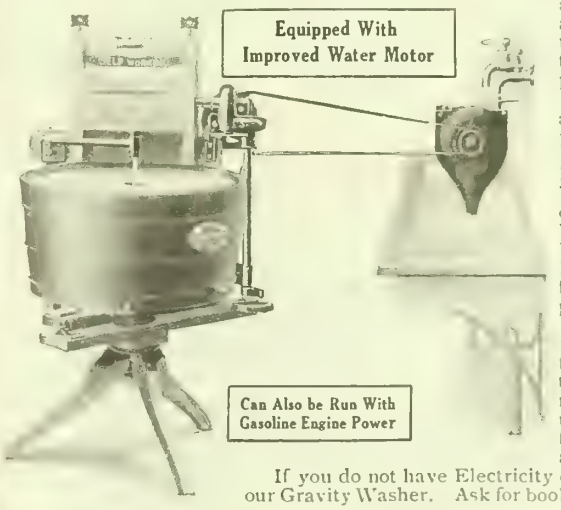

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THE REFORM SPASM

(Continued from Page 12)

Potter and Mr. Jobless both arose in anguished haste to make those remarks, but the pandemonium which followed would have made a busy boiler factory sound like a tin whistle, and out of that pandemonium came incessant cries of "Question!" "Question!" "Question!" "Question!" It began to have even a rhythm, this demand for the question, and obeying that great popular demand Mr. Gooch, frightened out of his five senses, put the question and called for the ayes. There was no need to call for the noes.

Flagg and Reese, as they raced out of the door, seemed almost to have been blown out by the force of that explosive vote; nor did they waste any time in conversation. There was but one public telephone quite near to this out-of-the-way hall, and Flagg, being a trifle more nimble of foot, reached it first. His real message to the Courier was very brief.

"Let her go," said he. "Yes, carried by acclamation. No other candidates."

Flagg could have stopped right there, but with a tantalizing grin he glanced at the impatiently-waiting Reese out of the corners of his eyes, and asked Johnson at the other end of the wire:

"Have you told them to let her go yet? All right, then, I'll give you a full report of the meeting. Yes, you take this down! I'll have to hurry, though, because poor Reese is waiting for the 'phone," and to Reese's intense disgust Flagg pulled his notes from his pocket and began, in an aggravating drawl, to compose an elaborately-inane introduction to the "story of the evening."

It was a device so old as to be an absolutely shameless "bromide," but yet it was doing the work! Reese danced on alternate feet, cursed heartily and earnestly and soulfully, then, muttering something about this being a "cheap trick," he darted out of the door and raced three blocks down the street to another telephone, where his message was equally as laconic as Flagg's original one had been.

"It's all right," said he to Cassamine. "Turn her loose. I'm afraid the Courier has a minute or two the start of us."

This was indeed the truth; but a curious thing transpired. Both the papers had been made up. Their respective front pages, each containing the entire news of the mass-meeting, were in type and plated and on the presses a full hour before the suave Mr. Potter had put the suave Mr. Gooch in nomination for chairman; but notwithstanding the fact that the Courier was upon the street at least five minutes in advance of the Blade it seemed to have later news!

The Blade announced with great gravity that the so-called Citizens' Party, led by the renegade Dennison, who had for years brought its only opprobrium upon the administration party, had indorsed Strutter for mayor, thus showing the sort of material with which that eager office-seeker was affiliating himself.

The Courier, on the other hand, appeared with the flaming headline:

STRUTTER INDIGNANTLY REFUSES

Reform Candidate for Mayor Repudiates Dennison and Declines a Nomination at His Hands

"All of which," Flagg gleefully explained to Reese when he met him later at Joe Paxton's, "was a cheerful frame-up of yours truly. Lovely little stunt of Packard's and Galway's, I guess, to have Strutter defeated by having Dennison support him. Looks to me like pretty good ammunition for Strutter."

"I have one spare hour in which to wallop you at billiards," said Reese coldly, looking at his watch.

VI

THE "Barrel House Ward" was by no means a favorite haunt of Flagg's, especially at night, but on this particular evening he had business down that way, and was later glad that he had, for he saw Dennison meet, directly under an electric light, a miserably-dressed, hulking big fellow, gray-haired and with a scraggly gray mustache and that indefinable set of the shoulders which marks the fighter. Dennison, when they met, gave an exclamation of displeased surprise. The two talked a few minutes, then walked away together. Flagg looked after them wistfully, but his errand was imperative, and he reluctantly let them go. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At midnight Flagg, having business at the X & Y depot, saw this same man, in charge of Dennison's two favorite "huskies," being very carefully assisted to an outgoing train. Flagg stood near the gate as they put the stranger through, and he heard the parting injunction of Hay-Foot Kelly.

"And look here, Metz," warned Kelly; "Dennison says that if you show your face in this town again until after election you're to have your block beat off."

For answer the heavily-breathing Mr. Metz placed his right elbow against Mr. Kelly's solar plexus and gave a sudden, terrific pound upon his right fist with his left palm, an ingenious process which knocked the breath entirely out of Mr. Kelly and sent him reeling back a half-dozen paces against an iron column, with his hands to the pit of his stomach and his mouth open in fixed agony. Surveying the gasping figure of Mr. Kelly with a chuckle of genuine pleasure, Mr. Metz passed through the gate and was gone.

Flagg remembered the man perfectly now. He was a one-time very promising heavy-weight boxer of about the fifth grade, who had excellent chances to climb if there had not been so many more chances to fall. John Barleycorn had bobbed up as a serious contender to Mr. Metz, and, after a bout lasting many, many rounds, had put him down and out. Flagg, with a puzzled brow, began putting two and two together and another two to that. There had been a remarkable transformation wrought in the appearance of Mr. Metz. He had a new suit of clothes from hat to shoes and he bore himself with the unmistakable air of prosperity belonging to one quite conscious of genuine "soft money" in his pockets. Also, Mr. Metz looked well fed. Also, he boarded a New York train. One thing was certain. Metz, unheard of for years, had come back to town at an inopportune moment. It had been the task of Dennison—who, after his Citizens' ticket failure, had gone quietly back to Galway's feed-trough—to get rid of him, at a possible fancy figure; to buy him away from the town until after the election. If he could only lay hold of Metz! He was so confident that the ex-prize-fighter had an item in him of value to the campaign that early the next morning he laid the case before Lanning and Johnson earnestly enough to make them begin to believe.

"It's probably a wild-goose chase," said Lanning, upon whom the expenses of a preëlection newspaper fight, without the enthusiastic support of a well-organized political ring, were weighing rather heavily.

"Possibly," admitted Flagg; "but we simply cannot leave a single stone unturned. The reform spasm is on in all its blighting sweep in this town, and it's more uncertain than lightning. We started it, but we can't control it. People will now vote who never voted before, and they don't know themselves what they will do on election day. We're pounding the tar out of the gang in every issue, and howling 'Strutter and Reform' with tons of ink; but in the mean time the Blade is yelling 'Rotterby and Reform,' and Potter's newspaper, bought immediately after the Citizens' Party nominated that enterprising merchant in lieu of Strutter, resigned, is hysterical over 'Potter and Reform!' So what is the dear public—now, as ever, a blank-dashed fool—going to do? Echo answers 'What?' Oh, listen to the echo!"

"There is no question but that we're in a precarious period," agreed Johnson. "I'm almost in favor of any fool thing."

"Oh, by all means let him go," said Lanning wearily. "I have made up my mind beforehand, however, not to be disappointed if nothing comes of it. Let alone the difficulty of getting anything out of Metz if you find him, there is the difficulty of finding him at all, which would seem to be insurmountable in all the expanse of New York."

"That's the easiest part of it," declared Flagg. "He has a day the start of me,

(Continued on Page 48)

Ralston

WEEKLY CATALOGUE

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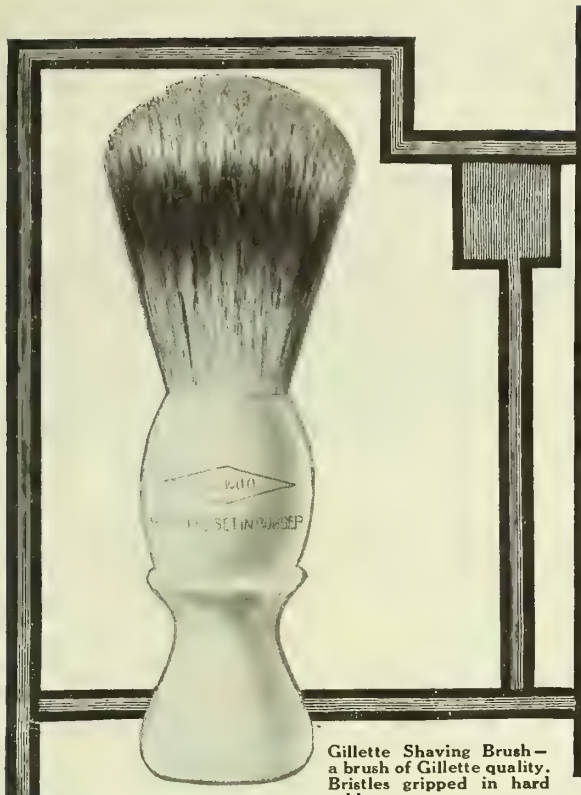
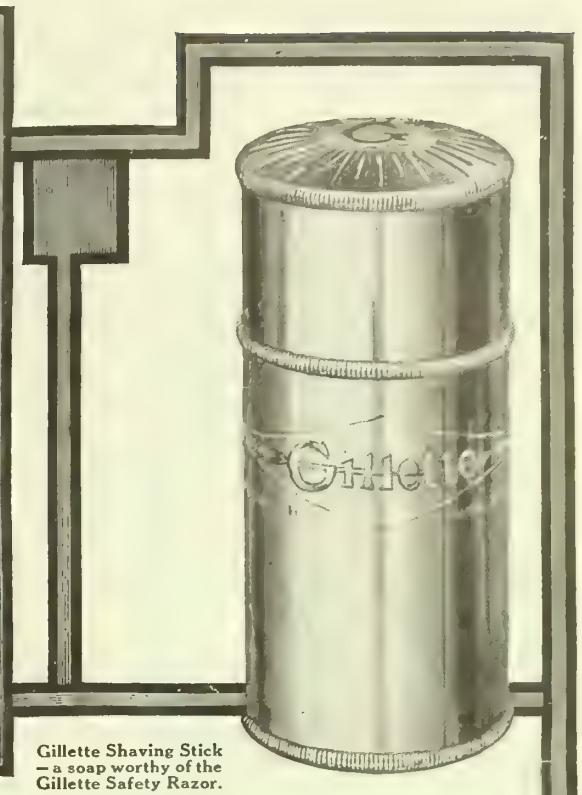


Gillette Shaving Brush—a brush of Gillette quality. Bristles gripped in hard rubber.



Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

Don't Say "Please" to Your Razor

YOU want a razor that you don't have to coax—a razor that you don't have to fuss with or worry over or "*put in condition*" to use.

You want a razor that is "on the job" the minute you pick it up.

You don't have to say *please* to your comb and brush—your washbasin and your towel—you simply *use* them.

Shaving, to be sure, is a finer operation—but you should be able to shave without thinking much about it.

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The average Gillette user can shave in three minutes and read the headlines in the morning paper—and by the average user we do not mean a man here and there but all sorts of men, with all sorts of beards, in all parts of the world—three million of them.

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Its accurate and simple adjustment feature places it in a class by itself.—It is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave, or to suit a fine or a coarse beard.

The Gillette blade is the best and cheapest razor blade in the world—$1.00 for 12 blades (24 cutting edges) about 4 cents per edge. Considering the work it does and the way it does it there is really nothing to which to compare it—but on a basis of relative price just figure it out for yourself.

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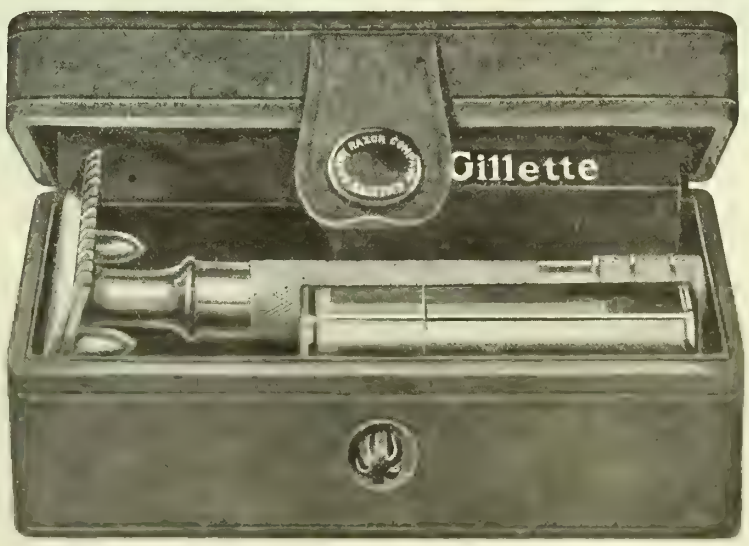

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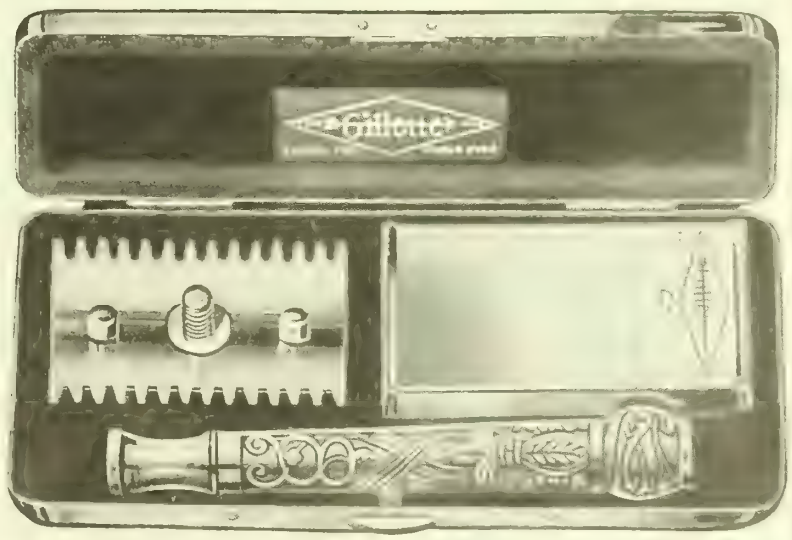


Pocket Edition—Gold, Silver or Gun Metal with handle and blade box to match and set of 12 blades (24 cutting edges) $5.00 to $7.50.

(Continued from Page 46)

and money in his pocket to make himself conspicuous. Give me any man's profession and I'll guarantee to land him by going to the people with whom he's likely to affiliate. I'll find Metz in less than forty-eight hours after I get there, in some cheap hangout where everybody lives on fight-talk."

Johnson surveyed Flagg in musing silence for a while, and then he grinned.

"I think I'll send Ringling on this little vacation trip," he observed. "He used to run sports when Metz was here and will know better where to find him. Besides, we need you here for these last few days of the campaign. You might even"—and here Johnson's grin became almost Machiavellian—"you might even dig up the Collinswood affair!"

What Flagg said had nothing to do with the campaign, nor even with the Collinswood affair; but whatever it was, Ringling secured the "vacation."

VII

IN NEW YORK, Ringling went almost directly to a café kept by one of the retired stars of the pugilistic profession, and brought scorn upon himself by asking the possible whereabouts of that forgotten "down-and-outer," Bill Metz.

"How should I know?" demanded the insulted bartender, wiping a glass vigorously. "If he ain't took the count yet he'd most likely be laying around some of them Park Row dumps—Sandy McKenna's, or Kid Wales', or some cheap joint like that."

Mr. Ringling lost no time in finding Sandy McKenna's place. Why, yes, Metz had been around yesterday with all kinds of "kale." No, he hadn't been in today. Mr. McKenna himself, a dumpy man of purple blotches and red hair and bulbous ear, answered Ringling's questions. He was very courteous, too. Mr. Ringling apparently had money. Mr. Metz was also in funds.

"Who'll I tell him was askin'?" inquired Mr. McKenna.

"Tell him it's Ben Hooper—Beefsteak Hooper for short—a friend of Big Dennison's and Hay-Foot Kelly's and Alfalfa Jim Bader's."

Ringling had the same experience at Kid Wales'. Yes, Metz had been around yesterday "with a wad of cush in his kick" and friends enough to choke an alley. Mr. Wales, who kept himself from accumulating fat by watching the cash register, very kindly told Ringling of other places frequented by the five-knuckled gentry, and by dint of persistently making the rounds Ringling found Mr. Metz the next day. Mr. Metz was no longer surrounded by friends; he was, in fact, quite alone. Mr. Metz, moreover, was savage, ferocious, gory-minded; but he was nevertheless eager to meet a friend of his friends, to find a fresh listener to his woes.

"They glommed me f'r m' roll," he explained to Ringling with righteous indignation. "If they'd 'a' been square mugs I'd 'a' spent every cent of it on 'em. I was doin' it, but they couldn't wait. They wedged me f'r m' roll."

Mr. Metz could neither understand nor forgive the enormity of this offense, in which he had himself participated a score of times, the pastime of "wedging" a friend and "glomming his roll" having been invented on Park Row when it used to contain the Bowery.

"Let's go some place where we can talk," suggested Ringling, surveying this reeking place with extreme ill-favor. "Have you a room?"

"I sure have!" boasted Mr. Metz, a remnant of his yesterday's importance returning to him. "They couldn't stick me up for that. Got me a good one, paid in advance. Me, I was startin' in to live like a gen'leman when they touched me f'r m' roll."

Ringling found Mr. Metz's room to be cheaply furnished, but of comfortable size for that neighborhood, and the moment they were inside and seated he handed Mr. Metz a five-dollar bill. That gentleman stuck it quickly in his pocket.

"Thanks," said he. "I knowed any friend o' Dennison's 'd come acrost if they knowed I'd been touched f'r m' roll."

"You don't think I'm giving you that five, do you?" demanded Ringling.

"Sure, Mike. That is, anyways, you're passin' it acrost to me for a loan till I can get some from Dennison."

"Guess again. That's just an advance payment. I'm no friend of Dennison's. You've got something on him, and I want to know what it is."

"No, this five ain't for that," calmly denied Mr. Metz. "It's a loan."

"Don't fret me all up," protested Ringling. "There's to be twenty more when you tell me what you know, and twenty-five more if it's strong enough."

Mr. Metz was thoughtful for a long time. Ringling took two ten-dollar bills from his pocket and carelessly displayed them. Mr. Metz's eyes leaped.

"I get blind when I see all that much spinach," he confessed. "I'll blow. Hand me that twenty and I'll tell you part of it, and then if you think it's strong enough you can slip me the other twenty-five."

Without a word Ringling passed over the twenty. Mr. Metz promptly tucked the money in his pocket and was again deeply thoughtful. His brows wrinkled painfully.

"Well, open up," ordered Ringling impatiently.

Mr. Metz drew a long breath.

"Well," said he, "Dennison croaked a guy ten year ago."

"Where?" asked Ringling quickly.

"W'y, right in his own town, where he's livin' now."

"Who was the fellow?" Ringling had been in the newspaper business over that length of time, and he was casting back over all the murder mysteries.

"Do I get the other twenty-five?" inquired Metz.

"It looks like you do if this charge holds good."

"Well, give it to me."

His eagerness set Ringling to thinking along fresh lines.

"You go on and tell me who the fellow was," he demanded.

"A Dutchman by the name of Hans Sprudel," replied Metz glibly. "Used to run a saloon down on Front Street. Dennison croaked him in the alley after he closed up one night, and rolled him for his wad. I seen him do it. That strong enough?"

"How do you know this was exactly ten years ago?" asked Ringling.

"Because that was the year I done my first workhouse stretch, and my mother died while I was breakin' rock."

"You tell it well, anyhow," commented Ringling admiringly. "Now I'll take back that money."

"Take it back!" repeated Metz.

"Yes. Hand it over before I beat your head off. You've been hurting your reputation with me, Metz, by a poor, homely lie. In the first place, I remember every murder mystery that happened back home in ten years, and this one wasn't in the list. In the second place, ten years ago Dennison wasn't in the town. He was absent for three years, covering that time. Give me that money."

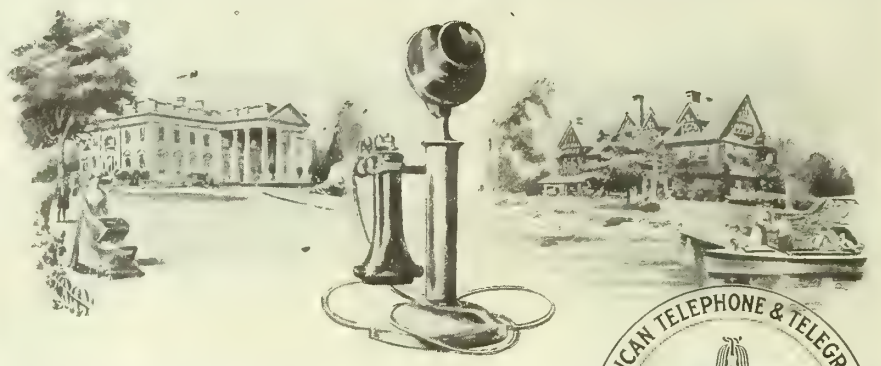
"You said something about taking it," taunted Metz, quickly rising.

"I'd rather get it that way than any way," declared Ringling, and with all the swiftness at his command strove to land that important first blow.

With surprising agility for a man of his years Metz ducked and countered, his fist just brushing by Ringling's cheek. The battle was on, with no umpire to call time or cry foul, no seconds to fan them, and no audience to applaud! Around and around the room they fought, quite silently except for now and then a purely-accidental imprecation; but in the end Ringling's youth and muscle told over the older man's skill and half-forgotten generalship. Gradually, without a blow of consequence having been landed on either side, Ringling wore his opponent down by mere superior endurance, and, catching Metz in a moment of lassitude, landed the blow that knocked his man, not out, but down. As has been previously stated, there was no umpire, and in the absence of such an official Mr. Ringling promptly threw himself upon Mr. Metz's prostrate chest, pressed an arm over his throat by a hand-grasp in the left armpit, plunged a knee upon the crook of Metz's right arm, and, his right hand being thus disengaged, he cheerfully abstracted his twenty-five dollars from Mr. Metz's pocket.

Breathless but triumphant, he arose to his feet and found Mr. Metz confronting him as if by magic, also preparing to charge him like a bull. However, the

In The Public Service



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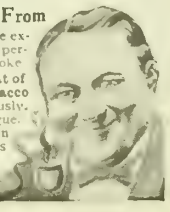

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No matter where you live—in town or country—California or Connecticut—you'll find that the great majority of those you meet who are particular about their appearance wear Phoenix Mufflers. And every Phoenix you see fits perfectly—with never a suggestion of "bunchiness" or the other annoying features that you have always associated with muffler-wearing. Because the

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The perfection of Phoenix fit has revolutionized the muffler business. This fault-free muffler costs no more than the ordinary, uncomfortable kind and good stores everywhere carry every fashionable weave, shade and style.

For Men, Women and Children

—in collar sizes.

Just a snap of the patent fastener at the throat and the Phoenix Muffler instantly snugs up around the neck, down the back, and lies smoothly over chest and shoulders. Light, but cozily warm, the Phoenix safeguards throat and lungs and thoroughly protects the linen from the sleet and snow of winter's storms.

Ordinary mufflers stretch and lose their shape. The Phoenix always fits perfectly—snugly close, without binding.

That's because of the exclusive Phoenix patent stitch which makes a fabric **elastic**—with plenty of "Comeback" to absolutely prevent any stretching.

And the Phoenix has an exquisite lustre—a wonderful silky finish that you'll find in no other muffler. And the special Phoenix yarns, together with the secret Phoenix process of mercerizing, insure **permanence** of this silk-like finish just as the Phoenix patent stitch insures **permanent** elasticity for the neck of the Phoenix Muffler.

Neither damp weather, frequent washing nor constant wear can affect the perfect quality of the Phoenix in any way. It is the one muffler that never disappoints—a real muffler and not a makeshift.

Good stores everywhere have the Phoenix on sale at **50 cents**—more for the special weaves and materials. The genuine bears the Phoenix label. If you are offered a substitute, write to us stating size, color and style wanted.

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second knockdown was easier than the first, and the third easier than the second. After the third one Mr. Metz only sat up, instead of rising to his feet, and assaulted Mr. Ringling with words—hard, knobby words!—whereupon Mr. Ringling took his departure, pausing at the door to state:

"Any time you want to have me pinched for this assault and battery and frisking of the pocket, you'll find me at the Pocahontas Hotel; but you want to bring a bodyguard with you!"

Mr. Ringling, studying the matter over later, judged that he might, perhaps, have been a little hasty, not to say undiplomatic, and that, after all, Mr. Metz might be worth another trial. He waited a day until the man should have cooled off, and then he began a search which ended the next morning at the bar of justice, whither Mr. Metz had been haled on account of a sudden and quite active meeting with the bosom friends who had robbed him. Ringling, believing this the exact psychological moment for an investment, purchased the freedom of Mr. Metz for eleven dollars and seventy-five cents.

"You're a good, two-fisted man," said Metz to Ringling as they walked away, "and I know what you're here for; but I can't do no business with you. I'd be bughouse to give up a steady graft like I got for any fifty bucks. Just to show you: the other day when you was over to my room, I'd already wired Dennison that I'd been slugged for my roll, and beat up so I couldn't leave my bed for a week. I put in that last fancy touch to make it strong. Well, at the very time I was framin' up that phony story to cop your fifty—which would have been all to the mustard, hey?—with me havin' the heehaw on you and the fifty iron men besides? —— Well, right then I had Dennison's answer in my pocket. Here it is."

He displayed a dirty and crumpled telegram which read:

> Mailing another roll—use all you want.
> DENNISON.

"Of course, there wasn't any chance for it to get here yesterday," continued Metz, "but it'll be here all right, all right. It's most likely up to my room by now."

"I'll bet it is—*not!*" declared Ringling emphatically, having some knowledge of Dennison. "He sent that answer just to hold you off. Whatever you have on him is no good after election. If he believes you're laid up he thinks you can't get back there in time to queer anything. Take my tip. He won't cough a single meg. I'll go up to your room with you and see. In any case, you might as well nail what I'll hand you, because it's the last you'll get on this game."

"I can see where you're right," observed Mr. Metz thoughtfully. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I may as well tell you," decided Ringling. "I'm from the Courier."

Metz suddenly snorted with laughter.

"Why, it was the Courier put me wise, or else I never would have knowed I had a graft that I could saw off on Galway. You see, Galway's the boy. Even Dennison himself don't know what I got."

Ringling was profoundly silent. So the Courier had "put Metz wise"! How? In that query there was sufficient food for thought to last him until they reached Metz's abiding-place, where Ringling, by request, waited downstairs for his precious companion. He was for the dozenth time trying to read in the streaming tide of decrepit humanity the answer to his riddle, when suddenly Metz burst from the stairway door, a shrieking fury! There were actually flecks of white upon his thick lips, and the normal red of his face was turned almost to purple.

"You was right!" he shrieked. "Galway figured I couldn't get back in time to queer things! Look at this!" and with a torrent of startling profanity he slapped into Ringling's palm a small mail package, which Ringling opened curiously. Inside it was Dennison's "roll," a little round box of rat poison!

"Now I *will* tell what I know!" shrieked Metz. "When Judge Rotterby was a young man the Collinswoods ——"

"Wait!" gasped the startled Ringling. "Let's grab a taxi! I want to go fast!"

VIII

IN THE office of the Courier there was much abjectness and mortification. Ringling's story as it came over the wire had seemed absurd. The great Collinswood affair, of which so much had been expected, had turned out so trivial as to be silly. When Judge Rotterby was a young man and quite unknown he had been engaged to the daughter of a well-to-do man named Collinswood; also, young Rotterby was Mr. Collinswood's attorney and was in his business confidence. One day, without explanation, the fledgling lawyer wrote the girl a curt note, declaring the engagement off. The next day Mr. Collinswood met with a fatal accident, leaving no heir but his daughter and no estate but debts. Of course, Rotterby had jilted the girl because he had found she had no money! The cold-blooded scoundrel!

In the first rude shock of hearing this toy-pistol-pop from the supposed dynamite bomb of The Great Collinswood Affair, Johnson, in disgust, wired Ringling at least to come home and vote. Ringling received that insult with vast indignation, since it disturbed his placid consciousness of a task well done, and, observing Johnson's name signed to the telegram, he insolently wired back, collect:

> Have Johnson read Collinswood story—he knows good stuff—great women's story—put cartoonist on it.

They had not thought of the cartoon possibilities. Immediately upon the revelation, however, they grinned ghoulfully and broke into panting haste. After all, it was only because they had been expecting an entirely different sort of story about the Collinswood affair, in case it ever turned up, that they had been unable to see the possibilities of this one.

"First of all," said Flagg, after the copy had been sent up to the composing-room, "give me a proofsheet of the first page before the paper's off the press, and let me get to Rotterby before the Blade sees that story!"

They held the big "heart interest" sensation out of the early edition in order to let Flagg do this, and it was a pride-inspiring front-page proof, from a Courier standpoint, which that happy reporter gripped in his hand when he dashed into Judge Rotterby's office just as the eminent legal light was leaving.

The Judge, when he saw at a single glance what a seven-column mercenary wretch he was, polished his bald head in much agitation. The Collinswood affair had not been mentioned since early in the campaign, and he had thought that its ghost was laid.

"This is infamous!" he spluttered, having long since made up his mind to say just that if the occasion ever arose. "It is unjust! It is unfair! This article does not represent the true facts in the case!"

"That is exactly why I am here," said Flagg soothingly. "We don't want to do an injustice to any man. If there are any mitigating circumstances, Mr. Rotterby, the Courier will be fair enough to state them right now, in its next edition."

"That's the mischief of it!" complained the Judge. "I can't possibly, as a gentleman, explain the matter. Confidentially, I had happened to discover that the young lady—who, by the way, long since died in disgrace—had a past. This, of course, is not by any means for publication."

"Too bad," sympathized Flagg. "Of course, then, the story will have to stand without correction."

"No, I don't say that," hastily objected the Judge, driven into a corner; and he mopped his head, by mistake, with the penwiper he had taken up in his nervousness. "Confound it, young man, why couldn't your meddling paper let such purely personal and private matters alone? This has nothing to do with the government of the city!"

"No," admitted Flagg carelessly; "but as the case now stands it is going to have its effect."

"I see," said the Judge in a quandary, and the moment of temptation came to him; he wanted to be elected, and, in spite of all his keen judgment of human nature, when it came to his own case he was foolish.

"I tell you what!" said Flagg, sitting down at the Judge's typewriter in the adjoining room. "I can see that this isn't quite fair to you. Suppose you dictate a statement, and I'll write it."

Busily Flagg cracked away at his beginning, without waiting for dictation:

> To the Editor of the Courier.
>
> *Dear Sir:* I wish to correct the statement appearing in your paper this

FREE TO TRY

Take it and try it for ten days. Test it and prave its adaptability and suitability ta yau and yaur wark - that's what any dealer will say ta yau. That's the way I want them ta sell my pens.
Geo. S. Parker

You, if you use ink, have use for one of my pens. You will enjoy its convenience, expedite and lighten your work and increase your accuracy.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

are work tools, more actually so than ordinary fountain pens because they have an extraordinary exclusive feature—the Lucky Curve.

The Lucky Curve, illustrated here to the right, is the curved ink feed, which, when you return the pen to your pocket, clears itself of ink, giving free passage to air expanded in the reservoir by the heat of your body. Straight ink feeds, common to all other fountain pens, retain ink until it is forced into the cap by the air, where it frequently soils your fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write. But not with the Parker—because of the Lucky Curve.

Isn't this feature alone enough to win your preference to the Parker?

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Beautiful catalog free. Select a Parker at a dealer's, make a ten days test. Then decide if you want it. If you can't get a Parker dealer, write us name of your stationer or druggist. Send 15c, write me today.

DEALERS—Write for my [illegible] to first 1500 dealers—[illegible] you can get a representative assortment of Parker Pens and a splendid plate-glass show-case

PARKER PEN COMPANY
GEO. S. PARKER, Pres.
90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

morning to the effect that some years ago I broke an engagement of marriage with a certain young lady because her father failed in business. This was not the true reason. The real reason was ——

and here Flagg, reading aloud after he had written this much, paused.

"Was—was"—Rotterby faltered, picking up the thread mechanically and trying to shape the phrase while he walked in from his own desk—"was a purely personal and private one which respect for the dead forbids me to make public."

Flagg, holding his face straight with an effort, wrote those words with great joy. Whipping the paper out of the machine he presented it to Judge Rotterby to sign.

That worthy gentleman, with his habitual caution, held his pen poised hesitantly over the paper and then began slowly to make corrections. There was a sudden crescendo in the call of the newsboys in the street. Flagg looked nervously at his watch. The Courier was giving him scant enough time.

"This paper is now on the street," he urged upon Rotterby. "If you want to get the correct version in the next edition we must hurry," and from under Rotterby's very fingers he made as if to snatch the paper.

"Just a moment," protested the Judge, whereupon he hastily rewrote the last line and signed his name under the mere impetus of Flagg's own hurry.

As they went down in the elevator Flagg read over that amended statement with scantily-concealed glee. It was softened, but, even so, more blunderingly incriminating than he had hoped to have it. A newsboy ran up to them:

"Courier! Courier! All about Judge Rotterby jilting a girl!"

At that very moment Cassamine and Galway were both frantically trying to telephone Judge Rotterby not to be trapped into making any statement whatsoever!

The first edition of the Courier had been bad enough, but the second was worse. Rotterby, over his own signature, had not only acknowledged the fact of the jilting, but had hinted, as delicately as he could, of course, but still hinted, that the girl had been to blame. Johnson had at first revolted at the use of such material, but the Courier was in desperate straits. The Citizens' Party had split both tickets so that no man could know on which side the balance of power might fall. The administration forces, making a desperate stand, had packed the city with thugs and professional voters from all the near-by towns. There were at least two thousand of them in the city, probably more, registered from waterfront lodging-houses and ready to vote as they were told and as many times as possible; so Johnson printed Rotterby's admission and explanation of the jilting verbatim, but called attention in the headlines to the fact that the girl was long since dead and could not defend herself!

On the evening in which the story first appeared Flagg, having undisputed entrée, quietly opened the door of Mr. Strutter's private office. The eminent Daniel Webster Strutter, about whose pursed lips were a hundred wrinkles and never a one made by a smile, was sitting at his desk, with a copy of that paper before him, actually smiling; smiling gently, sweetly, comfortably.

"I guess that will about bring us home the coonskins, eh?" said Flagg joyously.

Mr. Strutter turned hastily, rather startled.

"The liberty of the American press has degenerated into mere license!" declared Mr. Strutter with positively overwhelming severity. "This is an atrocious thing! Atrocious!"

"Ain't it the limit?" agreed Flagg with a chuckle. "I might furthermore state that it cinches your election. I'm so sure of it that I'm going up to the city hall tomorrow and see if I shall need new furniture in my office next spring."

"Oh, yes," softly observed Mr. Strutter as if barely reminded of something; "that office. You may rest assured, Mr. Flagg, that I shall not forget you. I shall not forget you!"

IX

THERE ensued the regulation American election: torchlight processions with hired banner-carriers and marchers; hired street-corner orators; hired voters; a town full of lawless characters; hold-ups and burglaries and drunken brawls innumerable.

There came at last a day of quiet voting, with all the saloons crowded and cut off from ventilation and relying on artificial light because they had their front doors closed in obedience to the law. With the dusk the streets took on an unwonted congestion, and an army of two-legged jackasses went about blowing tin horns into the long ears of others of their kind. The headquarters of political clubs were full to overflowing. The leading candidates went to their respective homes, for the most part, to listen feverishly for the returns, and held themselves in instant readiness to stand on the front porch and receive the plaudits of the multitude in case their election should be assured. Before the offices of the newspapers pandemonium reigned, for each and every one displayed huge, illuminated bulletins interspersed with moving pictures. By ten o'clock it was known positively that Strutter would be elected, though by a very narrow margin. The Rotterby scandal, as shown by the returns, had been highly necessary.

A band, headed by a transparency proclaiming "Strutter and Reform," and followed by a howling mob, serenaded the triumphant Courier; and when it started from that stopping-place toward the home of Strutter it took with it the Courier's bulletin-gazing throng.

"Come on," said Flagg to Ringling. "Looks to me as if this is our procession. Let's celebrate," and they hurried up to the head of the procession, which, increased at every block by loyal "hammerheads" who had voted for the grand old party, and by hilarious semi-inebriates who did not care where they went so long as there was enough noise and excitement, was truly a grand outpouring of humanity by the time it reached Mr. Strutter's porch. Daniel Webster, brilliantly illuminated, was upon the porch when they arrived. Flagg was among the first to shake hands with him.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Mayor!" said he. "It was a grand little fight, but we pulled you through."

"With soiled skirts, however!" said Mr. Strutter severely. "Soiled by some most unscrupulous proceedings, Mr. Flagg! Some most inexcusable and unnecessary yellow journalism."

He turned from Flagg to accept the congratulations of another of his admiring adherents, and Flagg stepped back off the porch with Ringling. The band ceased. Mr. Strutter, placing his right hand in the bosom of his black frock coat and fluttering back his gray curls with the fingers of his left hand, raised that last-mentioned hand for silence and stood for a moment in the impressive attitude of Patrick Henry about to denounce and defy and dismay! Silence—that is, comparative silence—that is to say, a silence deep enough to allow his voice to be heard four rows away—immediately fell upon that assembly, while he explained to them how highly gratified he felt that he had been elected purely as the untrammeled choice of the Sovereign People. With clean hands he came before these dear friends, the honest supporters of honest principles and the salvation of their so-long-graft-ridden city; came before them the only mayor elected in many years who had absolutely no entanglements or affiliations, who was trammeled by no promises of office or preferment, who owed no debt of support to any man, who could do as he would according to the dictates of his own conscience, and not according to the dictates of any other person, clique or organ. He wished to promise the people of his beloved city, these honest and honorable people here before him, Pure Politics and Good Government, unhampered by any favoritism and free from all bias!

Whereupon the honest and honorable people huzzaed quite properly, as they were expected to do, the band played, the better half of the procession went home and the other half went elsewhere.

"Well," said Ringling to Flagg after a long and extremely pregnant silence, "the Courier has elected its own mayor."

There was another period of pregnant silence.

"Yes," drawled Flagg thoughtfully, "hang him!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Chester dealing with the building up of a yellow newspaper.

A 10c Test Package of Sorority Chocolates "Taylor Made"

There is a difference—a big difference—in the materials and making of candy. You'll never appreciate just how much till you've bitten through the crisp, smooth coating into the delicious, true-to-nature flavor of a Sorority Chocolate.

Send a dime for postage and packing, and your dealer's name, and we'll send you a test package of "Sororities" to prove their superiority.

IF IT'S *Orange* flavor—you'll instantly recognize the luscious golden fruit of sunny Italy, from which it is made. If *Vanilla*—you'll note the perfection of flavor due to our own way of making from choicest Mexican and Bourbon Vanilla Beans—ripened for years. If *Raspberry*—you'll recall how the berries used to taste just off the bushes. If *Maple*—you'll see in fancy the snow-bound camps of old Vermont. Sorority Maple is the first run of the sap.

Our Chocolate comes from the four best cocoa beans, milled in our own factories—blended in our special way to produce the best chocolate coating known. Add to this the fact that Taylor Brothers not only "know how" from years of experience—but they *do* the things that make the best candy;—

In the most modern, most perfectly appointed, most sanitary, most ideally located candy factory to be found anywhere. We spare no expense in developing the perfection of Sororities—but the country-wide demand their quality has created makes it possible to sell them at the popular price of

60 Cents a Pound—At Dealers'

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Special Offer—Sorority Spoons

In every pound box of Sorority Chocolates is a certificate good for one beautiful, Sterling pattern, 20-year-guaranteed Art Spoon, when mailed to us with ten 2-cent stamps, or free in exchange for 6 coupons. These spoons are the reigning fad among Sorority girls. The certificate shows the set of six. Choose the design you want. Cut out the illustration shown here and take it to your dealer to remind you.

If you cannot buy Sororities in your neighborhood, write us giving name of dealer. We will see that you are supplied.

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Gunn Sectional Bookcases are known the world over for one feature that will interest you the prices are lower than others. This is because of a big saving in freight as they are the only bookcases shipped flat. There are no disfiguring iron bands to hold the sections together; the doors are easily removed and are roller bearing and non binding—the finish and workmanship high grade, making a handsome and durable piece of furniture at a low cost.

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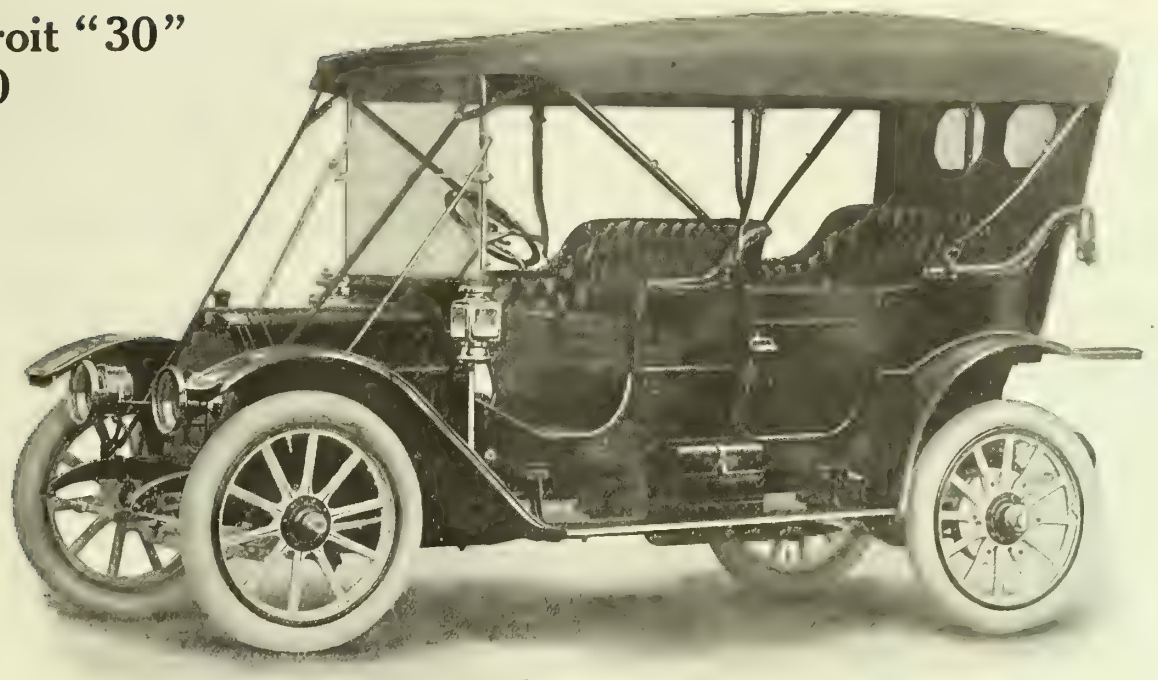
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
$1500



Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Coupe (Inside Drive)
Limousine

Fitted with a Lenox Top as shown in cut and with side curtains, this car is comfortable for all winter use.

Chalmers-Detroit Cars Will Surprise You However Much You Expect

In our early announcements we aroused great expectations about the 1910 Chalmers-Detroit.

We said that our "30" would have a 115-inch wheel base, and 34-inch wheels. That we would give a roomier, handsomer, more powerful car at the $1500 price.

We said that our "Forty" would become a 7-passenger car, with a 122-inch wheel base and 36-inch wheels. That it would be upholstered in hand buffed leather.

We promised to give all this extra value without adding one cent to our remarkable prices. We would do it out of the saving we make by adding one-third to our output.

As a result, dealers bought our whole output of 4,250 cars before the first 1910 car was delivered.

You Will Marvel, Too

When you see these new cars you will say, like the rest, that not half has been told.

Mere figures and details and pictures can't begin to show these cars as they are.

Nobody expects for $1500 anywhere near such a car as we show in our "30." So we ask you to see them, and judge if you want one, for orders are being filled in rotation.

Can't Make Half Enough

At the end of last season—the first year of our "30"—we had to refuse orders for 800 cars.

Now, thousands of people are running these cars, and thousands of others know that no car can compete with them.

Up to this writing—September 10—we have sold to individual users one third of our whole year's capacity.

We judge we could sell twice our whole output this season were we able to make the cars.

Fall Buying in Vogue

We deem it but right to state these facts to those who may want these cars. We don't advocate hasty buying. But, if you want the car which offers most for the money, the time to choose is now.

Buyers are ceasing to wait until Spring. They buy in the Fall, when the new models come out. For there is no closed season for automobiles. Our specially made Lenox top for $75 with side curtains makes the touring car comfortable almost any day of the year. You don't have to wait until Spring and Summer to get full value out of a car. With a top it can be used all winter long for going to business, the theater, shopping and calling. An automobile is not simply a pleasure vehicle for summer use. It may be put to practical service winter and summer.

Reasons for Success

We give the utmost value for the money. Our profit is but nine per cent. All the saving we make by this year's increased output has been added to the cars.

Another reason is the records which this car has made. Endurance records such as no other car at any price ever equaled. A long-distance speed record of 55.5 miles per hour. An economy record of 25.7 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

Another is our low price for extras. We fit our "30" with a Bosch magneto, a gas tank, and two gas lamps—all for $100 extra. The regular price of these extras is $175.

All these things, and more, are fully explained in our catalog. Send us the coupon today for it.

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" Price, $2,750

No car ever made excels our "Forty" mechanically, no matter what its price. None can travel any road or climb any hill which our "Forty" won't carry you over. It will carry seven passengers. It is as handsome as a car can be.

We will fit this car with a $150 Newport mohair top for $125 extra. The two extra seats, if wanted, cost $75.

The tendency of the times is toward moderate power, moderate cost of upkeep. That tendency is bringing more and more purchasers to the "Forty." On the cars that we sold in the year ending June 1, owners paid us for repair parts just $2.44 per car.

If you want the most for the money, our [illegible] at nine per cent profit—this is the only [illegible]

Send this coupon today for our [illegible]

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THE "NEW YORK STYLE SHOW" for Autumn and Winter is now in progress at all stores offering

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It will give you an opportunity to see garments identical in style and tailoring with those being worn today by the well-dressed New Yorker.

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are an accurate reflex of *New York* style, possessing that rarity of pattern and that distinction of poise, and drape, characteristic of *none* but metropolitan garments. The pattern you may like in the *cloth*, you may dislike on your *back*. That is the discouragement and disadvantage of both "local" and "long-distance" tailoring. In **"Benjamin Clothes"**

ready to wear, you see the pattern, cloth, drape and balance before you buy.

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are *Made In New York* by tailors trained in the niceties of their art,—by tailors who neither exaggerate nor imitate the fashions, but express them accurately.

Four cents in stamps will bring our charming Booklet "B" of "New York Fashions," a pictorial guide to *fashionable* and *scenic* New York. For twenty-five cents in stamps or coin we will send a magnificent *poster*, subject—"Troop A starting up Fifth Avenue, New York," size 19½ x 31½, in twelve colors and gold, ready for mounting and framing. Address 436-440 Lafayette Street, N. Y.

Have your clothier show you or have him obtain from us for your inspection samples of "BENJAMIN CLOTHES"

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If the upper breaks through before the first sole wears through, we will replace with a new pair free.

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Are *you* putting up with the inconveniences of two-piece underwear for much the same reason? Will *you* investigate the comforts of ***Superior*** Union Suits? There is no double thickness around the waist, no necessity for constantly "hitching up" and re-arranging your wearing apparel. The fact that any man wears two-piece underwear is entirely due to the ignorance of the satisfaction obtained from ***Superior*** Union Suits. If you are alive to the conveniences of the day, why persist in wearing old style two-piece underwear?

Try one ***Superior*** Union Suit and from then on it's "*You* for them and them for *you*." *You* can obtain a fit in ***Superior*** Union Suits—no matter what *your* size. They are made in all sizes for all men; longs, stouts and regulars.

To know the great comforts of ***Superior*** Union Suits is to everlastingly settle *your* underwear troubles.

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Sold by the better men's wear dealers everywhere.

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You can send direct to us for free booklet showing fabrics and weights.

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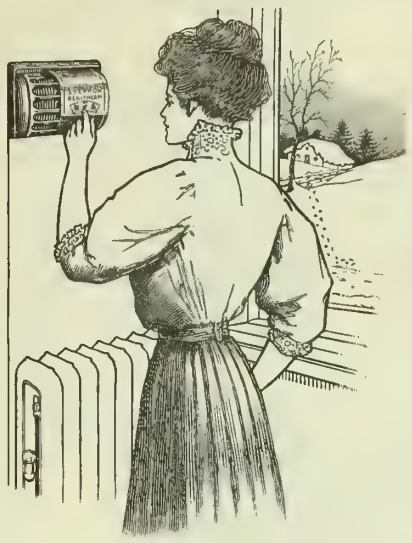
Set for June weather



You can easily control your Hot-Water or Low-Pressure Steam heat and have June weather at 70 degrees all over your house, constantly. Unless you continually watch the drafts and dampers of the boiler, the building is liable to be overheated in mild weather or underheated on zero days. This means the patience-trying labor of running up and down stairs, to regulate the fire to suit weather changes. The

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is a little device, no larger than a clock on the wall; it holds an expanding-contracting, "can't-wear-out" liquid as sensitive to temperature changes as a thermometer. A small transmission chain connects it direct to the boiler drafts and check damper.

The Regitherm is easily put in place—lasts as long as the house—and its cost is quickly repaid by the fuel-saving it effects. It keeps the whole house at 70 degrees or at any other temperature at which you set the pointer.

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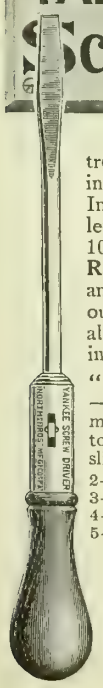

Invented by a Yankee, to save the tremendous waste of strength and time in using the old-fashioned screw driver. Instead of grip-and-let-go, grip-and-let-go, every turn of the screw—30 to 100 times per screw, the **"Yankee" Ratchet Screw Driver** is gripped **once** and the screw driven (or drawn) without opening the hand. The ratchet does all the gripping and letting go, working as smoothly as a stem-winder.

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw Driver No. 10 — Right-hand, left-hand or rigid adjustment, by a slide moved lengthwise with the tool. **No. 11**—Same adjustments but by slide working across the tool. Eight sizes:

2-in. Blade	35c	6-in. Blade	70c
3-in. "	50c	8-in. "	80c
4-in "	55c	10-in. "	90c
5-in. "	60c	12-in. "	$1.00

Your dealer can supply you

Write for the "Yankee" Tool Book, showing 66 different kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools for driving screws and drilling holes.

North Bros. Mfg. Company
Philadelphia

THE HIGHWAYMEN

(Continued from Page 19)

way, you see, if you promise to make a clean breast of it. For, Mr. Roland V. Travis, *I've got you!* Will I find you here or at the hotel?"

Travis glanced at Alice Endicott. "Here," he answered.

At a quarter-past ten that evening McBirnie, in a rented automobile, turning the corner nearest the Endicott home, saw the lights of Travis' motor standing before the house, and nearer at hand a man apparently repairing a motor-cycle close to the curb. He motioned to his chauffeur, who stopped by the motor-cycle.

"What's he done?" asked the Secret Service operative.

"Nothing!" The man of the motor-cycle arose, wrench in hand. "Went back to his hotel. Came back here. Took dinner with Miss Endicott and the maiden aunt who lives with 'em."

"Speak to any one?"

"Nobody—except a foreign sport that bumped into him as he was going into the hotel. Looked like an Italian."

McBirnie, nodding, took out his watch. "I'm a little early."

But at that instant Travis appeared under the doorlight on the Endicotts' steps, glanced at McBirnie's automobile lamps without being able to recognize the car's occupant, and stepped into his own machine. "Now what?" queried McBirnie as Travis' car started. "It looks as if he wasn't going to wait for me!"

He motioned to the chauffeur to follow. The man of the motor-cycle dropped his wrench into his pocket and leaped to his machine. Travis' car was running easily at half speed. Two hundred feet behind came McBirnie. Close to McBirnie's wheel came the motor-cycle. The leading car turned into Massachusetts Avenue.

"Look out!" shrieked McBirnie. "He's heading for the Observatory grounds! Hit it up, there!"

The car leaped forward. But McBirnie's hired car was no match for Travis', whose speed was at once increased. Two hundred feet ahead it sped down Massachusetts Avenue, Travis' white face now staring back at them under the street lamps. Still two hundred feet ahead, it swung into the Observatory grounds and stopped suddenly. Travis leaped out. A shadow in the darkness, he dashed across the greensward and into a clump of bushes. Before his own car had stopped McBirnie had reached the ground also. His companion dropped the motor-cycle beside the road. Together they dashed through the bushes and out at the other side.

Beyond the bushes there was *nothing!*

They ran to and fro, beating the bushes and shouting to one another.

"Get a light!" cried McBirnie.

His companion ran back to the motor-cycle and tried to detach the headlight; but, finding it difficult to take off, he wheeled the machine toward McBirnie, turning the light from side to side to illumine the surroundings.

"Here's where he went in," said the Secret Service operative, pointing to the marks of Travis' feet sunk deep in the ground, soft with spring rains. "Now—follow!"

The footprints led them straight through the bushes. Clear and distinct, wholly unmistakable, they extended for fifty feet beyond on to the smooth sward. There they stopped suddenly. For thirty feet around the brilliant lamp lighted every grassblade, but showed no imprint. By the evidence of the footprints Travis should have been still standing in the last marks his feet had made, but he was not. McBirnie lifted his staring eyes in an astounded question: "Can a man jump thirty feet?"

"Mine ain't the only bicycle that's been here tonight," said his companion, pointing out a wheelmark cut deep in the soggy earth. "Perhaps he got away on a bicycle."

For a dozen yards they followed the wheelrut until, in a patch of mud, it stopped suddenly, completely, inexplicably as the footprints.

"Look there!" screamed McBirnie. "If another man told me this I'd say he was crazy!"

He halted suddenly, rushed forward, stooped and picked up what appeared to be a stick with a paper on it such as gardeners use to mark the spot where seeds are sown. He swore; for it was not a stick, but a knife which cut his fingers—a long, thin, wicked knife an Italian stiletto, whose bright surface showed it had been put there since the rain of the morning. He held the paper to the light—the back torn from an envelope. On it was writing scrawled in English, but with letters of German script:

"What haf Gott wrot!"

"And this," cried McBirnie frantically, crumpling the enigmatic message, "is all I have to take to the President!"

He ran back to the driveway, but Travis' motor was no longer there.

"Find that chauffeur and put him under arrest!" he shouted to his companion. "See the Chief, and give him a description of the Italian that spoke to Travis at the hotel. Tell him to detail half a dozen men to watch the Naval Observatory grounds, and another to watch Alice Endicott." He threw himself into the waiting motor. "White House," he directed, miserably.

But by the time the motor turned into the sweeping drive in front of the Presidential mansion the elongated detective had recovered his self-confidence. A servant showed him at once to the President's study. He recounted rapidly to the Chief Executive all that he had discovered, ending with the startling disappearance of Travis, which had made it impossible for him to bring the young millionaire to see the President as he had promised.

"I admit," the Secret Service officer concluded apologetically, "that all this sounds as if five out of six who are mixed up in this affair would feel at home in an insane asylum. But I am beginning to think that would be a pretty comfortable place myself."

The Chief Executive paced the rug.

"And what do you make of this?" he asked, picking up the Italian stiletto, with its incomprehensible scrap of paper, which McBirnie had laid on the table.

"Nothing," the detective answered promptly. "That's not a message. It's a bluff—an attempt to make the thing seem more scary than it is. I'm not superstitious."

"It is more like a taunt," the President answered. He read the words aloud: "'What haf Gott wrot!' Is the sentence familiar to you?"

"Never heard it, Mr. President."

"It is not original, however. 'What hath God wrought!'" he repeated it in better English. "The words are familiar to every inventor—to every one acquainted with the history of physical science. They are the first words ever publicly sent by electric telegraph. They mark the greatest invention of the nineteenth century. It would not be odd if their present use was intended to mark as great an invention in the twentieth."

"An invention?" McBirnie started up. "Perhaps an invention whose—'control is all right and the cylinders stayed cool!' Now I *know* I must find the Italian chauffeur who picked my pocket on Pennsylvania Avenue!"

Five minutes later McBirnie rushed from the door of the Executive Mansion and took up personally the search for the Italian. But twenty-three hours passed before any trace was discovered, and the trail was cold when found. Late the previous afternoon, half an hour after Travis and the Italian gentleman had collided at the door of the Shoreham, a man answering the Italian's description had visited the Government wireless station to send a message in Travis' name. The operator, indefatigably signaling under the stranger's direction, had received at last an answer, a code word or signal, which he had now forgotten, and had transmitted the message:

> Eller: Ten-thirty Monday night Naval Observatory grounds without fail. TRAVIS.

With a copy of this message in his pocket McBirnie, at half-past nine in the evening, called on the Chief of the Secret Service to report. He found his superior with a telephone receiver at his ear, and impatiently waited. The Chief hung up the receiver and swung round swiftly.

"Twenty-four hours' work and nothing but this to show for it!" began McBirnie.

"Wait!" the Chief commanded. "Miss Endicott has just left her house with a package under her arm, unattended."

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"Walking?" cried McBirnie.

"Walking!" the Chief answered.

McBirnie threw the copy of Travis' message toward his Chief. "Consider it at your leisure!" he shouted, and dashed into the street. An empty cab was passing. McBirnie leaped into it, crying the Endicotts' house number. The cabman swung the whip over his dejected horse. They turned the Endicotts' corner, almost overturning the man of the motor-cycle.

"Which way?" McBirnie demanded.

The motor-cyclist pointed toward Massachusetts Avenue.

"Toward the Observatory grounds!" cried McBirnie. "How long ago?"

"Ten minutes."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I'm watching the house. O'Rourke is following her."

"Ride like the devil to the Observatory grounds and warn the men on watch there. Now, sport," McBirnie said to the cabman, "if you kill your horse I'll pay for him."

Six blocks down Massachusetts Avenue the detective came at last within sight of Alice Endicott. He slowed the cab to a snail's pace, creeping along behind her. On the sidewalk, but on the opposite side of the street, a dark figure which was paralleling her movements nodded to McBirnie. Alice Endicott held under her arm a small box; she was walking quickly. "Now, my lady," murmured the Secret Service officer, "is this all a canard, or are you going to lead us to something?" Detective McBirnie did not know what he was expecting, but in desperation he was now neglecting no possible avenue to a solution. Alone and in the darkness, Alice Endicott turned into the Naval Observatory grounds. McBirnie jumped from the cab. The shadowy figure which had been following Alice Endicott joined him. They ran forward and crouched in the bushes. Around them were half a dozen Secret Service agents, but none was visible. They saw only Alice Endicott, indistinct in the darkness, standing in the center of the open grassplot with the little box pressed against her bosom, as though waiting.

Then suddenly there rang out in the darkness the most terrible of all night sounds—the scream of a woman! A huge shape, its outline half indiscernible, had swept down upon them. Even as they looked it tipped backward and came to rest not six feet above the ground, close to Alice Endicott. McBirnie and his companions rushed forward. They were too late. They had not covered half the distance when they beheld the machine rising straight upward, the girl depending from it as though by one hand. While they looked she was drawn up into it.

Shots rang out. But the police dared not fire toward the center of the machine for fear of wounding Alice Endicott.

Having attained a height of some seventy feet, the machine began suddenly to move forward. It came down again in a long slant, like a bird taking flight from a chimney. It lifted slightly to avoid the branches of a tree, it turned ever so little to avoid another. Then it swung in a short circle, exact as if drawn by the dividers of an architect, and, passing to the west in an upward slant, it d sappeared.

McBirnie turned and sped back to the cab, shouting directions to the driver. At the top speed of the decrepit horse he returned to the Chief of Secret Service, and, pale with excitement, the tal detective was beginning his story when the Chief put an envelope in his hand.

"Delivered by a messenger just before you came in," the superior explained, "addressed to you in my care."

McBirnie caught Alice Endicott's monogram on the envelope and tore it open. An inclosure and a letter fell out. He opened first the inclosure:

> If Mademoiselle Alice Endicott desire to be of inestimable service to her father and save him, perhaps, from what it would not be well to happen, she will be by herself only in the Naval Observatory ground at ten o'clock the night of Tuesday. Above all, she will not tell any one what is here written, or the worst possible will come of it. And it is assure to Mademoiselle Endicott that no harm will happen to herself out of this, but only good.

McBirnie handed the inclosure to the Chief and struck open the letter:

> Early this morning I received the inclosed note, which, although it is unsigned, I feel certain comes from the M. Racicot of whom I spoke to you. I am going to do as he asks—I cannot do otherwise after what he says in regard to my father. I am very much frightened, for I cannot help fearing that I shall be carried away like my father and Mr. Travis, though I do not know how that is. And because I am afraid, I am taking with me, in a little box, one of the carrier pigeons of which my father is such a fancier. I have left instructions with my aunt that if the carrier returns she is to transmit the message to you without an instant's delay.
>
> ALICE ENDICOTT.

McBirnie, with an exclamation of admiration for Alice Endicott, handed the girl's letter also to his superior and turned toward the door.

"Hold on!" said the Chief. "Where are you going?"

"To find that wireless operator and make him remember what the call was he used in sending Travis' message. He's got to remember now!"

A half-hour later McBirnie, in the sending-room of the wireless station, was laboring with the bewildered operator, whom he had aroused from sleep, when the instrument suddenly began registering a call.

"What's that?" the Secret Service agent demanded.

"Nothing!" the operator replied irritably. "It's that crazy man who's been 'jamming' our service and putting in fool calls and jokes on us for two days."

"Answer him now, anyway!"

The operator went to the instrument.

"What does he say?" demanded McBirnie.

"As usual, he's asking if we are the Washington station—that he has a personal message for the President only. He wants us to get the President personally in the wireless room before he'll tell what he wants."

"Where is he? Who is he? Have you any way of knowing?" McBirnie chafed.

"No; absolutely none. You see, all I can tell," the operator explained, "is merely that he is within communication radius for my station—which varies from three hundred to two thousand miles with the weather and—luck. He may be just across the Potomac—he may be across the Mississippi. Maybe in Maine; maybe in the Everglades. But much more probably, as he seems to be able to call us at any time and under all conditions, he is within a few hundred miles."

"Then why don't you tell him that you have the President in the room with you now? Tell him anything—to get his message!" McBirnie directed hotly.

"All right!" the operator acknowledged, and volleyed out a crackling series of electric-blue flashes from his high-power current. "Cras-ash!" the power rasped, and the flying "wireless" waves spread out in every direction for indefinite hundreds of miles al' about to catch the aerials of the mysterious calling station and get their message. And "Tap—ta-ap—tap!" the receptors clamped to the operator's ears spoke back at once.

"Tell—the—President—he—can—have—his—Secretary—of—War," the reply slowly registered itself, "for—one—million—dollars!"

"Ask who it is!" commanded McBirnie. "Ask him who, where, and what he is, and how we can communicate with him and know he has the Secretary and will act in good faith if we accept his offer. What is that, now?" the detective demanded impatiently as, after the operator had sent his message, the reply began to tap back.

"He ignores the first part of our message, Mr. McBirnie," the operator replied. "He says merely he has the Secretary; we must take his word for it, trust him to carry out his agreement and he will communicate with us only by wireless!"

"Which we cannot possibly trace, you say?" McBirnie iterated.

"No; not possibly."

"Then ask him his best terms!" McBirnie rasped. "Now—what does he say?"

"'As stated unconditionally,' the operator read obediently. "'C-O-D.' What's C-O-D in the code?" he ruminated absently.

McBirnie seized his shoulder. "That's not code; that's commerce. Cash on delivery—you lobster!" And to McBirnie's

(Continued on Page 57)

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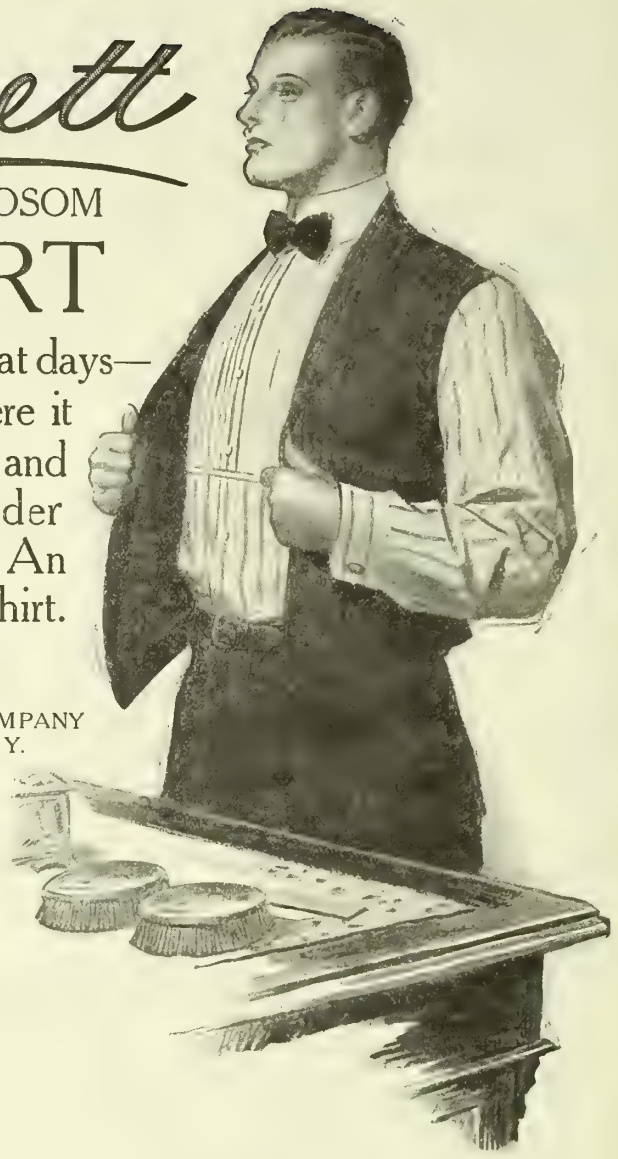

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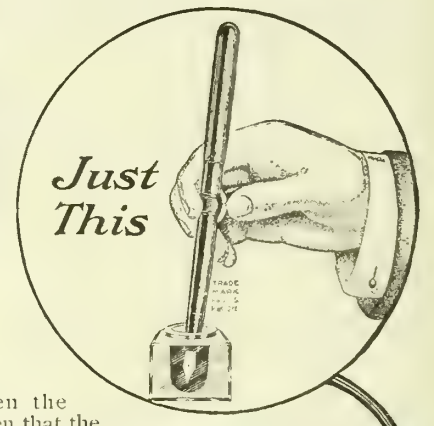

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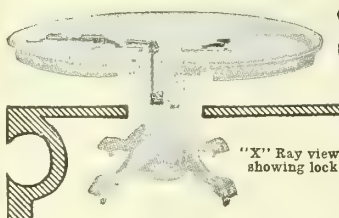

"X" Ray view showing lock

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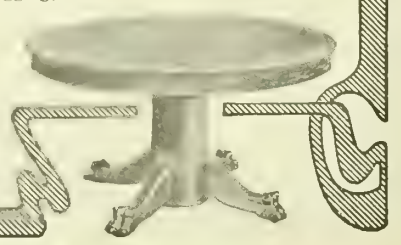

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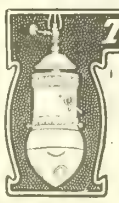

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(Continued from Page 54)

continued attempts to parley and get a clew the wireless brought him no other response. Wherever the calling station was situated, it either received McBirnie's pleadings no longer or paid them no attention.

"We have but one clew, then," McBirnie said in reporting to his Chief an hour later. "That is, the general direction the aeroplane took. It started across the Potomac for the Virginia side almost directly west. So I shall follow into Virginia in search of it. I shall keep the department informed of my whereabouts, so you can wire me if we get Miss Alice Endicott's pigeon back."

"Very well," the Chief acquiesced, not knowing anything better to suggest. And the next morning the Chief had just received word from McBirnie that he was in Fauquier and had found no trace, when the metal cylinder from the leg of the carrier pigeon was brought in. He opened it and found a message:

> It is flying machines they have perfected, and they have taken us to Pinetop, Mr. Travis' estate in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Send help—send help! ALICE ENDICOTT.

"Pinetop?—Pinetop?" The Chief hastily sorted through a mass of notes that he had already accumulated regarding Travis until he found a page listing the Travis properties. "Eighty miles from Washington! And not so far away but what McBirnie ought to be able to get immediate trace of them!"

And having relayed Alice's message with this additional information to McBirnie, he sank back into his chair with a fervent exclamation of relief, thinking of the five continents, the truculent nations of Europe and the Bird of Peace.

"Thank God they're located!"

. . . . . .

Overhead stretched the wide, warped plane of the aeroplane. Close to her right, but not touching her, was a man; to her left, another. No sound attended their breathless rush, as she clutched desperately the straps which kept her from falling from the car, except the rustle of the air against the wings and metal framework. Like a million fluid darts it beat upon her cheeks and temples, blowing the hair back from her forehead. Underneath sped the night-shrouded landscape, the twinkling lights of farmhouses, a village electrically lighted. As the moon broke from behind clouds, on the gloriously-gilded, hilly country flashed out white lines marking the roads, and thin, bright streaks which denoted steam and electric railways.

The man on her right leaned forward, and under his hand a dim electric spark broke forth, illuminating his features.

"Monsieur Racicot!" cried Alice Endicott.

"That one himself," answered Racicot, his white teeth gleaming in a smile. "Once I operated upon the Bourse of Paris. But alas! mademoiselle—the execrable police! Now, behol'! I navigate the element in which I formerly traded."

He turned the light upon her, his eager eyes wide with admiration, then upon the bearded face of their companion.

"Be at ease, mademoiselle," he assured her; "that one speaks no English. Recall! Since Basle I have not seen you—ages! You remember how, between Strassburg and Basle, I talked of the great war, worldwide, inevitable? It comes now. You and I, flying through the night, are the beginning of it!"

"Monsieur Racicot"—the girl shrank from him—"are you taking me to my father?"

"To where your father is, mademoiselle—and Monsieur Travis and Monsieur Colbert. But they are nothing now. Pah! they are lock' up by me"—he struck his breast—"Henri Racicot! I now am everything!"

"Locked up!" cried Alice Endicott in terror. "Why?"

"Because, mademoiselle, they have ideas that are little, while I have grand ones! Let me ask something. Can you call up when first I saw you?—at the entrance to the Hotel Ritz in Paris, when I was chauffeur to Monsieur Travis? Well, I thought nothing then, but at that moment I was changed unknown to me. Before that my thoughts had been little, like other men's thoughts; but afterward they were big ones. I had contempt for all little things—for Monsieur Travis and Monsieur Colbert; for little Kings and little Presidents and little Parliaments; for little nations like Germany and Russia, and *la belle France* herself! From chauffeur I move' in one step to become Monsieur Travis' partner; but I did not know the reason of the change in me which made that possible until two years have pass'. Then, behol'! one day at Strassburg I see again the American mademoiselle that I had seen first before the door of Hotel Ritz in Paris, and something inside me cry aloud: 'There is she that is the reason of the change in you! Henri Racicot, you love!'"

"Monsieur Racicot!" Alice Endicott's eyes flashed coldly. "You do not dare ——"

"Wait!" And the Frenchman made a sweeping gesture. "As yet you understand nothing! Did I say anything then?—no; for the time was not yet ready. We were working on something—Monsieur Colbert and the German Eller and the Italian Caviale and myself—by aid of Monsieur Travis' money. But at that moment most depended upon Monsieur Colbert. He has ideas—remarkable! But not like mine! Monsieur Colbert had said wisely to himself, 'Two things are the matter with the flying machine. As yet, men fly only by adroitness. By long practice a very few expert men learn to balance themselves for a few moments with the aeroplane, but presently the man forgets to balance himself and the aeroplane comes down. Moreover, the aeroplane can stay up only while it is moving; but presently the engine grows hot, it stops, and the aeroplane comes down also. But now'—it is still Monsieur Colbert who is speaking, mademoiselle—'observe the Whitehead torpedo, which has at its tail a sort of box, so that when once its direction is chosen the Whitehead torpedo, by virtue of this box, goes neither to the one side nor the other, nor up nor down, but keeps automatically its balance. It is necessary,' said Monsieur Colbert, 'to have at the tail of the aeroplane something automatically governing its motion, and it is necessary to have a fuel which will not heat the engine; then men will fly, not as now over mere parade grounds, but from continent to continent if they wish it.'"

The girl started.

"Then, when Mr. Colbert's motor car broke to pieces on the Rhine road——?" she cried excitedly.

"Mademoiselle, he was testing then both the control and the fuel. So near he was to succeeding! Just afterward there was disagreement between Monsieur Travis and Monsieur Colbert—I know not the reason. Everything was packed up and we came to America. Here the work was finished." He gesticulated grandly to the wings of the aeroplane. "Observe! It is more simple than the automobile. A child can run it! Still, I said nothing, but waited. One night monsieur went away and return' with Mr. Endicott. 'Now, Henri Racicot!' cried I to myself, 'is the time—strike!' Everybody is with me except the German, Eller. I seize Monsieur Colbert and Monsieur Endicott and lock' them up ——"

Alice Endicott uttered a cry.

"Wait, mademoiselle! No harm has come to them. Presently after comes a message from Monsieur Travis, who has reached Washington, to the German, Eller. The German goes and gets Monsieur Travis. When they come I lock them up also. Now I am everything! Mademoiselle, listen! Tomorrow—in three days—in a week—I shall have one million dollars! With one million dollars forty machines can be build'. With ten machines only, between sunset and sunrise, unseen by any one, I could destroy London. With forty machines, in one night I can destroy London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg! But forty machines is the beginning only. I will get more money, more machines! Men will come to me. Mademoiselle, five hundred thousand men died that Napoleon might go from Paris to Moscow and accomplish nothing; but when I am ready, in one night if I wish it, I can put fifty thousand men before the doors of the Kremlin, and in the morning, their work having been accomplis'—behol', they will be gone again! Since the world began no man has had power like me—Henri Racicot!"

The girl gasped with horror. The Frenchman's face was puffed and purple with excitement, and his eyes shone wildly.

"Said I not, mademoiselle," he cried hoarsely, "now comes the great war, and

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we two flying through the night are the beginning of it? Mademoiselle, what Antony offered to Cleopatra that is nothing! What Napoleon offered to Josephine—that is nothing! Mademoiselle, it was gunpowder that made the nations: I, Henri Racicot, with the flying machine will make the great empire. Mademoiselle, I offer you—the world! Since the beginning no man has offered any woman so much. Stretch out your hand to me and take it!"

Alice Endicott screamed in terror as he reached his hand toward her. She turned away with uncontrollable repugnance from his face, bloated with desire, ambition and the sense of power over mankind.

The aeroplane rushed up a mountainside, the treetops murmuring just under them. A wooded peak suddenly lifted itself out of the darkness, shot aloft until it almost touched the car, then sank away again into another valley, where stood a rambling group of buildings—a huge white dwelling overlooking a sloping bluff, sheds ranged on a level plot, a conservatory, stables, and above, dimly discernible, a wireless tower. Alice Endicott recognized it as Travis' West Virginia mountain home. Out of the darkness flashed suddenly the brilliant whiteness of an electric light cutting a radiant bar across the night. Racicot brought the aeroplane down in front of the rambling sheds; it hovered like a lighting bird, and settled softly on a wooden runway. He threw off the straps that bound them to the car.

"Monsieur Racicot," cried the girl in fright, "I demand to see my father!"

"Not yet, mademoiselle," the Frenchman answered, "but after love for me has come to you!"

She followed, perforce, as he led the way toward the house. For an instant more the white searchlight illumined house, sheds and a little cabin with barred windows, and she wondered whether this was to be her prison. Then the light went out, and they turned from the cabin and entered the main building, characteristic of Travis' luxurious tastes. A silent, slender German woman met them, led the girl to a room in the west wing, and closed and locked the door upon her.

When daylight came Alice Endicott wrote her brief note to Detective McBirnie, slipped it into a little metal case and fastened it to the leg of the carrier pigeon. Holding the pigeon to the window she released it. It fluttered dizzily to the nearest shed and alighted. She thought it would not fly. It rose and flapped its way to the cabin, whose barred windows Alice had noted, and perched upon the window-sill, preening its feathers. Then, while she watched, a stealthy hand appeared at the open window of the cabin, seized the bird and drew it in.

Alice Endicott uttered a cry of grief and threw herself on the bed in a tempest of despair.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE INSURGENTS

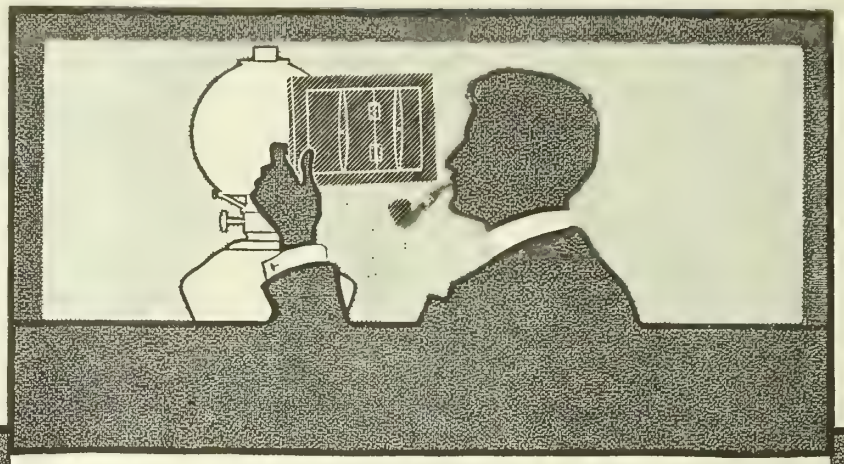
(Continued from Page 5)

But that is not all. Later on, the Conference Committee again feared that the remaining language might give the President's employees too much investigating power; and so the Conference Committee actually struck out the following words from the provision quoted above: "*To make thorough investigations and examinations into the production, commerce and trade of the United States and foreign countries, and all conditions affecting the same.*"

What do you think of that? Astonishing, is it not? How could any advocate of a genuine non-partisan Tariff Commission vote for a bill containing such a deformity? At the risk of taking up space I shall quote again the provision that we succeeded in passing in the Senate and the provision as it came out of the Conference Committee, and you will see the difference at a glance. The italicized words in the provision which we passed through the Senate are the words the Conference Committee struck out.

The provision as passed by the Senate:

"To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, *and information which will be useful to Congress in tariff legislation* and to the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may



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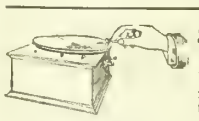

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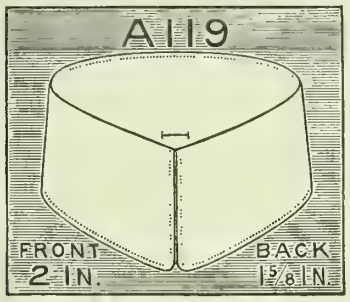

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be required *to make thorough investigations and examinations into the production, commerce and trade of the United States and foreign countries and all conditions affecting the same.*"

The provision as it came out of conference, and as it now appears in the law:

"To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section and the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required."

Nevertheless, it is the publicly-declared intention of the President to direct these men whom he is authorized to "employ" to make investigation into tariff schedules. (Mark you, the President cannot "appoint"—he can only "employ" these men. The difference will develop later.)

But do these few words give him the power? Senator Hale, one of the most powerful members of the Conference Committee and chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, repeatedly declared with savage emphasis in open Senate, the day before the conference report—the present law—was voted on, that this mutilated section does not authorize the President to employ tariff experts to do any work that a Tariff Commission could do; that it was the intention of the Conference Committee to prevent just that thing when they struck out the words I have quoted; and that the action of the Conference Committee was unanimous—Republican and Democratic members of the committee acting alike, you see.

He said in open Senate: "The attitude adopted by the conference, which is embodied in the provisions of the bill, absolutely excludes not only the idea of a tariff commission, *but of any authority to be given to the President in any way to open the subject by investigation himself. The language cannot be plainer than that.* . . .

"You can have nothing that shows more clearly the intent of the provision than the striking out of the words 'and information which shall be useful to Congress in tariff legislation.' That was not done unadvisedly. . . .

"Language cannot give a more restricted scope to the authority on the part of the President under this provision. What is that authority? What is the business of the President under the maximum and minimum provision? It is not to inquire into the condition of labor in other countries, the relative cost of labor there and here. He is limited to an inquiry as to the discrimination that is made by other countries against the United States. He so understands it. I understand that he so understands it. I do not believe and I do not expect and I do not fear that the President would seek to amplify this authority. . . .

"When this subject came up I went over this whole question with the President as to his scope of duties. I showed to him that it was not intended to keep this subject open, but to confine him to the question of discriminations, discriminating duties and discriminating processes by other powers. . . . I have no fear the President will undertake to exceed that."

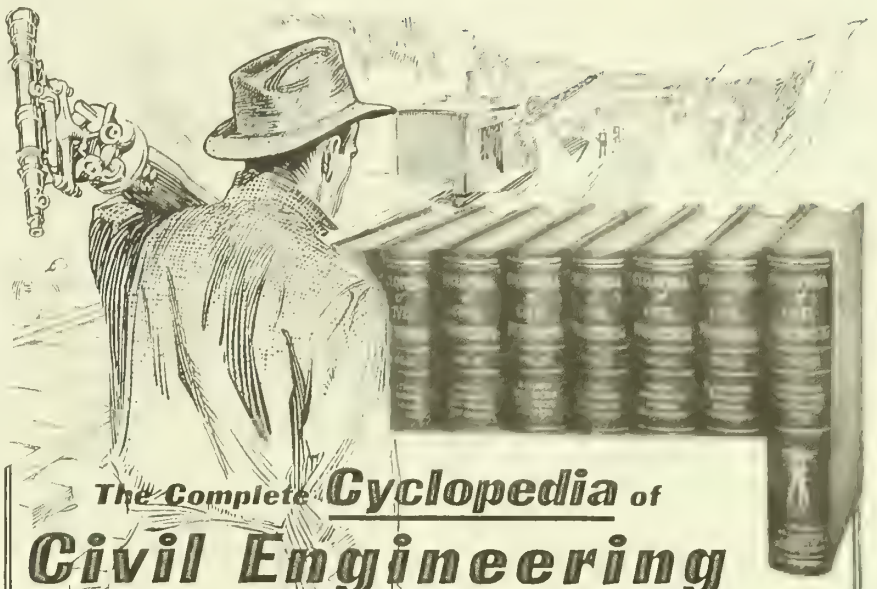
The reason I quote all the above—and there was more like it—is that it came from the head of the great Appropriations Committee which holds the fate of the so-called commission "authorized by the law," which you read about in the newspapers, in the hollow of its hand. Its capital importance becomes clear, too, when you reflect that Senator Hale stated not only the view of the Conference Committee, but the determined opinion of those controlling men in Congress who are bitterly hostile to a Tariff Commission in any shape or form.

So you see where we are on the Tariff Commission—on the change in our methods of tariff building. Or *can* you see where we are? President Taft will do all he can do—but how much can he do?

That you may understand just what the work of a real commission would be, and thus see where the tariff-commission idea is left by the present law, I quote the bill which was introduced nearly two years ago and which is now pending:

Be it enacted, etc., That there is hereby created a commission which shall be known as the Tariff Commission.

Sec. 2. That said commission shall consist of seven members appointed by the



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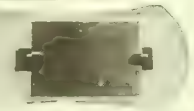

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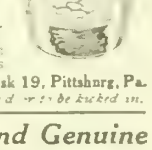

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President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the members of said commission to be appointed solely with a view to their qualifications as specified in this act and without regard to political affiliations. The composition of the commission shall be as nearly as possible as follows: First, three members identified with the producing interests; second, one member a lawyer who has made a special study of the customs and tariff laws of the United States; third, one member who has had special experience in connection with the administration of customs and tariff laws of the United States; fourth, one member familiar with industrial and commercial conditions in foreign countries affecting competition of foreign products with products of the United States and thoroughly conversant with the customs and tariff laws of those countries; fifth, one economist and statistician who has given special attention to the subject of prices and cost of production as affecting the tariff. No member shall belong to either branch of Congress. The members of said commission shall be appointed for terms of seven years, but any commissioner may be removed by the President for inefficiency, neglect of duty, or malfeasance in office. The commissioner first named shall be the chairman of the commission. Each commissioner shall receive an annual salary of $7500. The commission shall appoint a secretary, who shall receive a salary of $3600. The commission shall have the power to employ and fix the compensation of such other employees as it may find necessary to the proper performance of its duties.

"Sec. 3. That it shall be the duty of said commission to investigate immediately the cost of production of all articles covered by the tariff, with special reference to the prices paid American labor in comparison with the prices paid foreign labor, the prices of raw materials, whether domestic or imported, entering into manufactured articles, the condition of domestic and foreign markets as affecting American products, and all other facts which, in the judgment of said commission, may be necessary or helpful to Congress in providing equitable rates of duties on any article; and, in general, to thoroughly investigate all the various questions relating to the manufacturing, agricultural, commercial and mining interests of the United States so far as the same may be necessary or helpful to Congress in enacting customs tariff laws.

"Sec. 4. That said commission shall tabulate the results of said investigation and submit the same to Congress, together with an explanatory report of said facts so ascertained; and said tabulation of said facts and report in explanation of the same shall be laid before Congress at the earliest possible moment for the use, information, and guidance of Congress; and at the request of the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate, or by the direction of Congress by resolution, said commission shall sit with said above-named committees of the House and of the Senate during the sessions of said committees when said committees are drafting or considering any bill affecting the customs tariff laws of the United States.

"Sec. 5. That it shall be the duty of said commission to study and investigate all rulings and classifications of the Treasury Department by which new articles not specifically provided for in the customs tariff law are now included in the operation of said law; and also make a study of the classifications recently adopted in the customs tariff laws of the leading commercial nations of the world; and to submit to Congress the result of said investigations, together with a draft of a scheme for the scientific classification of tariff schedules.

"Sec. 6. That said commission shall have the power to sit and hold hearings in any part of the country, and it shall be the duty of said commission, through one or more members thereof, to personally visit every section of the country and personally investigate the conditions of each section with reference to the tariff; it shall also have the power to visit, through one or more of its members or employees, such foreign countries as may be found necessary in the prosecution of its work. Said commission, in pursuing its investigations as above provided, shall have the power to take testimony, administer oaths, and require the production of books and papers for the purpose of the accurate ascertainment of the facts which it shall be the duty of said commission to investigate and report to Congress, as herein before provided. The principal offices of said commission shall be in the city of Washington, and said commission may hire suitable offices for its use and procure all necessary office supplies. Should said commission require the attendance of any witness, either in Washington or at any other place not the home of said witness, said witness shall be paid the same fees and mileage that are paid witnesses by the courts of the United States.

"All of the expenses of the commission, including all necessary expenses for transportation incurred by the commissioners, or by their employees under their orders, in making any investigations, or upon official business in any other places than in Washington, shall be paid on the presentation of itemized vouchers, approved by the chairman of the commission. The sum of $100,000 is hereby appropriated for the salaries and expenses of the commission authorized by this act."

. . . . . .

So you see that even if the provision which we succeeded in getting through the Senate were now a part of the law it cou'd not answer the purpose of a permanent, non-partisan Tariff Commission. It would, of course, do great good if we always were to have a President as determined on getting tariff facts as is President Taft.

But suppose we should have a President who is opposed to the whole tariff commission idea, as so many prominent public men of the old school are—as Speaker Cannon is, for example, or Senator Hale, who earnestly opposes the whole idea, or Senator Depew, who ridiculed such a commission in open debate, or any men of like opinions, young or old?

You see what would happen. Such a President would not employ these experts at all, and, if he did, would not direct them to make tariff investigations—*for that provision did not compel or even direct him to do either.*

Mind you, that is what would happen even if the Conference Committee had let stand our provision authorizing the President to employ experts to get information "useful to Congress in tariff legislation," and so forth and so on, as it was when the bill passed the Senate.

But, as you have seen, the Conference Committee did not leave it as it was when the bill passed the Senate. No, indeed! The Conference Committee tried to pull every tooth out of that provision, as I have shown. And the little that the Conference Committee left is all that the President has to go on.

So it is plain, is it not, that this great industrial Nation cannot hobble along on such a broken crutch? Nothing will answer the business needs of the American people but a permanent, non-partisan Tariff Commission, the number of its members fixed by law, whose duties are accurately defined in the statute and whose powers are ample for the doing of those duties.

Suppose we should abolish the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in its place put on the statute books a few lines authorizing the President to employ such persons as he pleased, with no duties except to advise him about the execution of railroad legislation Is there a voter in the United States who would stand for that? Yet that is just exactly what Congress did with the tariff-commission idea.

So the insurgent Republican Senators demand that great reform first of all; and then, when such a Tariff Commission is established and has done its work, they demand that the next tariff, whenever it is again revised, shall be made upon facts which th's commission finds and reports to Congress and the country. That means an end to tariff errors and injustices, an end to business d'sturbance by tariff revisions, an end to partisan fury in adjusting the details of the great business law of the people, an end to "log-rolling" and barter and trade in fixing tariff rates.

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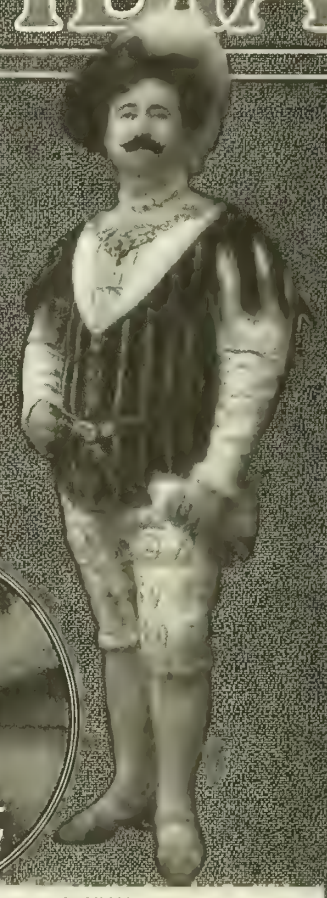

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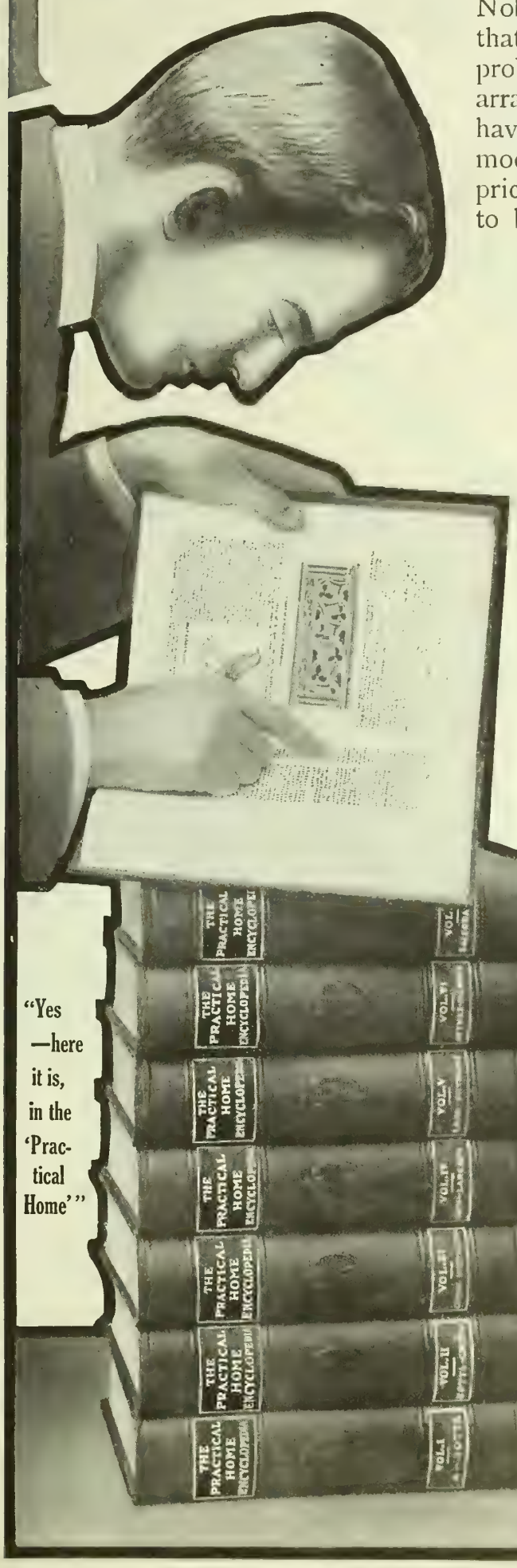

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(Continued from Page 27)

pretenses. He deftly picked his way across the stage, slipped between some roystering couples, avoided a collision with a tall toreador, and, skillfully guiding his charge round a group, faded with her into the night beyond the circle of lanterns.

Out there on the lawn it was not so dark as the darkness had seemed within the dancing-stage. As they passed slowly toward the shrubberies, in which an occasional lantern burned, he could make out the figure of a Dresden shepherdess with her crook, accompanied by a man dressed as an Arab chief. The shepherdess, his old friend, no doubt, was laughing merrily, and suddenly ceased. The darkness was not so thick but that De Lys could make out that she was looking toward him; and then she swung away in the opposite direction.

"Please take me to the refreshments," he heard her say abruptly to her companion.

They became part of the night, and the *trouvère* and Nausicaa were also merging in obscurity when the former was aware of a light step behind him. Turning, he saw the shepherdess flying out of the darkness upon them.

"Betty, what a fool you are!" she began breathlessly; "and as for you, Captain Ross," she turned on him with scorn, "I wonder how you have the face to do it. It's wanton wickedness in the circumstances. Betty!"

Betty trembled, and De Lys felt her tremble. He protected her.

"Leave her to me, in trust," he said.

"Oh, you are shameful, you are ——" the enraged shepherdess stamped her foot. "Don't you know that it was Edward Harley with me just now? And that I had the greatest difficulty to prevent him from seeing you both. He knows how Captain Ross is dressed. He's waiting for me now, but I got rid of him on a pretext. Betty!"

But Betty shrank toward De Lys, whose heart melted.

"She shall come to no harm," he said firmly. "Dear lady, give me your trust."

She was silent, trying to make out his face in the gloom and through the black mask. "I don't know what's come over you," she said at last. "You're different, somehow. Anyway, your blood be on your own head. I wash my hands of you both."

In another moment she was gone.

"This gets 'curiouser and curiouser,'" quoted De Lys, aloud. He caught Betty's arm. "But you sha'n't be afraid. Yet," he looked pensively at the lights of the stage, "I ought to have let you go—I ought to have made you go."

"I can go when I like," spoke up Betty bravely.

"To be sure you can," said he, patting her hand tenderly, "and so, my Maid of Athens—no, if I remember my Greek properly, which I don't, Nausicaa did not hail from Athens. She was of the Isles, where burning Sappho loved and sang. Are you Nausicaa or Sappho, Betty? Don't all speak at once."

She laughed at his absurdity, and they passed into an arbor in the shrubbery, into which the glowworm light of a Chinese lantern just penetrated.

"The time has come," said De Lys, seating himself, "to talk of many things. By the way, I don't think that the sea is boiling hot tonight; do you? Are you Nausicaa or Sappho?"

"Nausicaa," she answered.

"Nausicaa, one of the many beautiful creatures who found the charm of Ulysses irresistible. I wonder why. He was old, Betty, old as the hills, and he lied like a jeweler. He was a crafty, selfish, self-centered old ruffian. Where was his charm?"

She shifted a little way from him.

"Wasn't it because he talked?" she asked, with an edge of bitterness in her voice.

"Now you mention it, he did—he talked in a blue streak, no doubt. He paid compliments; he—oh, he was a worthless fellow, but he left a trail of victims, Nausicaa and others, in his wake."

Betty rose. "Perhaps that is why ——" she said, and stuttered on her words.

"Why what, Betty?" he asked, astonished at the change in her voice and manner.

"Why I am Nausicaa," she said brokenly. Her agitation was manifest; it made him aghast. She was clinging to a pillar of the arbor, and trembling. He guessed that she was on the edge of tears.

There was something under all this that he had not guessed, or even, perhaps, striven to guess.

"Betty!" he said with concern and reproach, rising from his seat. It was all he could think of to call her, for her formal surname had already slipped his memory. She was only possible as Betty. "Betty!"

"Oh, go, please"—she pushed him away—"to Miss Gervase. You belong to her."

"Miss Gervase!" he repeated in bewilderment.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" she broke in, her weak and clinging nature showing in her very plaint.

"If you had only told me! Edward was right. It was cruel of you—you might have said you were engaged to her."

"Engaged to her!" said he, quickly turning over the situation in his mind. "And you understand why, don't you?"

"Yes, because you have to marry money," she said bitterly. "Oh, you told me plainly enough yesterday, when Edward found out."

"When Edward found out!" Again he repeated her words, as the whole truth, or, at least, the main part of it, dawned on him. He read the mystery. He, Captain Ross, descended on the place, doubtless as a gay stranger, had been taken to its bosom, had "made the pace," as the saying is, with poor Betty, and had been unmasked as the fiancé of some one else. Thus Edward, the unmasker, and, no doubt, an indignant brother, was on his track as avenger.

The girl sobbed weakly on, while De Lys stood debating. It came into his mind in that moment to make a bolt of it, to fade into the silence and blackness of the night, leaving not a wrack behind. But he was, above all, a man of spirit and resource, and he dismissed forthwith an idea which can hardly be said to have been properly entertained. After all, his masquerading had not harmed poor Betty further; indeed, it had seemed to give her pleasure up till now. But had the time come to unmask?

Thinking it over later, he came to the conclusion that he could *not* have unmasked at all. It would have been the worse of two evils, to shame a young girl thus openly with her own mistake. No; he decided that he could not have confessed to the deception; but, as it chanced, the decision was taken out of his hands.

Across the faint light from the lantern, blotting it out altogether, came the shadow of a man, and the tread of feet upon the gravel pathway arrested them both. It was Betty who recognized it first, and she did so with an exclamation of terror. Then the shadow emerging, De Lys saw it for what it was—a tall Arab chief with burnoose and sandals, and one arm trailing something in the rear.

"Edward!" gasped Nausicaa.

"Go away, Betty," said the Arab sternly. "Do you hear? Go away at once. I don't want you here. I'll settle with you afterward."

Obviously it was the Arab's design to settle with De Lys at once. De Lys speculated as to what trailed behind him, from his hand. The newcomer was of powerful frame, and the drama had taken an awkward turn. De Lys rose to it.

"Betty!" he said firmly and softly. "Do as your brother says. He and I have something to discuss. Please, for your own sake and mine! Leave us."

Poor Nausicaa clung with one hand to the arbor and with the other to the *trouvère*. She was frightened and pitiful of face, and it was evident that she was reluctant to go.

"Betty!" insisted De Lys, with gentle firmness. Miss Harley moved nervously into the gloom; she vanished round the corner of the arbor.

"And now we can get to business," said De Lys cheerfully.

"Precisely my idea," said Edward, lifting an arm from which drooped the thong of a long whip. It swung in the air, but was arrested.

"Stay, man! If you have no thoughts for your own hide, have some for your sister's name." There was an angry and authoritative ring in the voice of the *trouvère* which had caused the pause.

"You've had a precious lot of thought for that," sneered the Arab.

"Look here," said De Lys, "you can use that whip where and how you like when we

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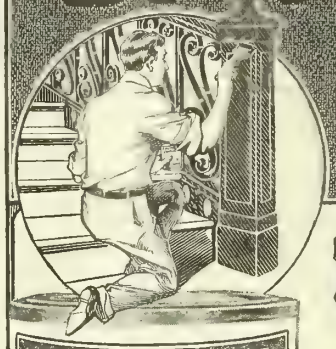

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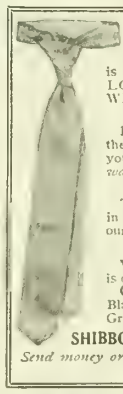

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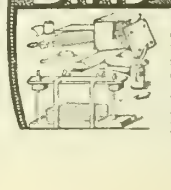

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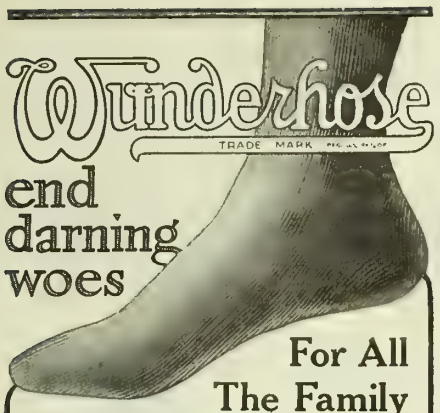

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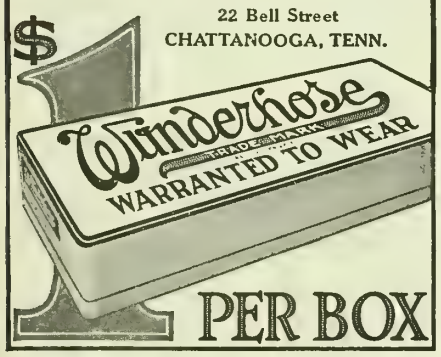

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have finished our talk. You don't have sentence first and verdict afterward, as did the Red King."

"Your own acts have given the verdict," said the Arab furiously.

De Lys put up a hand. "Very well. Then it is usual, isn't it, to ask the prisoner what he has to say before sentence is pronounced? Let us take it that you ask me that."

"Go on," growled the Arab.

"Let us suppose," went on De Lys, "that a man, an honest man, had his matrimonial affairs arranged for him on other grounds than those of sentiment—a horrid thing, I agree, but one which happens and which we must face. And let us suppose further that this man comes to realize what is the only proper sentiment which can inspire or justify a union, and makes this discovery through association with a second woman." He paused. "What would you say his duty was?" he asked unexpectedly.

The Arab was evidently not prepared for this query, but he replied blusteringly: "He ought to be whipped, and is going to be."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, that is no answer to my question," returned De Lys. "I see that you are puzzled, and not prepared to answer me offhand. I don't blame you; I couldn't answer it myself offhand. That is my case. Therein you get my defense. But now," he went on, with growing amiability in his voice, "now that the point has been debated and considered, it becomes more and more plain that there is only one way out for an honest man."

He paused. The Arab, whip in hand, waited; he may have been curious.

"The problem," said Lord de Lys, enjoying his own judicial summary, "is, should an honest man sacrifice his inclination to his interests, or his interests to his inclination? Now ——"

"This is all blatherskiting," interrupted the Arab menacingly.

"My opinion and decision is," said the *trouvère,* paying no heed to this, "that he ought to, and will, remodel his arrangements in accordance with the dictates of his heart."

The phrase was quite good, and he prided himself on it; but it had not the desired effect of placating the Arab; on the contrary, it served materially to incense him further. "I know what you're hinting at, but it won't wash," he said vulgarly. "If you were free a dozen times over you shouldn't have Betty now. You've played the dirty cad, and ——"

Feet on the gravel close at hand brought him up in his swelling anger; he desired no witness to spoil his sport. He waited for the person to go by, but the person did not. The tall figure of a toreador stood out against the glow of lights from the lawn, and faced the arbor. He peered into the gloom, and suddenly addressed De Lys, who was in half light. The Arab was deeper in the darkness, a blacker shade.

"So there the devil you are," began this remarkable personage. "And who the devil may you be?"

Lord de Lys scrutinized him coolly. "Allow me," he said, "to put that question to you also. You interest me a good deal by your bluffness and frankness. You should be, I imagine, what is known as a rough diamond."

"Go to blazes!" remarked the toreador politely. "I want to know what the deuce you're playing at, and who you are. I've chased you for the last half-hour, trying to get hold of you, and I tell you I'm not going to let you go easily now. You can take it from me."

De Lys was aware at this juncture of two things—the one was that the Arab had advanced a pace, but was not yet out of his shadows; and the other was that Nausicaa had suddenly emerged from nowhere, and stood at his elbow.

"May I ask," he said, as civilly as in a drawing-room, "how you found me? If I'd known that you wanted me ——"

He left the sentence unfinished in a polite gesture. But here the stranger, it seemed, had caught sight of Nausicaa.

"Betty!" he called, in a voice which betokened at once surprise and anger.

The girl stood bewildered, looking from one to the other; the mask had fallen from her face, and she was revealed now, of a sudden, to De Lys as the girl who had attracted his eyes on the boat with her soft, shy face and beautiful eyes. In the momentary silence that ensued she made a step toward him, as if instinctively, or at least impulsively, and then checked herself and turned toward the toreador.

"Mark!" she said, in breathless wonder.

"Look here, what does this mean?" demanded the toreador with some vehemence. "I find this chap, whoever he may be, wearing my clothes and going about with you everywhere—clinging to you like a burr. And the costume I selected carefully at Davis', too!"

"I I—he—I thought it was you," stammered Betty.

The toreador, whom De Lys now understood to be Ross, did not seem at all satisfied by this explanation.

"It's all very well," he complained in an aggrieved tone. "I don't see how you could suppose it was I. And I'd like to know who it is has the cheek to take my place and ——"

"So should I, but that will wait," suddenly intervened the Arab, coming into the light. "Meanwhile, we've got something to settle, Captain Ross, now that your identity is definitely established. Go away, Betty."

At this second adjuration in similar terms Betty cried out, and De Lys was moved to interpose. "Betty shall do nothing of the sort," said he authoritatively. "One or other of you is always ordering Betty about. Stay here, Betty, and I'll undertake that nothing occurs to bring the blush to the most innocent face. This is only a comedy, after all."

"Indeed," said Edward the Arab, "and who the devil are you?"

"Yes, let us get at that," urged the toreador in an injured voice. "Who the deuce are you, trotting about all over the shop with Betty?"

"Drop that," commanded the Arab sternly. "Miss Harley, if you please."

"I say, Harley, give us a chance," pleaded the toreador. "I've got something to tell you; and that's why I've been hunting for you—you and Betty—all over the grounds. But, hang it, she took no notice, gave me the slip and went off with this chap."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Edward.

"No, but ——" the toreador protested. "I say, look, it's all right. That thing's off—you know, the—the engagement. Miss—you know who—we've decided we made a mistake."

"Good!" interjected De Lys, clapping his hands. "Didn't I tell you so?" he demanded of Edward.

"Look here, what do you know about it, and who are you?" demanded the Arab roughly.

"Yes, let us get at him. Who is he, anyway?" said the toreador, who, to Lord de Lys, seemed unworthily desirous of placating the Arab.

"Do you know this fellow, Betty?" demanded her brother.

"N-no," said Nausicaa hesitatingly. "He—I thought he was Captain Ross."

"*Et tu,* Betty!" murmured De Lys.

The two men waited for his answer, and the toreador took a step toward him.

"As everything else is so satisfactorily settled," said De Lys, "it is a pity to have bloodshed. I throw myself on your mercy. I am the man who cleans the windows. But keep my secret."

"Come away, Betty. No more of this foolery," said the Arab in an uneasy voice, as if he suspected that he was being laughed at.

"For two pins ——" began the gallant Captain pugnaciously.

"Betty, good-by," said De Lys, paying now no heed. "It really doesn't seem as if I am wanted any longer," he said sadly. "But I shall never forget; nor will you."

He moved away with a salutation.

"What won't you forget?" he heard the toreador's fierce question. "Tell me what he means that you won't forget?"

"That last in tierce," reflected Lord de Lys, as he disappeared into the shrubbery, "is calculated to clinch the gentleman's affections and rivet them on the other side." He crossed the lawn. Outside the circle of lanterns he overtook a shadow and passed his arm through that of the Queen of the Night.

"No one else wants me," he murmured. "So you've got to take me, dear 'Queen and huntress, chaste and fair.'"

The Queen of the Night laughed pleasantly, and happily they merged among the dancers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Watson. The third will appear in an early issue.

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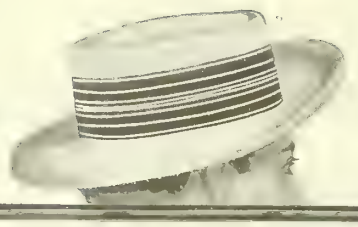

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THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

(Concluded from Page 7)

supposed quarrelers had forgotten their differences, and were in the closest kind of an alliance to save the situation. He discovered that until prices had fallen fifty points neither of them had been in the market to any significant extent; and that, to avert the appalling calamities which seemed imminent, both were ready if necessary to impoverish themselves or to take unusual risks of so doing. He learned the real causes of the panic, so far as these were not hidden from Merriman and Waters themselves, and when at last the two men decided what should be attempted, to what strategic points they should send reinforcements, and just what assistance they should ask the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish, Brett felt that he had seen history in the making.

Waters left the Sappho at one in the morning, and Brett was for going, too, but Merriman laid a hand on the young man's shoulder and asked him to remain for a few moments.

"Now, my son," he said, "you see how the panic has affected some of the so-called big interests. It may be that Waters and I can't do very much. But it will be good for you to remember that we tried; it will make you perhaps see others in a more tolerant light. But for purposes of conversation you will, of course, forget that you have been here. Now as to your own affairs ——"

Mr. Merriman looked old and tired, but very indulgent and kind.

"Knowing what I know now," said Brett, "I would rather take my chances with the other little fools who have made so much trouble for you and Mr. Waters. If your schemes work out I'll be saved in spite of myself; and if they don't—well, I hope I've learned not to be so great a fool again."

"In every honest young man," said Merriman, "there is something of the early Christian—he is very noble and very silly. Write your name and telephone number on that sheet of paper. At least you won't refuse orders from me in the morning. Waters and I will have to use many brokers tomorrow, of whom I hope you will consent to be one."

Brett hung his head in pleasure and shame. Then he looked Mr. Merriman in the face with a bright smile.

"If you've got to help some private individual, Mr. Merriman, I rather you didn't make it me; I'd rather you made it old man Callender. If he goes under now he'll never get to the top again."

"Not Samuel B. Callender?" said Merriman, with a note of surprise and very real interest in his voice. "Is he in trouble? I didn't know. Why, that will never do—a fine old fighting character like that—and besides . . . why, wouldn't you have thought that he would have come to me himself or that at least he would have confided in my son Jim?"

Brett winced.

Merriman wrote something upon a card and handed it to Brett.

"Can you see that he gets that?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Brett.

"Tell him, then, to present it at my office the first thing in the morning. It will get him straight to me. I can't stand idle and see the father of the girl my boy is going to marry ruined."

"I didn't know," said Brett. He was very white, and his lips trembled in spite of his best efforts to control them. "I congratulate you, sir. She is very lovely," he added.

Mr. Merriman regarded the miserable young man quizzically.

"But," he said, "Mr. Callender has three daughters."

"Oh, no," said Brett dismally, "there is only the one."

"My boy," said Mr. Merriman, "I am afraid that you are an incorrigible plunger—at stocks, at romance and at conclusions. I don't know if I am going to comfort you or give you pain, but the girl my son is going to marry is Mary Callender."

The color returned to Brett's cheek and the sparkle to his eyes. He grasped Mr. Merriman by both hands, and in a confidential voice he said:

"Mr. Merriman, there is no such person."

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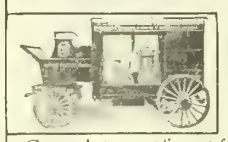

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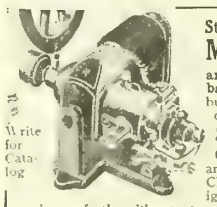
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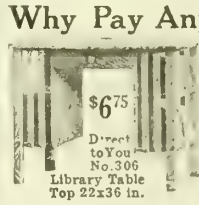

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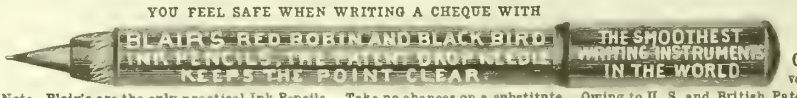
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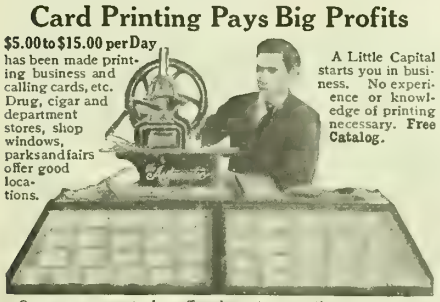

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Sense and Nonsense

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THE KELT A DREAMER IS

Wid a jorum wanst under me arm, faith, the thought av it
Could warm me almost as though I had drunk down the lot av it!
Me mind could half burn wid the fire av it;
Widout all the sting and the tire av it
I'd swim wid the dream and desire av it!

When down be ould Donnievale Wall I sat waitin' and dreamin'
'Twasn't her whin she came; 'twas the watchin' and longin' and seemin'!
'Tis love, says I, but you tire av it;
'Tis only in dream the desire av it
Outstays both the ache and the fire av it!

But now that I've wasted and lived through the last av it,
Aye, now that it's lost, how I dream av the past av it!
For broodin' av Death, and the dire av it,
I'd now face Hell and the fire av it,
For me ould mad youth and the mire av it!

WIRELESS

In faith, I knew av wireless talk
This twinty years and more:
Widout a sign, widout a word,
As I passed Sheela's door,

That gurl could send a message clear
Past iv'ry gapin' head!
Ay, past their ring av watchin' eyes
I'd know what Sheela said!

I'd read each message sent from her
At sixty feet away:
"Oeh, meet me out be Tullagh Hill!"
As plain as words could say!

"In faith I will!" I'd answer back,
Wid but wan look or two;
"And all me heart is achin' sore
Wid all me love for you!"

THE PHILANDERER

I

I'm wishful to live as the story-books say,
I'm achin' to love as they loved av old;
I want to be drunken and swimmin' in bliss,
And weepin' and sighin' and ravin' away
Like the old tales said and the old songs told -
But, faith, and how do ye love like this?

II

I've loved in me day, and I'm hopin' to more;
I've taken me chance, and I've stolen me kiss;
But, faith, and I've niver gone mad over it!
The further I've thraveled away from the shore
The tighter I've held on to that and to this,
And, oeh! but I've had me eye open a bit!

Paying Fourfold

IN THE year 1867 a man in a certain country town in New York State owed a grocery bill of $80, and his creditor, a young general merchant, took a small plot of land in payment. On this plot—about a quarter acre—the merchant had a neat cottage built, buying the materials himself and letting the work to a young carpenter at day-wages. He put about $500 savings into the place, and owed about $400 more in bills and notes upon completion. During the construction the young carpenter had married. When the cottage was finished he wanted to become its tenant. "Why not buy it?" suggested the owner, and offered to sell house and land for $1200 and interest on monthly payments. But the carpenter only wanted to rent. He wasn't ready to settle yet—couldn't tie himself down, might want to move away and better himself—wanted to wait a year, anyway. That carpenter is living in the cottage today, and his old wife with him. Ten years ago the merchant retired from business, a wealthy man. But all these years the carpenter has worked for day-wages, paying rent and saving nothing. Today he and his wife, both past work, are living on charity. The cottage, while still tight and warm, is not what it was in 1867, when it brought $12 a month. From time to time the rent has been lowered as it grew weatherbeaten, until the last paid by the tenant was $6 a month. That was two years ago. Since then the

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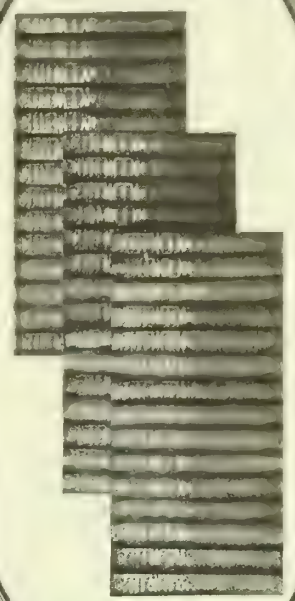

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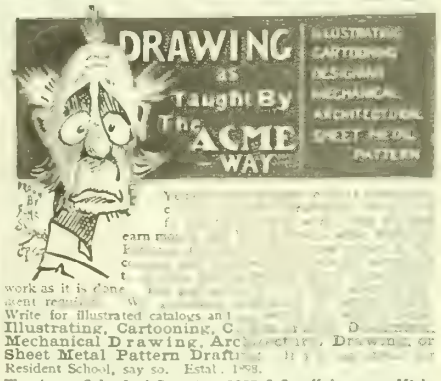

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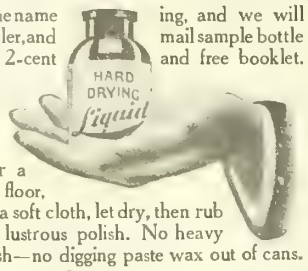

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Ezry Pembroke says, says he,
He is chargin' more f'r tea
Sence th' freight rates riz, becuz
Freight is higher 'n it wuz.
Ezry says that him an' me
Bears th' higher cost o' tea
When he puts it on my bill,
"An'," says he, "we allus will."

Ezry Pembroke says he begs
Pardon f'r them high-priced eggs,
But th' breakage is so large
He must make an extry charge.
Ezry tells me when he begs
Pardon f'r them high-priced eggs:
"Us consumers pays th' bill,
An'," says he, "we allus will."

Ezry Pembroke says hard facts
Shows high tariff is a tax,
An' th' higher price an' sich
All goes to th' robber rich;
When they charge him more, why he
Has to charge it up to me.
"Us consumers pays th' bill,"
Ezry says, "an' allus will."

Ezry Pembroke says when his
Hullsale price of goods is riz
He jest charges up to me
What th' extry cost'll be.
Ezry says it's jest his aim
To keep profits 'bout th' same.
"Us consumers pays th' bill,"
Ezry says, "an' allus will."

Ezry says it's plain t' see
How it's up to him an' me.
When th' price of goods is riz
He pays more an' more f'r his;
An' he'll charge th' extry share
Up to me t' make it fair.
"Us consumers pays th' bill,"
Ezry says, "an' allus will."

—*J. W. Foley.*

An Opening for a Bright Man

WILLIAM McADOO, former Police Commissioner of New York, and once Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was in a small town in Nova Scotia, stopping at the hotel.

"You from New York?" asked the owner.

"I am," said McAdoo.

"Know anybody down there who kin run a hotel?"

"Several people."

"Well, I wish you would tell me the name of a good man I can get to come up here and run this hotel for me. I ain't got time to attend to it, and I want an honest, sober, respectable man to take hold of it for me."

"How much will you pay?" asked McAdoo.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, or, if he's especially good, I might go to thirty."

McAdoo promised to think it over, and that night he told the hotel owner a good man to write to. Whereupon, Mr. George C. Boldt, proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, was highly astonished, a few days later, to receive an offer of twenty-five dollars a month and board to go up to Nova Scotia to run a hotel, with the promise of a raise to thirty if he made good, but no more.

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Currie looked over the route sheet.

"In Butte, Montana," he replied.

"Ah, yes," said the Englishman. "Butte, Montana. And I fancy, Mr. Currie, that my mother, who will arrive in this country on Christmas Eve, can run out there without much trouble and spend Christmas Day with me?"

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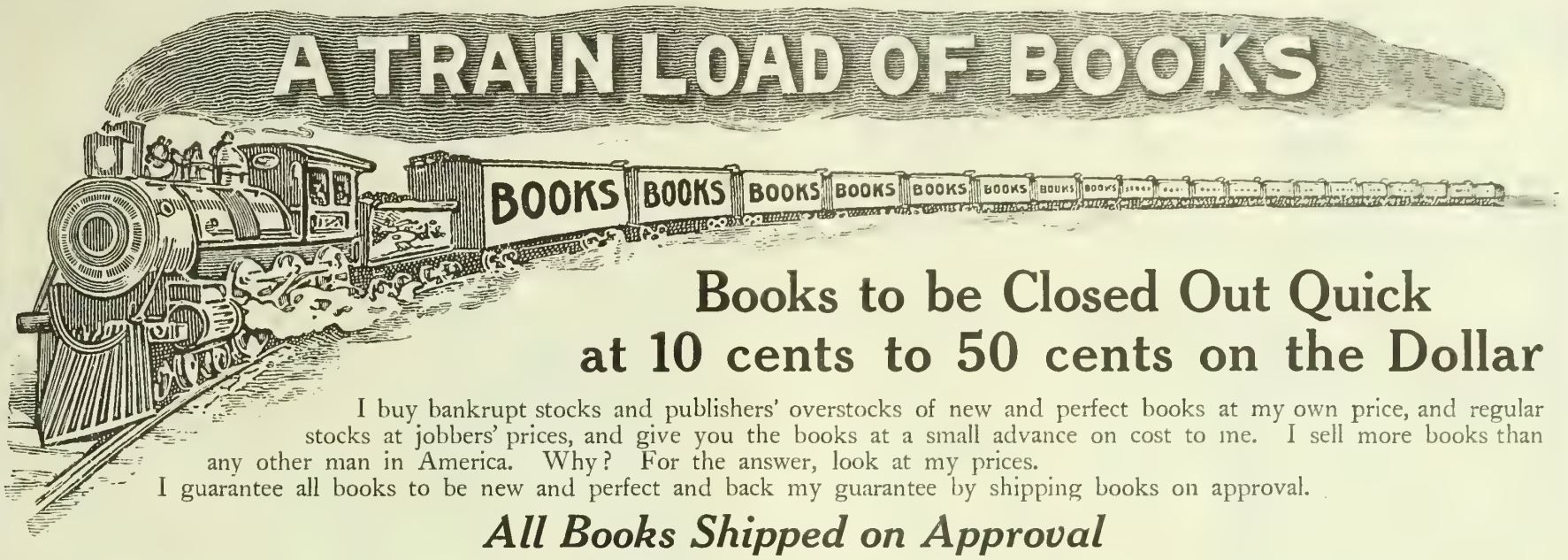

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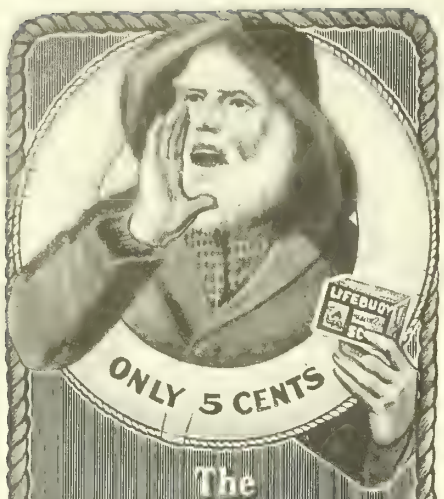

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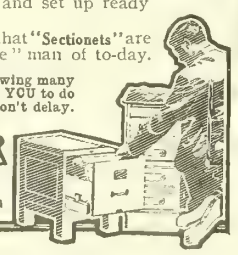

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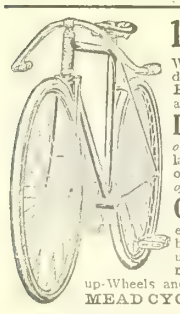

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Living in the Open—II

FOR a quick fire in a midday camp use soft pine, cedar, anything in the way of "easy wood" you can get your hands on. For your fire in your home camp use ironwood, if you can get it, as it makes very hot coals. Birch is good. Green logs of birch, a foot or more in diameter, hold fire well during a winter night camp in bivouac. Quaking asp makes a hot though sputtering fire. Hickory and oak are good, and nothing is cleaner or hotter than the fire made of the bark of the shagbark hickory. One does not pick up chance dead limbs, soggy and half rotten. The dead limbs you pull down from a tree are much sounder and cleaner, and make less smoke with more heat.

You do not need a very big fire, and you can confine its heat between two green logs, say six inches through, which you lay down side by side, a little to one side of the entrance to your tent. If your fire does not draw very well you can raise one of the logs a little from the ground by putting a stick under the end. Wait till your fire of clean wood has burned down to coals, then cut off your draft, and cook over your logs as though they were a range. If you have some pieces of bar iron or steel handy they can be put across the coals, or you can shove the logs together and rest your coffee-pot or pan on the tops of the logs. Your cooking fire is not much bigger than your hat and offers no smoke at all.

Even your campfire, when used for heat, ought not to be too large. When sleeping out in the snow in the wintertime, without any house or tent, we cut our back logs of green wood and piled two or three of them in a single tier which leaned back against a couple of stakes. This made our reflector and part of our fuel, the fire being about the width of our beds. In front of this tier we placed two short logs, a couple of feet in length and not so large as the others, which served as fire-dogs, and offered draft for the split fuel piled on them. Such a fire as this is workmanlike, and does not waste fuel like the log heap which the amateur calls his campfire.

Heat, Shelter and Food

No rule can be laid down about fuel. You will be obliged to use what there is at hand. One has made very excellent coffee from berries mashed on a buffalo skull with a stone, and boiled over a fire made of the plainsman's fuel, the chips of buffalo or cattle—the fuel which aided man to occupy the bleak and barren plains in the early days of settlement. But no matter what be your fire, the making of your first fire in camp is one of the keenest delights of any trip. Even in rain you can make your outdoor cooking fire. If you have not the tinder-like birch bark, make some shavings out of any dry wood you can find. It is less professional to use paper, but you may use bark or even your hat to keep off the rain until the tiny blaze is started. Meantime, if you are a good camper your tent has offered a roof to keep the other things dry. The tent is the first thing out of the bag. Then comes its floor. Now you can roll out your beds, which, in any case, are dry in their canvas covers. If you have no tent you will have to take to a log or a thick-foliaged tree. There are spruces up in British Columbia that make very good tents, even in a rain.

If an amateur, you will probably undertake to make all sorts of tables and rustic chairs about camp. The old-timer calls this childish, and utilizes a log, a rock, his lap or the bare ground for table or chair. If long in a camp he may rig some sort of a lazy-back—as did the Indian chief in the place of honor in his teepee—because, after all, your old-timer is lazy above all things, and successful camp life does not mean being a marvel of energy and restlessness.

Your camp supplies depend upon your transportation. Sugar, salt, pepper, tea and coffee should go in rubber bags, everything else in canvas bags. Most Americans like coffee in camp, and most Canadians prefer tea. The latter is more portable. If you feel obliged to keep up any indulgence in alcoholic drinks in camp, cut it down as light as possible. You will probably find that a few days of life in the open air will take away most of your wish for such drink. Glass is detestable to pack. Even preserved fruits in tin cans are

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Grapes will yield from $100 to $300 per acre; peaches and apricots, $150 to $500; while oranges will produce from $250 to $500, and in many instances more than $1000 an acre. There are ten million arable and irrigable acres here. You still may buy unimproved land for $50 an acre.

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Frank Thomas, of Fresno, Cal., bought twenty acres of land five years ago. He had but $300 to start on. To-day his place is paid for and he has an income of over $2,000 a year.

William Shrayer, R. F. D. 7, Fresno, Cal., bought his first ten acres six years ago. Now owns sixty acres all paid for, and refuses $12,000 for his place.

M. F. Tarpey, of Fresno, owns vineyard of 1200 acres, from which he takes an annual profit of $125,000.

Carson Reed, Reedley, Cal., from a twenty-acre crop of Sultana raisins netted $3,200.

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I know this valley from end to end. I have seen crops planted and harvested in every one of its counties. I have interviewed farmers, ranchers and merchants. I have collated the testimony of crop experts.

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undesirable, because heavy and largely liquid. You can find the water close enough without packing it a thousand miles. Take your apricots, prunes or apples in sacks. A fifty-pound sack of flour will go a long way—that is, unless you have to carry it yourself. A couple of men for, say, three weeks, can get along with fifteen pounds of flour. Bacon, and the best bacon you can get, should about equal your flour in weight. Half or one-third the weight in sugar ought to be plenty, and one-sixth or one-seventh of the bacon's weight in coffee. One-twelfth of that weight in rice or beans will do. Don't take condensed milk unless you feel you cannot do without it, because it is very heavy to transport. Don't take breakfast foods, because they are very bulky. If you are going on a long, hard trip and have plenty of transportation you can take some raisins and some cakes of chocolate, which make good portable food for mountain climbing. Near civilization you can often get bread baked to piece out your Maryland biscuit or zwieback, in which case you will not need flour so much. You can get along with this list, although probably you will not. A small lantern, a bicycle light, or a few candles help things at night around camp.

The delight of camp life lies in living off the country where you camp. Very likely you can get fresh fish. Be sure to cook fish very thoroughly and slowly, trying it by means of your cooking fork. When the tine passes in without resistance, and with no clinging feel, the fish is done, and not before. Trout are easily cooked. Black bass are good if the water is cold where you caught them. The wall-eyed pike, or pike perch, is the best of American food fishes. There are scores of other varieties that go well in camp. Clean your fish never longer than half a day after you catch them. Never leave them in water, and do not wash them until just before you put them in the pan. Have plenty of bacon fat, and cook them slowly. Fish will not be so apt to stick to the bottom of an aluminum frying-pan, and that is almost the only recommendation for aluminum, although it is very light. Vessels made of this material are apt to get bent, and they hold heat an unconscionable time. An aluminum coffee-cup never does get cool. Tin or granite-ware plates are best, and you do not need many.

The Camp Larder

Most of your cooking will be frying or boiling. In these times we are more apt to have birds than big game in camp. Hump steaks and boss ribs exist no more, nor does beaver tail. Your moose or elk or deer or antelope you can fry, or, perhaps, broil. The meat of the wild white goat is pretty hard to eat if the animal be old. Young goat can be eaten, and any goat will seem good if you happen to be caught far back in the mountains with no meat in camp for a week or two at a stretch, as has befallen the writer on a bear hunt in the upper Rockies. Of course the best meat in the world is that of the mountain sheep. One remembers most clearly of all camps a teepee camp in the deep snow, one winter night in the Rockies, with the thermometer far below zero and the wind howling overhead. White and Indian, we lay about the fire in the middle of the teepee, where a stew simmered in a pot. Overhead, dependent from a thong fastened to a cross-bar lashed to the teepee poles, hung and swung a saddle of mountain mutton roasting, dripping, sizzling in the heat. As the appetite of each in turn became unsupportable, he arose, sliced off a piece of mutton, and ate. Such feasts do not come often with any man these days; the average big hunt being a better thing for the professional guide than for the hunter.

Grouse, ducks, quail, snipe, all are fine in camp. Grouse are good on the evening of the day when they are killed, but ducks are better for hanging a night or so. All your meat should be kept away from flies. If you can have ice about camp, very much better; but if not, you will use cold springs, moss beds or deep shade. One has seen muskellunge kept five days in perfect condition buried under the moss of a swamp. Sometimes there is ice in a northern swamp until very late in the summer.

Your worst trouble in camp is the fly pest. Mosquitoes poison some persons more than others. An Indian or an old-timer becomes almost immune, although in some parts of the far north no man can stand the swarms of these insects. The

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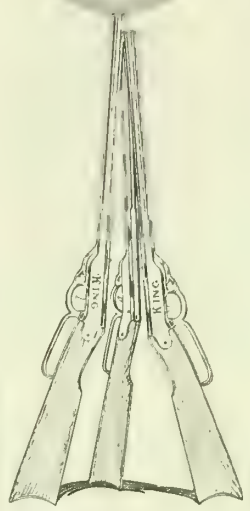

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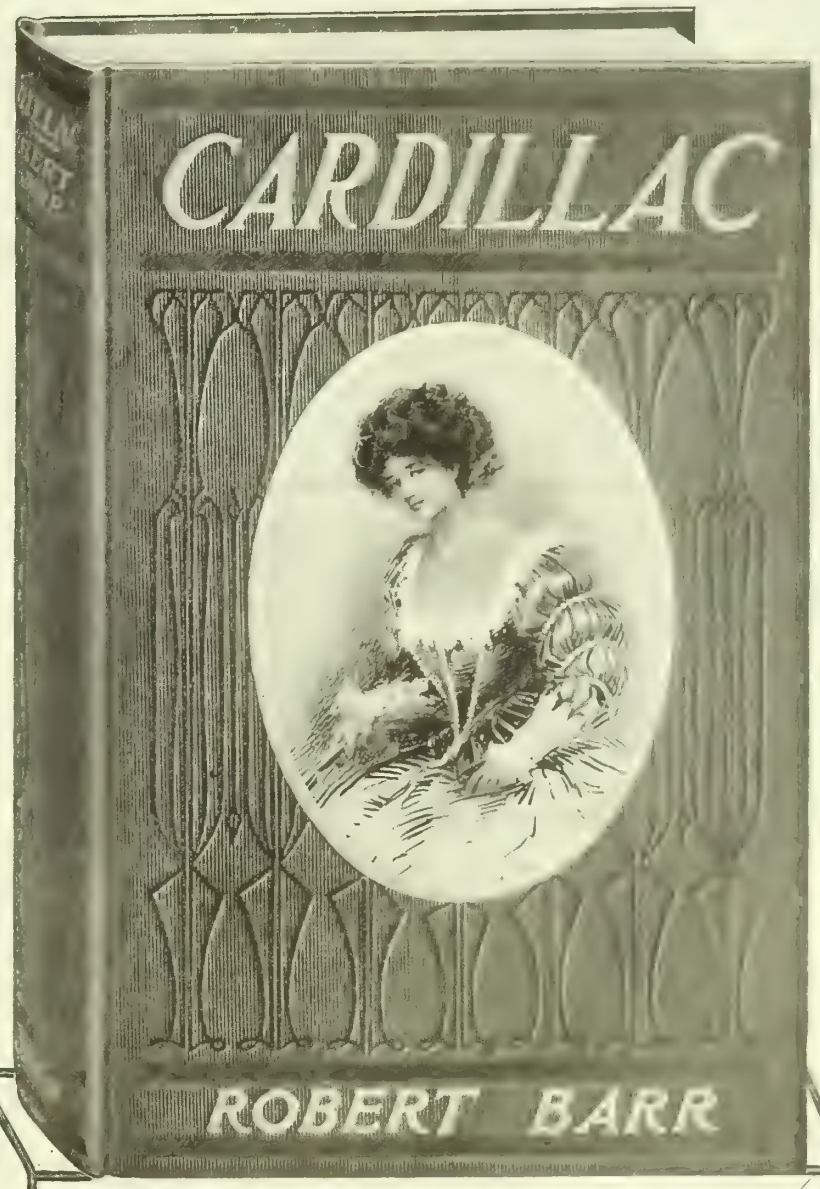

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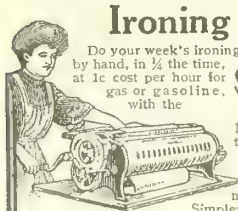

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smudge is not much of a remedy. Each camper will have his favorite fly dope in lotion or paste form—tar, oil and pennyroyal is historic dope; but there are others better. No dope will keep off mosquitoes in the night, yet you can keep them out of a well-pitched tent by means of a veil of cheesecloth, sewed or pinned in at the front of the tent and covering the whole door with abundant folds. The lower edge of this is weighted with shot to keep it close to the floor cloth. You can have your whole tent fitted with an inside canopy, or have it include only your bed, but for a small tent it will do quite well to cover the front and to use care in going in and out. Of course, you may have to kill a few of the nuisances after you drop the front veil for the night. In Alaska the engineers are sometimes obliged to use a pocket tent, with ends and floors sewed in tight, and only a circular opening with an entrance-bag attached in front. Ventilation in such a tent is very bad, the little window of netting not giving sufficient air. No one should sleep in a closed tent except in very cold weather.

The most important tool about camp is the axe. In winter your life may depend upon it, and your comfort depends upon it in any season. Axe-heads run from four-pounds down to one pound. The camp axe may be two-thirds the weight, and of two-thirds the length in handle, of the regular woodman's tool, but the man-size axe is best, if transportation allows it. Keep the tenderfoot away from the axe, for he is apt to ruin it, even if it does not ruin him. One good axe will keep a camp going. Nearly every hunter will have some little crotchet of his own. The writer, for instance, never goes far from camp on any hunt without having at his belt a short-handled tomahawk of fine steel. So equipped, one can stay where night finds one, and camp comfortably. On a long trip far from a base of supplies it is sometimes wisdom to take on an extra axe-handle or so, for everything stops when an axe-handle breaks. Also, a good whetstone is an excellent thing about camp.

The Knife to Leave at Home

In these days the old-timers laugh at the man who carries a sheath knife. The long-bladed hunting-knife, so called, is the sign of the tenderfoot; and many old-timers, for this reason, will never carry a knife which will not fold and go into a pocket. The old need for a butchering tool has disappeared with our big game. We do not need a knife now for fighting, and, of course, we do not care for bluff or pretense. There is the story of the Arkansas man who, after a knife duel in which he killed his brother-in-law, said: "That there brother-in-law of mine was the sweetest cuttin' man I ever did cut; he shore was. He felt jest like a ripe punkin." But that is obsolete. The amateur would do better to leave his brother-in-law at home. Our personal camp knife must be for use alone. The old Hudson's Bay knife was over a foot long and very heavy in the blade, so that it could be used for chopping, fighting or butchering. The bowie-pointed hunting-knife with long blade, which you see in the sporting-goods stores, should be left there and never taken into camp. The value of a guard on your knife is more imaginary than real today. A four-inch blade is about long enough. You want it for whittling, cutting, skinning, cleaning and mending. A long blade is worthless for most of these purposes.

If a man in camp is no better than his bed or his axe, so also he is no better than his feet. The market is full of hunting-boots which look the part, but do not act it. High-laced boots are used by engineers and some out-of-door men because they are durable and partly waterproof, but they are nearly always hot and heavy, and rarely does one find a pair of them which will not punish the feet. The leather is so coarse and thick that its seams and angles are uncompromising for a long while. An especially bad fault of such a boot is that when it gets wet it wrinkles down over the heel and inflicts torture on the Achilles tendon. In that case there is nothing to do but put in a piece of folded paper or bit of bark to relieve the pressure. If the blister has formed, put a postage stamp over it if you have no sticking-plaster.

For average camp use you will find the most comfort in a good calfskin shoe, not much heavier, if any, than your street shoe.

(Concluded on Page 72)

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The answer is that standards of personal cleanliness were not then what they are now. Even the best people were content if they gave no *visible* signs of uncleanliness. And even down to very recent times it was thought that real personal cleanliness could be had with a grand weekly "wash-up"!

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The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner *It Eats Up the Dirt*

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It now is realized that it is just as absurd to think that a house is clean because it gives no *visible* signs of dirt as it would be to think that a person must be clean because *he* gives no visible signs of dirt. The truth is that a house reveals *hidden* dirt just as a person reveals hidden dirt. The peculiar sour, musty odors of a house may not be noticed by the occupants, because they are so used to them; but it is not so with visitors. Always these odors must exist where dirt is permitted to accumulate; and their existence is always a danger signal, indicating the presence of decomposing and putrid atoms and the *germs of disease.*

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All styles and colors for men, women and children, and every article guaranteed.

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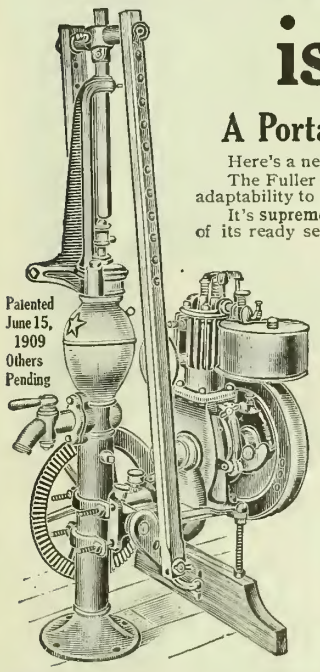
We have covered the subject fully in a book that is now off the press. The best we can do in this limit of space is to limelight its most unique features.

Note how it differs in **looks** from ordinary gasoline engines. This is the key to its greatness. It's a complete, portable little **power plant!** Needs no cement foundation! No anchor posts! No shafts! No arms! No belts! The engine is absolutely **complete in itself and ready for work, any time, anywhere!** Everything but the gasoline comes in the packing box in which the engine is shipped.

It's just what you need for your farm or summer home or to run a little work shop.



Patented June 15, 1909 Others Pending

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine

This engine attaches to any standard pump by means of four common nuts. Will start with *half a ton* lift on the sucker rod and run at the rate of 31 to 35 strokes a minute, as long as the fuel holds out. Works in any well that a windmill will pump. Will pump water for any domestic water supply system. Can be quickly detached from pump and moved anywhere. Has a convenient pulley for operating *all* kinds of hand power machines—churn, cream separator, grindstone, feed cutter, farming mill, washing machine, etc., etc. By attaching a piece of ordinary pipe for extra air chamber it will throw water over any ordinary building. Splendid *fire protection*, worth *everything* in emergencies. The Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine is as high grade a machine in every respect as the best automobile engines. *The perfectly air-cooled engine*—no fans or cooling attachments. *Cannot freeze or overheat.* Self-oiling. All important working parts encased. The simplest, neatest, handiest, strongest and most adaptable little engine on the market. We could not make it better if we charged $500 for it. *Yet it costs even less than a windmill!*

DEALERS: The territory is being assigned rapidly. Write at once if you wish the agency for the engine that is revolutionizing the business.

421 S. E. P.

Farm Pump Engine Catalog Coupon

Please send Catalog of Farm Pump Engine to address below:

(Name) _____

(Town) _____

(State) _____

(Dealer's Name) _____

Clip the Coupon for Free Book!

We cannot do justice to the Farm Pump Engine in any advertisement. Let us send you the new engine book in which full details are given. In fairness to yourself, get posted on this ever-ready engine that gives cheap and dependable power. Hundreds of Farm Pump Engines have already been sold and we have yet to hear of a single buyer who was not abundantly pleased.

Send coupon or postal card for catalog. You will be well repaid.

Fuller & Johnson Mfg. Co. 421 Clark St. Madison, Wis.

For 30 Years the Leaders in Standard Farm Machinery

D&C Looscarf Collars PATENT

NO matter how finely made or how fashionable it may be, no other collar can compare in comfort with the D&C "Looscarf."

No other collar has the D&C "Looscarf" special feature—the patented pocket which gives the scarf free play—and therefore no other collar can free you from the annoyance of tugging and pulling at your tie.

In every other respect—quality, fine finish, long life and variety of shapes and styles—the D&C "Looscarf" is just as fine as the finest collar you've ever worn.

But it has this splendid comfort and convenience in addition—that the button fits into a little pocket which is separated by the thickness of the collar from any contact with the tie. You can slip your tie under the collar just as easily after you've buttoned it on as before you've buttoned it—and just as easily after it has been laundered as before.

The sales of the D&C "Looscarf" are running into thousands of dozens daily—haberdashers, clothiers, dry goods dealers and department stores everywhere are selling them.

If you have any trouble at all getting them, order direct—giving your size, the height you like (in front) and your dealer's name. Once you wear a D&C "Looscarf" you'll never go back to the old kind.

DETROIT LOOSCARF COLLAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Wonder-Wear
INTER-KNIT
Underwear
FOR MEN

Wears twice as long

The strongest, softest, warmest, best fitting and most comfortable cotton underwear made.

Look at the patent reinforcement in "Wonder-Wear" drawers

Four strong extra threads inter-knit all the way round. They double the strength of seat and crotch, and where the trousers-pockets rub. No clumsy bunched-up patch. No added thickness or weight. Smooth and elastic.

"*Wonder-Wear*" shirts and drawers are perfectly knit from first pick of choicest Egyptian and American cotton, in all sizes to fit all men and boys.

Prices per Garment—Shirts and Drawers
Heavy weight, silk finish, $1
Medium weight, superior finish, 75c
Light weight, 50c Boys, 50c

If your dealer doesn't sell "*Wonder-Wear*," let us know, and we'll tell you where to buy. Or send us the price, and size of undershirt and drawers you wear, and we'll send direct by express.

Augusta Knitting Co.
Utica, N.Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co.
349 Broadway, New York
Selling Agents

INTER-KNIT WONDER-WEAR UNDERWEAR AUGUSTA KNITTING CO. UTICA, N.Y.

Use This Humidor
10 Days Free

Dried out cigars no matter how much you pay for them are never good cigars. The highest priced Havana, dry and brittle, with the flavor gone and the wrapper ready to crumble, can not compare with a cheap domestic, moist—in good condition.

Now, for the first time, it's possible for you to keep your cigars in perfect, moist condition just as good cigar dealers do—with **The Aztec Clay Cigar Moistener.** This is our offer to you:

Send Us Your Name and Address

upon your business paper, or with references, and we will send you the beautiful Early English Wax-Finish, Quartered Oak, Aluminum Lined Humidor shown above, capacity 50 cigars, fitted with a genuine Aztec Mexican Clay brick moistener for 10 days use. If, after you have used this Humidor 10 days, and known the pleasure of really good cigars, in perfect condition, any time, you are willing to send it back, do so, and you are under no obligations to us. If you want to keep it, as we know you will, then after the 10 days trial send us your check for $5 and the Humidor is yours. This Humidor is an ornament to any desk or home and an absolute necessity to particular smokers. **The secret is in the Aztec Clay Moistener.** The most perfect humidity producer in the world. Write today and get one of these Humidors for 10 days free, to

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Dept. 424-426 Chicago, Ill.

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Growing rice in Arkansas is making men rich. Not one has failed. You ought to know about it. Send for free copy of our beautiful book, "Fortunes in Arkansas Rice." Tells all about rice growing, its big profits, etc. Illustrated with photographs of rice fields that have made the owners rich. This book is as good as a ticket to prosperity. Send for it now.

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PATENTS SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Fortunes in Patents, Patents That Pay and What to Invent (containing list of inventions wanted) and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D.C. (Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.)

CLASS PINS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 70)

Not even the bellows tongue is necessary, for it is clumsier, and only gives you two or three inches more of dryness in any given swamp. Wet feet never hurt you. Hot and sore feet always do. Have your shoes low, so that you can open and dry them. Have a light legging that is easily unfastened, so it can be taken off readily. If possible, wear your camp shoes some time in advance of their use on long marches. The Canadians are fond of the *botte sauvage* or shoepack of heavy grain leather. Soaked full of fish oil, this is waterproof footwear, but of rather a smelly sort and better for snowshoeing than for summer wear. Plenty of stockings is a better rule than plenty of boots to keep your feet comfortable, and you should not tramp or pack with less than two pairs of good woolen stockings on your feet. With this kind of foot equipment, if you get into water up to your knees it drains out and you dry off much more readily than you would in a pair of heavy high boots. Hobnails should not be too heavy or too numerous, especially under the middle of the foot, where they hurt if the sole gets wet and soft. For wear about camp you should have a pair of good moosehide moccasins, not slippers or shoes. Most moosehide moccasins are really made out of cowhide. When this gets wet it will freeze your feet, where moosehide will not.

What to Wear

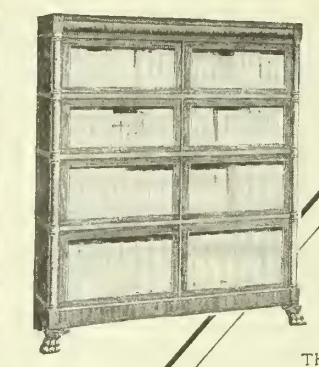
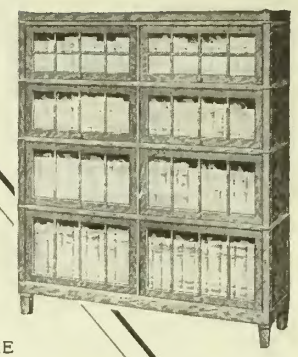
As to your camp clothes, it is sufficient in this country, where sporting costumes cut small figure, just to take any easy old suit of clothes. You are not to have any trunk, if you please. Your coat you will probably not wear very much, but you ought to have one or two gray flannel shirts, that color being best in the woods. Two suits of good woolen underwear you will need, and of cotton nothing at all. A sweater, or, better still, a buttoning knit jacket is most useful. For cold weather you want no overcoat but a good mackinaw jacket.

Let us hope that you will not put on airs with a fancy wide hat, but wear some practical gray felt, not too pretentious. Fancy ties or scarfs you do not need, but a good silk kerchief of large size to tie about your neck is good fence against sunburn and most useful in cold weather. In former cattle times the neckkerchief was part of a rider's uniform; and if worn without affectation it is good uniform for camp today. Gauntlet gloves used also to be part of a man's dress in the West. For work in camp, hunting and fishing, a pair of fingerless gloves of any soft leather, with long, soft gauntlets, will be found of great use. The wrist, neck and feet are vulnerable parts of a man's anatomy.

Time was when the man who wore knickerbockers was smiled at in this country, but after trying all sorts of wear one is disposed to concede that much to civilized ideas. The fit of your trousers is a most important thing if you are to walk in comfort. They must not draw at the knee, which means speedy fatigue on the march, and they must have abundant length and plenty of width from knee to hip. Knickerbockers with heavy woolen stockings, or leggings, will give you more comfort than long trousers. If you have only the latter, take out your trusty knife and cut them off half way up to the knee.

Never allow a loaded gun around camp, and keep away from any camp that does. The average, noisy summer-resort camp, with mandolins and twenty-two-caliber rifles, is something to fill any old-timer's heart with horror. As to your six-shooter, leave it at home in your bureau drawer.

Camp high and dry, cook your food slowly and thoroughly. Sleep dry and warm, if you can. Don't use sleeping bags, for blankets are better. If the coffee-pot boils over put two crossed twigs over the top. It is a charm. Don't pin things to the roof of the tent and make it leak; and don't touch the tent when it is raining, as that also makes it leak. Don't take a bathtub, but take a bath now and then. Shave each morning if that is your home custom, and be as neat in camp as you are at home. Drink all the tea or coffee you crave, for it won't hurt you. Eat all you like of what you crave, for it won't hurt you. Do some work every day, and drink plenty of cold water, for neither will that hurt you. In a short time you will begin to train down, to harden up, and to breathe easily.

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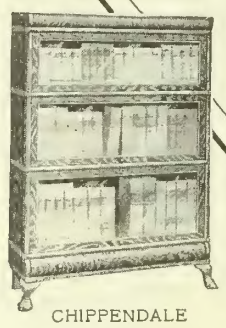

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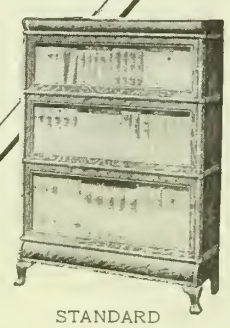

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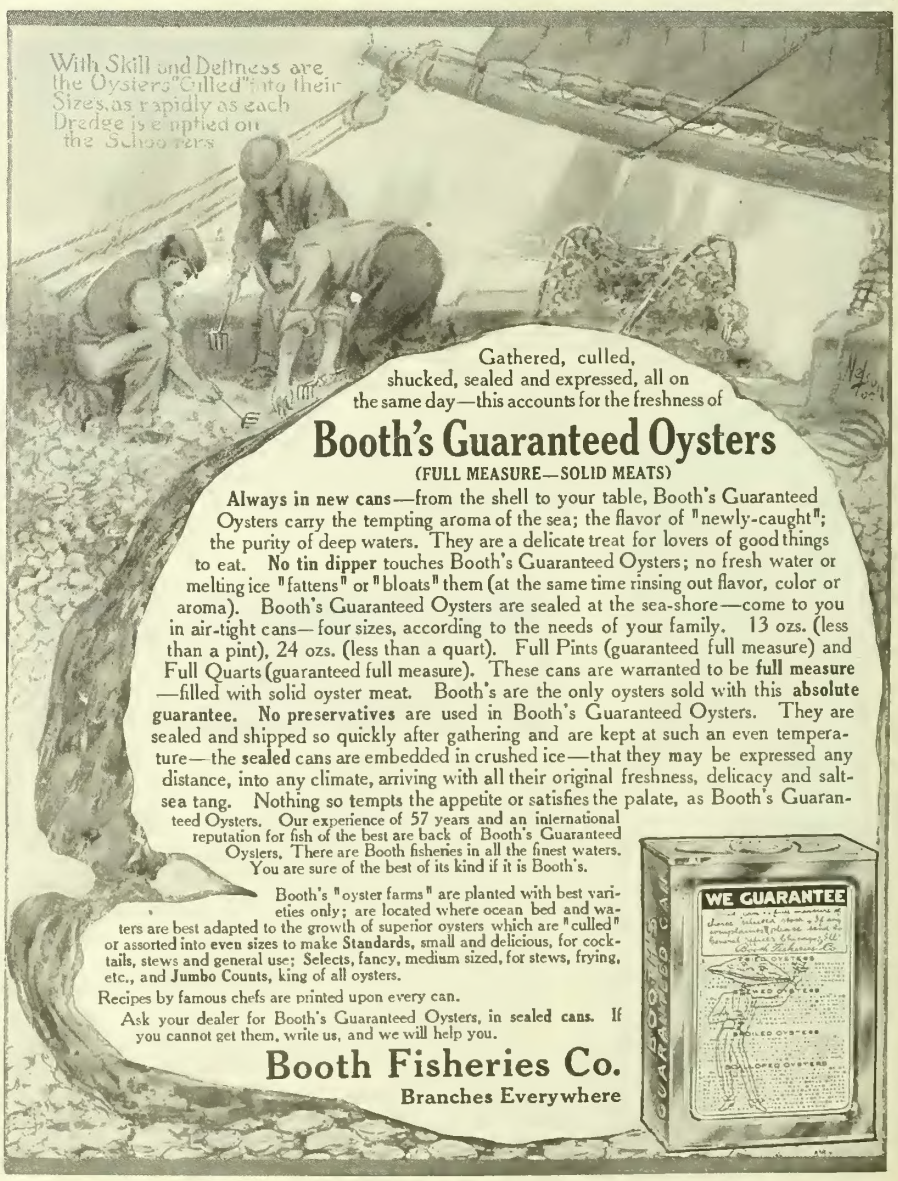


Gathered, culled, shucked, sealed and expressed, all on the same day—this accounts for the freshness of

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters

(FULL MEASURE—SOLID MEATS)

Always in new cans—from the shell to your table, Booth's Guaranteed Oysters carry the tempting aroma of the sea; the flavor of "newly-caught"; the purity of deep waters. They are a delicate treat for lovers of good things to eat. **No tin dipper** touches Booth's Guaranteed Oysters; no fresh water or melting ice "fattens" or "bloats" them (at the same time rinsing out flavor, color or aroma). Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are sealed at the sea-shore—come to you in air-tight cans—four sizes, according to the needs of your family. 13 ozs. (less than a pint), 24 ozs. (less than a quart). Full Pints (guaranteed full measure) and Full Quarts (guaranteed full measure). These cans are warranted to be **full measure**—filled with solid oyster meat. Booth's are the only oysters sold with this **absolute guarantee. No preservatives** are used in Booth's Guaranteed Oysters. They are sealed and shipped so quickly after gathering and are kept at such an even temperature—the **sealed** cans are embedded in crushed ice—that they may be expressed any distance, into any climate, arriving with all their original freshness, delicacy and salt-sea tang. Nothing so tempts the appetite or satisfies the palate, as Booth's Guaranteed Oysters. Our experience of 57 years and an international reputation for fish of the best are back of Booth's Guaranteed Oysters. There are Booth fisheries in all the finest waters. You are sure of the best of its kind if it is Booth's.

Booth's "oyster farms" are planted with best varieties only; are located where ocean bed and waters are best adapted to the growth of superior oysters which are "culled" or assorted into **even sizes** to make **Standards**, small and delicious, for cocktails, stews and general use; **Selects**, fancy, medium sized, for stews, frying, etc., and **Jumbo Counts**, king of all oysters.

Recipes by famous chefs are printed upon every can.

Ask your dealer for Booth's Guaranteed Oysters, in **sealed cans.** If you cannot get them, write us, and we will help you.

Booth Fisheries Co.

Branches Everywhere

Side by Side in the Same Private Garage with Cars of the Highest Price—the Dashing

Hupmobile

"I want one of those Hupmobiles," says the man with the big income. "They're smart and stylish and I can jump in and skim away a dozen times a day where I wouldn't want to bother with my big car."

"I want one of those Hupmobiles," says the man with the more modest income. "They're just what I've been waiting for—a thoroughly sound piece of automobile engineering at a price that I can afford to pay."

Of these two classes who are buying them by the hundred, the first man to grasp the goodness and the soundness of the Hupmobile is the man who owns a fine big car which cost him five or maybe ten times as much money.

His experienced eye sees reproduced in the one the virtue of the other—the one on a big scale, the other on a small.

That's why men of means all over the country are installing the Hupmobile in their garages side by side with large cars.

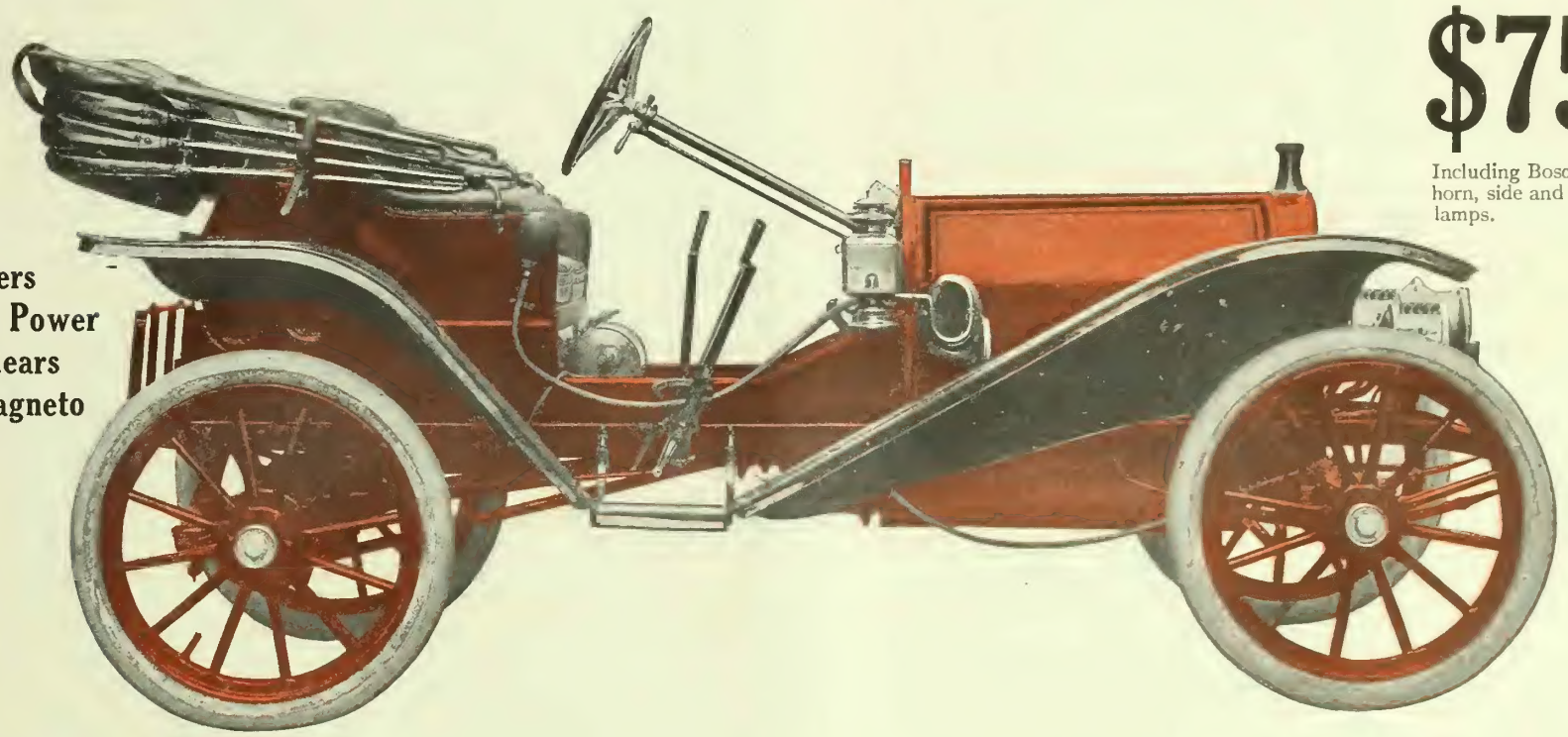
These men see that the Hupmobile fits into a niche no other car can fill.

They see that it's the sturdy little "willing worker" of the automobile world. They see that it's full of snap, fire, vim, dash and style; and ready to leap into service in less time, as the chauffeur says, than it would take the big car to "fill its lungs with air and get ready to breathe."

The difference between the big car and the Hupmobile is just a relative difference—a difference in size but not in quality. Both are made from the same fine metals; both are the brain-children of skilled designers—the Hupmobile a long cherished ideal of E. A. Nelson, whose fine engineering ability has never lent itself to anything less worthy than cars of the highest calibre.

The Hupp Motor Car Company will not have it said that the Hupmobile is any less an honor car than the car that costs $7500 instead of $750.

It will not have it said that the Hupmobile is any less sturdy, any less substantial. It matches the value of the Hupmobile at $750 (size considered) against the value of the best big car your money can buy.



4 Cylinders
20 Horse Power
Sliding Gears
Bosch Magneto

$750

Including Bosch Magneto, horn, side and tail oil lamps.

Fifty miles an hour is no extraordinary speed for the Hupmobile—and it will climb any hill that the biggest automobiles can climb

After you've recovered from your astonishment at the dashing appearance of the Hupmobile, your first impulse will be to look for some lack of sturdiness in the construction to account for the $750 price.

You won't find it.

If you know anything about metals, you'll see that the steels employed are the very best and finest.

If you will examine the axles, expecting them to be slight and skimpy, you'll find instead rugged strength and toughness sufficient to support twice the weight.

When you lift the hood, you'll uncover a power plant that's a perfect gem of smooth and scientific workmanship—with an offset crankshaft; all bearings made of Parson's white bronze; and a camshaft absolutely noiseless in its operation.

When you come to the transmission, you'll find the selective sliding gear type—with gears cut from the hardest and toughest steel.

Even on the costliest cars you've heard the clash of the gear-mesh in shifting gears—but you'll listen in vain for that grinding sound when shifting the gears on the Hupmobile.

A rear spring system of an entirely new type which absorbs about 90 per cent. of the road-shock; an ignition equipment precisely the same as you get on a $5000 car (the Bosch Magneto); an engine oiler operated and regulated by the throttle at the steering wheel; the oil warmed by water from the radiator; the efficiency of the gas mixture heightened and carburetor adjustments obviated by a hot air connection with the carburetor—

These are a few of the Hupmobile features which will send your admiration for the little car up and up by leaps and bounds.

The performances of the Hupmobile in owners' hands are wonderful enough, it's true; but the car has covered itself with glory in every contest in which it has been entered this season.

In the Detroit four-day reliability run—a run which put larger and more powerful cars hopelessly out of business—it was the only machine in the small car class to win a perfect score.

This was duplicated in the Baltimore endurance run.

In its class it won in the Porter Hill climb at Cleveland; and, later in the Fort Ancient hill climb at Dayton, Ohio, again won, despite a judge's decision which forced the driver to climb the long, steep hill twice hand-running.

And on the Brighton Beach track, August 27, the $750 Hupmobile defeated two S. P. O. (French) cars, listing at $2100; one Allen-Kingston, $3000; and one Mitchell, $2000, in the six-hour race, covering 226 miles.

We wish you could read some of the hundreds of letters Hupmobile owners have written us. Here are a few brief extracts—all typical:

"As quick as a cat on its feet, as tractable as a Shetland pony, and climbs hills like a mountain burro."
ARTHUR W. YOUNG.

"The motor runs so smoothly and silently that those on the sidewalk can not hear it, even when the car hugs the curb."
B. F. ACHESON.

"To see what the car would do, I sent it up an 8% grade, ¾ mile long, in better than three minutes. A quarter mile beyond, on the level, the speed was 48 miles an hour."
E. R. SIMONDS.

"My Hupmobile—the first in this city—created more favorable talk than any other new car that has come to town this season."
R. F. ROBB.

You will want to know more about this wonderful car—the most extraordinary value in the automobile world.

Write for the literature and the name of the nearest Hupmobile dealer, so that you can see the car itself.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. P, DETROIT, MICH.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The hinged cover—nickeled box has no equal.

"KEEP your eye on the Ball" is the first rule in Golf.

In shaving, Williams' Shaving Soap is the important thing.

Its thick, creamlike, soothing lather assures the golfer, automobilist, yachtsman and every man who is much out of doors a smooth, healthy, comfortable face. It allays the irritation caused by sun or wind.

Williams' Shaving Stick sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. A handsome, nickeled soap box is packed free (For a Limited Time) with every 4 cakes. Your druggist also has Williams' Talc Powder, Violet and Carnation.

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.